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THE INDEPENDENT

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SATURDAY 25 MAY 1996

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Lunch in a Mayfair restaurant, a blacklisted company, and the Conservatives' Belgrade link

'Independent' investigation reveals how cash from Serb businessman was paid into Tory coffers

STEVE BOGGAN
MICHAEL RICKS
and JOHN RENTOUL

The Conservative Party accepted a donation from a Serb businessman whose companies were on a sanctions black list drawn up by the US Treasury Department.

Jeremy Hanley, the former party chairman, accepted the gift from Zoran Tancic, even though one of Mr Tancic's fellow directors had been Jovan Zebic, a Serb finance minister credited with raiding Yugoslav bank reserves to fund the war in Bosnia.

The revelations, coinciding with John Major's visit yesterday to British troops in Bosnia, are sure to add weight to calls for the Tories to be more open about their foreign donors. Earlier this week, the party admitted receiving money from the businessman, who at the time was unnamed, but they denied claims that it was tainted by connections with the Bosnian Serbs or Radovan Karadzic.

Inquiries by the Independent have established that Mr Tancic has no links with Mr Karadzic or the Bosnian Serbs. However, through one of his companies, he has a direct link to the upper echelons of the Serbian government. Metta Trading Ltd, of which Mr Tancic is managing director, was on the American blacklist in 1994, when the donation - described by one senior party source as "less than £50,000" - was made. Its directors had included Jovan Zebic, now deputy prime minister of the joint Serbian-Montenegrin state, and Alexander Larin, the Russian deputy minister for transport.

US officials said this week that if any American companies had had any dealings with Metta, a London-based metal trading company, they would have faced criminal proceedings. Another company of which Mr Tancic used to be chairman, Metalechem International Ltd,

'These companies were on the list because they were perceived as owned by, or controlled by, or acting on behalf of Serbia'

was also on the US Treasury black list.

A source within the US Treasury Department's Office of Foreign Assets Control said: "These companies were on the list because they were perceived as being owned by, or controlled by, or acting on behalf of Serbia."

Through his solicitors, Peter Carter-Ruck and Partners, Mr Tancic said last night that both his companies had complied with Department of Trade and Industry rules and did not trade with Yugoslavia. Further, he said that Mr Zebic was "properly removed from the board" in July 1993, in order to comply with sanctions.

However, the involvement of such a high-profile Serb politician and the fact that Mr Tancic's companies were blacklisted will inevitably embarrass the Tory leadership.

Mr Tancic was introduced to Mr Hanley in December 1994 by John Kennedy, a Yugoslav-born Conservative prospective candidate for Barking. Mr Hanley, then party chairman, met Mr Tancic for lunch soon afterwards at Mark's Club in Mayfair.

He told the Independent this week: "At John Kennedy's invitation I met a person who had come from the former Yugoslavia. There was no

discussion about the details of his background. I said I'd been to Bosnia. Most of the time we talked about his business in Russia, and his plans to build a factory in the UK.

"I had no reason to think anything about him. I trusted the contact, John Kennedy, who said this was a gentleman who was interested in Conservative views. So we had a pleasant lunch discussing Conservative philosophy."

Asked if the man was called Tancic, Mr Hanley said: "I never confirm or deny the identity of donors."

Mr Tancic, a 49-year-old father of two, lived in Britain for at least 12 years before emigrating recently to France. According to his office, he obtained British citizenship "two or three years ago".

He is a former chairman of, and still a consultant to, Metalechem International Ltd, a metals trading company with a turnover of £171m in 1991, before war in the former Yugoslavia brought it virtually to its knees. Its parent company is the state-controlled Jugometal of Belgrade, which is also blacklisted by the Americans.

In January 1991, Mr Tancic was instrumental in the incorporation of Metta Trading Ltd, a company originally set up by Metalechem International to "develop the export possibilities of the Soviet metallurgical industry".

Nine months later, Jovan Zebic was made a director. Mr Zebic, 57, gave his occupation on company documents as "Minister of Finance for Serbia, Yugoslavia" but he has since risen to the rank of Deputy Prime Minister.

A former vice-governor of the National Bank of Serbia, Mr Zebic is widely credited in the former Yugoslavia as the architect of a scheme in 1990 in which money was covertly printed without the knowledge of the federal government.

The excess money created was used by the Serbian government to buy off federal



reserves of hard currency which, in practice, entailed withholding it from other members of the federation, such as Croatia, Bosnia and Slovenia.

The proceeds helped fund Serbian operations in Bosnia.

John Pyman, a fellow director with Mr Tancic of P.J. Fortes, a spare parts trading

company, spoke to Mr Tancic on Thursday night and said the Serb felt the issue "had been blown out of all proportion". Further, he backed Mr Tancic's insistence that he had no links with the Bosnian Serbs or Mr Karadzic.

"I don't see how he can be an associate of Karadzic in that he

has been resident in England for 12 years as MD of Metalechem International," said Mr Pyman. He said he believed Mr Tancic had not been to Bosnia since 1989, although he had visited Belgrade.

Asked about the donation to the Conservatives, Mr Pyman said: "The Metalechem

company accounts are in the company office and if you want to take a look you can see there wasn't any big money paid to political parties."

Mr Pyman said he believed Mr Tancic met Mr Hanley but said less than £10,000 was given to the Tories. Mr Pyman said Mr Tancic also asked to meet his

political friends, but he would not say who those friends were.

A spokeswoman for the Conservative Party last night refused to confirm or deny it had received a donation from Mr Tancic. She said inquiries were continuing into earlier allegations about the receipt of funds from Serb sources.

Britpopera for Three Tenors

DAVID LISTER
Arts News Editor

The Three Tenors are being urged to sing rock songs by the Britpop heroes Oasis when they appear in Britain in July.

The agency handling publicity for the Wembley concert has suggested to the Three Tenors' European management that this would help attract a youthful rock audience.

Last night, a spokesman for Oasis said they would be "highly chuffed". "The group has a minimal interest in opera but Bonhead [the drummer] might listen to the Three Tenors, possibly with a bottle of wine, because he is quite cultured."

The Oasis oeuvre could prove troublesome for the big three. The songs of Noel and Liam Gallagher, the Manchester brothers who front the band, have the occasional Lennon McCartney derivative "top c" which Placido Domingo has publicly said is not his favourite note. And the title track of their latest album, *(What's The Story) Morning Glory?* has a distinctly baritone refrain.

The concert by Pavarotti, Domingo and Carreras at Wembley in July will be the last concert of their world tour and the last the three will ever give together, they say. It is already certain to gross £200m, as much as many blockbuster films, and

more than any entertainment tour ever, including those by supergroups such as the Rolling Stones. Only 3,000 out of the 50,000 tickets for Wembley remain unsold.

The Three Tenors are understood to want to sing more pop music, to recreate the success of *Naxos Dome* with a teenage audience at the time of the 1990 World Cup. Luciano Pavarotti will shortly announce he will sing in a concert alongside Elton John and Sting to raise money for the orphans of Yugoslavia. He has already recorded with Bono of U2. Carreras is also keen to appear more with non-classical singers.

The marriage of grand opera

and Britpop is a slightly more radical prospect. However, Mark Borkowski, who is handling publicity for the British concert, has spoken with the Tenors' management in Los Angeles and recommended that an Oasis number would give the concert a high profile among the young in Britain.

He said: "There is a considerable willingness, particularly from Pavarotti and Carreras to do some pop. Pavarotti will be singing with Elton John and Sting, and we all know he is a great believer in breaking down barriers between supposedly high and low art in music."

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Hogg and his hats are under siege



Trouble ahead: Douglas Hogg, caught up in the nightmare of the BSE crisis, has been advised that even hats are not safe; they are 'eccentric' and best left at home

The man with the hats is in trouble. Engulfed by his BSE nightmare, banished from the inner circle handling the crisis, facing the sack, he has now been told - Stop wearing the hats.

Yesterday on the radio, Douglas Hogg, the Minister of Agriculture, struggled to answer questions about whether he had yet offered to resign but did admit that if asked to do so by the Prime Minister he would with "such grace as I can muster".

Mr Hogg has different hats to suit the weather. For the fine weather, he has a Panama; for more dismal (bovine spongiform encephalopathy-ridden) days he wears a stylish fedora; then for chillier weather he switches to a Russian fur hat.

Ignoring for the moment his less than surefooted handling of the BSE crisis, the real sign that Mr Hogg is on his way out of the Cabinet is that he has been advised by the party's media advisers that any kind of headgear is regarded as "eccentric" these days. Perhaps it might be better, they say, if he left the tiff at home, at least while cameras were around.

Which is a perfect illustration

John Rentoul finds the minister wrongfooted politically and sartorially

of the fact that he is really a politician of a different age. Born into the purple of the Conservative Party, heir to the disclaimed viscountcy of his father, Lord Hailsham, he married into it too.

Baroness Hogg, as she now is, may be the explanation for why Douglas has lasted so long. John Major is still very fond of Sarah Hogg, head of his Downing Street Policy Unit until last year.

She is a toff too, of course, the daughter of John Boyd-Carpenter, a minister in Harold Macmillan's government. Earlier this year she became only the second female Fellow of Douglas's old school, as a member of the governing body of Eton.

But she is a jolly and lively toff, and a former journalist, whereas he is regarded as abrasive by civil servants and is seriously un-media-friendly. He has never courted journalists, despite being married to one, and stands out as an aristocrat in a classless government.

Thus he sounded decent and honourable - but hopelessly out of his depth - when con-

fronted with the suggestion that the Prime Minister had no confidence in him.

"Put it like this: I am not by instinct a quitter," he told John Humphrys on BBC Radio 4's To-

ministers' jobs are at the disposal of the Prime Minister and if he feels that somebody else will do it better, then I will accept his decision with such grace as I can muster."

John Humphrys at once asked if he had offered to resign.

"Ah, that's another matter, isn't it?" he said.

But, pressed further, he seemed to admit that he had volunteered to go if Mr Major asked him: "What I said to you is broadly what I've said to everybody else."

His position in the Cabinet has never been secure. He was the second choice for the agriculture job last year, when David Maclean, a Minister of State at the Home Office, turned it down.

Normally, the Ministry of Agriculture does not matter much in politics. But the BSE crisis - and Mr Hogg was immediately thrown into a turf war with Stephen Dorrell, Secretary of State for Health. It was Mr Dorrell - who did not know whether it was safe for chil-

dren to eat beef - who really started the scare, while Mr Hogg mounted a robust defence of the interests of the main clients of his department, farmers.

However, it was Mr Hogg's leaden touch which upset the early crisis management effort - he raised the possibility of the mass slaughter of older cattle in a Sunday television interview before the Government had received the scientists' second opinion.

"No, I don't think I've been sidelined," he told Mr Humphrys yesterday, referring to the three-person "war cabinet" (Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary and him) and the role of the Public Service Minister, Roger Freeman, in enforcing anti-BSE measures.

But had he mishandled the talks in Brussels? No, he said, but then added: "If you ask whether in the last three months or so there are things we could have done differently, I'm sure that the answer is yes."

Which leaves the Prime Minister with a dilemma. Douglas Hogg is clearly an honest man,

and not obviously incompetent. Part of his trouble is his ministry, which has been consistently slow to respond to BSE - as Labour agriculture spokesmen can rightly confirm. It is hidebound by vested interests, and has little capacity for handling crises.

But Labour smells blood and sees the chance for another extended scalp-hunt. Mr Major remained loyal to former Chancellor Norman Lamont - who ran his leadership campaign in 1990 - far longer than was politically wise. He stood by David Mellor, then heritage minister, until maximum damage had been done.

But now we are in a pre-election phase and more ruthless considerations must prevail. Mr Hogg is dangerously isolated, under siege not just from the opposition but from the rampant Euro-sceptic right. An obnoxious pro-European, he is hamed by the Union Jack tendency for letting the foreigners push Britain around.

Perhaps the key figure in the drama, as it unfolds over coming weeks, is Sarah Hogg. After all, she buys the hats.



Sarah Hogg: Holds key to the wardrobe and the future

SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

A Welsh woman was punched and kicked in a road rage attack after two men mistook his courtesy wave for a two-fingered salute. Ronald Francis, 73, was driving home from an evening meal at a club in Portsmouth when they pulled him out of the car by his hair and attacked him.

Mr Francis, from Chichester, said: "I have seen my fair share of fighting, but to go to a branch meeting and meet old friends, and finish up as I did in hospital, is beyond my comprehension." Local businessmen have offered a reward of £500 for information leading to the arrest of the men.

Police have been inundated with calls after a television appeal in the hunt for the killer of Stephen Cameron, 21, who was stabbed in front of his girlfriend by the driver of a Land Rover Discovery near Swanley, Kent, last weekend.

A spokeswoman said: "People are naming names, some of which have been mentioned before... we hope there will be new leads of information from the information, and we will solve this sooner rather than later." Rebecca Fowler, Saturday Story: Page 16

A British man is being forced to remain in the custody of official protesters from the Foreign Office. The man, a military government freed fighter, Paul Robinson, was held yesterday after holding him for a month, but was released after he could not leave and must report to the security service twice a week.

Mr Robinson, who is being held in an attempt by the security service to identify his father, who is in hiding. The man, who is a member of the British High Commission in London, was summoned to the Foreign Office yesterday to be told of the Government's "policy response" over the affair.

John Paine, head of the British High Commission yesterday, said: "We are very sorry that the lives of his mother in Hamp- shire and his father in Lagos, Nigeria, are being disrupted."

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THE INDEPENDENT ABROAD

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Germany	£41.00	Spain	£15.00
Greece	£41.00	Sweden	£15.00
Ireland	£41.00	Switzerland	£15.00
Netherlands	£41.00	USA	£15.00

Ashdown warns party of autumn election

JOHN RENTOUL
Political Correspondent

Paddy Ashdown, the Liberal Democrat leader, put his party on a campaign footing for an autumn election yesterday, warning that the Government might be tempted to cash in on a consumer mini-boom, "before the mess they have created becomes too noticeable."

Mr Ashdown said: "The economy is going to look much better as a promise in October than it will as a reality in the spring... All the ingredients of another boom and bust cycle are in place."

Telling party officials to bring forward general election planning, he said: "Westminster is full of talk of a 'beef election'. A senior Conservative said to me yesterday: 'At last, we've got something to say... we can go to the people in the autumn on a Who Runs Britain - Westminster or Brussels? ticket'."

Tory party sources have already made clear that the Prime Minister does not think he can run an election campaign on the beef issue, and would prefer to hold on until 1 May next year.

One of the drier sources said: "If we went to the country asking, 'Who Runs Britain?' I think the answer we would get would be 'Tony Blair'."

However, election fever was also stoked yesterday by the launch of the national campaign to encourage tactical voting, called Grot - Get Rid Of Them. It's co-chair Bruce Kent, former head of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and a former Labour candidate, published a list of 79 target Tory seats where Labour and Liberal Democrat supporters would be urged to vote for the candidate of whichever party was best-placed to win.

"Of course many voters are intensely loyal to a party, but where that party has no realistic hope of winning the seat, the only way to make their vote count is to vote tactically," Mr Kent.

the weather

NOON FORECAST



Low W and low X will merge, driving heavy westwards. Low Y will track quickly eastwards. Highs B and C are strong.

WORLD WEATHER

Country	Temp	Wind	Cloud
London	15.0	10.0	10.0
Bristol	15.0	10.0	10.0
Birmingham	15.0	10.0	10.0
Manchester	15.0	10.0	10.0
Newcastle	15.0	10.0	10.0
Sheffield	15.0	10.0	10.0
Edinburgh	15.0	10.0	10.0

LIGHTNING-UP TIMES

Location	Time
London	04.54
Bristol	04.54
Birmingham	04.54
Manchester	04.54
Newcastle	04.54
Sheffield	04.54
Edinburgh	04.54

HIGH TIDES

Location	Time
London	07.32
Bristol	07.32
Birmingham	07.32
Manchester	07.32
Newcastle	07.32
Sheffield	07.32
Edinburgh	07.32

AIR QUALITY

Location	Quality
London	Good
Bristol	Good
Birmingham	Good
Manchester	Good
Newcastle	Good
Sheffield	Good
Edinburgh	Good

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WHO to wipe out smallpox 'by 2000'

GLENDIA COOPER

Two hundred years to the month after Edward Jenner revolutionised medicine by inventing the smallpox vaccine, the World Health Organisation has finally agreed to wipe out all traces of the virus by the end of the century.

The decision was taken at a committee yesterday and the full World Health Organisation is expected to rubberstamp the decision today to destroy the

400 remaining samples of the smallpox or variola virus.

It marks the final destruction of a disease known as the "spotted death" and the "great fire" that remained rampant until the 1960s throughout 31 countries, claiming up to 2 million lives in the Third World and hindering and disfiguring millions more.

The eradication of smallpox, the organisation's biggest health success to date, took 11 years and \$300m (£200m) before WHO could announce formal-

ly in 1980 that "the world and all its peoples have won freedom from smallpox".

Over the past decade, WHO experts set a series of dates for the destruction of the samples of the smallpox virus locked in special freezers at the US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta and a smaller amount at Russia's State Research Center of Virology and Biotechnology in the Ural. Security fears prompted Russia to move its virus stocks

from a poorly controlled building in Moscow to remote Novosibirsk in 1993.

There were fears that if the virus escaped or got into the wrong hands, it could be lethal, as populations are no longer considered to have immunity.

"There are different kinds of fears. There is a danger if the virus escapes, nobody would be immune anymore," said Dr David Heymann, director of WHO's division of communicable diseases.

Experts have also voiced fears that other states could have hidden stocks of potential use for terrorist purposes or germ warfare, although it would not be a "cost effective weapon" said Igor Rozov, a WHO spokesman.

But some scientists argued that it was wrong to destroy a whole species of virus which might hold clues on fighting other diseases.

The development of harmless clones of DNA fragments

means scientists are now confident they have the full genetic blueprint of the virus and so no longer need to keep the virus itself.

The stocks will be destroyed on 30 June 1999, dependent on the final nod by the World Health Assembly in May 1999. The US wanted to destroy the stocks earlier but bowed to the pressure of other countries anxious to do more research.

"We have a period of three years to make sure there is that

political will to destroy them," said Dr Heymann. "It gives countries the responsibility of verifying one more time."

He said health officials from one country, which he declined to identify, had once contacted the Geneva-based agency saying they had found forgotten smallpox virus stocks "in the deepest part of their laboratory freezer".

Dr Heymann added: "We are constantly on the lookout for other stocks."

Rugby fans fouled by traffic chaos

CHRISTIAN WOLMAR
Transport Correspondent

Thousands of rugby fans converging on Twickenham for today's rugby match between Bath and Wigan will be greeted by traffic chaos.

Twickenham station has been closed for safety reasons. Trains will still be using the station and passengers will be allowed to change there, but not to leave the station.

The bizarre situation for today's Union v League match arose because Railtrack refused to postpone long established engineering works.

South West Trains were therefore unable to provide its normal quota of up to 15 rugby specials and even some regular trains have been cancelled. As a result, the newly-privatised train operator, now owned by Stagecoach, Britain's biggest bus operator, felt compelled to close Twickenham station because of the risk of having too many people trying to get on its restricted service.

To the confusion of the fans, it will be operating some trains from Waterloo to Reading and due to line closures passengers on those trains will have to change at Twickenham.

As a result of the closure, the Rugby Football Union has had to restrict today's capacity to 50,000, two thirds of its normal maximum. The RFU have warned all ticket purchasers about the closure but many fans are expected to turn up at Waterloo unaware of the problem. They will be told to take a train to Richmond about a mile from the ground and walk or take a bus from there.

Those trying to go on trains to Twickenham will be warned that the station is closed and will not be allowed out of the station.

Dust bowl: Cultivate a taste for Mediterranean plants and acres of paving, warn water companies expectant of drought



Consumer bloom: Horticultural enthusiasts seeking late bargains at the Chelsea flower show yesterday

Photograph: Edward Sykes

Everything in the garden is lovely and drying up

JOJO MOYES

Gardeners attacking their borders this weekend should bury their desire for a Venetian sunken garden. The garden of the future is more of a Gobi desert in the grounds, with Mediterranean herb borders.

Despite one of the coldest, wettest Mays in memory, low cumulative levels of rainfall mean that the traditional British garden, complete with verdant lawn, bedding plants and vegetable patch may soon take on a slightly less lush appearance.

Earlier this month customers in the Severn Trent area were advised to pave over lawns in stead of watering them to conserve water.

And this week more than 200,000 households in Sussex faced an indefinite ban on the use of sprinklers. Southern Water yesterday insisted on water meters for those with sprinklers and swimming pools, saying the shortage of rain has made the situation more critical than it was in drought-ridden 1976.

In anticipation of another long, dry summer the company is urging gardeners to swap thirsty English flowers for plants from hot countries to reduce water consumption.

It has sent out 33,000 leaflets suggesting that customers buy plants from arid climates - such as yuccas - to cut down on the use of hoses and sprinklers, and reduce the need for water restrictions.

"Last summer there was a hosepipe ban in part of the region and we were conscious that it was inconvenient to gardeners," said a spokeswoman.

"We wrote to all customers in the Spring before any possibility of water restrictions. Leaflets were sent out in re-

sponse to requests on a free-phone number. In addition to that we have made leaflets available through garden centres. We wanted to make sure that people were able to enjoy their gardens," she said.

The leaflet, illustrated with a picture of a giant cactus, has been written by Meridian television gardener Richard Jackson. As well as advocating drought-friendly plants such as yucca, sage and lavender, he advocates filling the traditionally empty areas between flowers with mulch to prevent moisture loss.

Bedding plants, pride of gardens everywhere, will be less welcome in the "dry" garden, as will fragrant camellias, rhododendrons and azaleas, all of which thrive in the damp, he said yesterday.

"People are already having problem with their buds falling off these plants after a summer of dry conditions," he said.

According to Doug Parsons of the National Society of Allotment and Leisure Gardeners, areas such as the vegetable patch are also unlikely to benefit.

"The most subject to drought conditions is the cauliflower and the Brassica range, which includes cabbages," he said. "Potatoes initially don't need any water, but do once they're marble sized."

Ironically, it may be the laziest gardeners who benefit most from the drier conditions.

"A lot of people nowadays want labour-free gardens and they're planting shrubs - which don't require a lot of water because they search for it - and laying mulch on the surface to cut down on weeds," Mr Parsons said. "In drought conditions, they will do very well."

At risk in dry



Fern



Bugle



Primula

Thrive in drought



Poppy



Yucca



Lavender

Mother in class reforms bad pupil

PETER VICTOR

A disruptive school pupil was shamed into faultless behaviour after his mother was brought in to sit with him in class.

Staff at Hattersley High School, Tameside, Greater Manchester, had suspended Anthony Kidd, 15, who had a history of rudeness to teachers and disruptive behaviour in class.

Threats of further sanctions were met with scorn from the teenager, until his mother suggested accompanying him to school.

"When Anthony found out what was up he was absolutely devastated," said deputy headmaster Michael Buczynski. "He was terrified that he was going to be shown up in front of his friends."

Mother-of-four Debbie Kidd, of Hattersley, attended school one day this month and sat through lessons to make sure her wayward son paid attention.

"She just sat at the back and said 'Come on Anthony, this is no big deal, get on with your work'," said Mr Buczynski.

Red-faced, Anthony said he had learned a lesson he won't

forget: "I was really embarrassed because I thought my mates were going to take the mickey out of me, but they were so afraid their own mums would come in they just said they felt sorry for me."

Now Anthony, who hopes to become a vet, is determined to study hard for his GCSEs to prevent another visit from his mother.

Mrs Kidd said she was "over the moon" with the success of her school visit, adding: "He has improved a lot already."

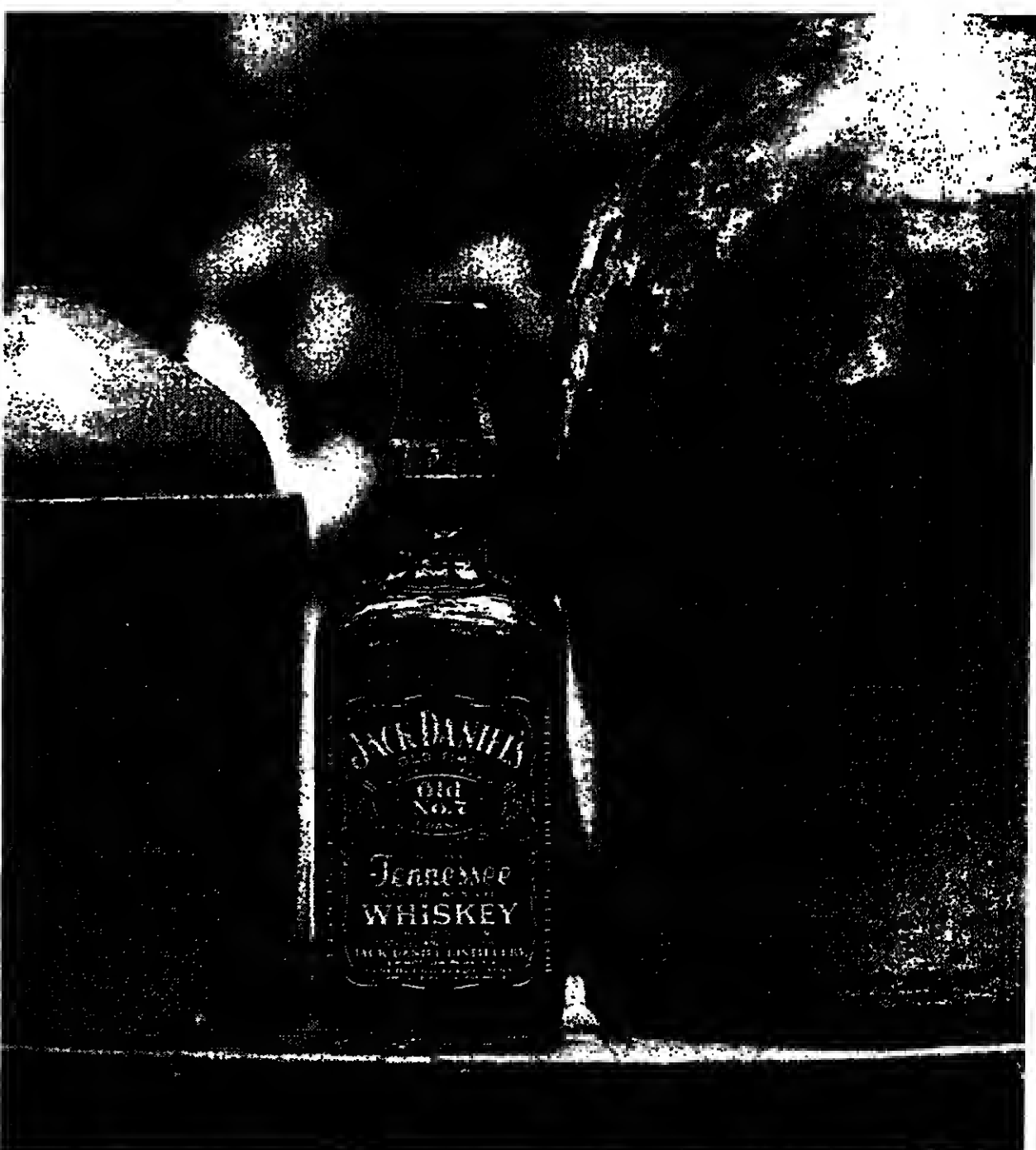
The 500-pupil comprehensive has no plans to repeat the ex-

periment, but teachers say the fear of similar humiliation has subdued Anthony's classmates.

Nigel de Gruchy, general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers, called the move "unprecedented" and welcomed its success.

"If anything works in turning around disruptive pupils, I welcome it. But bringing parents into class would be totally impractical on a national scale," he said.

Anthony, now recovered from the embarrassment, has been nominated as a prefect.



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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

The judicial reformers

New broom: Sir Thomas Bingham in his study at the Royal Courts of Justice yesterday Photograph: Edward Sykes

Like Sir Thomas, he has spoken the unspeakable and backed greater audience rights for solicitors.

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The Queen and protesters 'celebrate' 50 years of Heathrow airport

CHRISTIAN WOLMAR

It was a day of two garden parties at Heathrow yesterday to mark the 50th anniversary of the largest airport outside the US. The official one, cheekily dubbed a Royal Garden Party by BAA, the airport's owner, was attended by the Queen and was rather fortunate, given the drizzle, held under marquees.

Nearby, along the Bath Road, protesters against airport noise held an Alternative Garden Party organised by the Heathrow Association for the Control of Aircraft Noise (Hacan).

Accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen officially opened a £32m refurbishment of the Terminal 2 departure lounge before going on to a party at the 50th anniversary festival site nearby. It was familiar territory for the Queen. She opened the airport's first terminal, Terminal 1, known then as the Europa Building, in 1955. The new lounge, part of an £80m redevelopment of the terminal, features a two-tier atrium with views over the airport.



Head for the skies: Stewardesses from the 1950s

As part of the anniversary celebrations, BAA has recreated a tented departure lounge like the one used by the first passengers on 31 May 1946 – the date the airport opened – complete with wicker chairs and staff dressed in period costume.

The royal partygoers were shown a model of Terminal 5 which BAA hopes the Queen will open at the end of the decade. But first it has to pass the hurdle of a public inquiry, being held in the nearby Ramada hotel, which has just en-

tered its second year. The projected terminal, which BAA says will allow another 30 million passengers to use the airport annually in addition to the present 50 million, is the focus of the protesters' anger. T-shirts bearing their motto, "Terminate Terminal 5" were on display at the alternative party where the tents were rather more modest than those for the Queen. With the continuous drizzle, they quickly repaired to Dennis Gould's house on Bath Road, barely a stone's throw from one of the main runways. His house suffers particularly badly when planes take off. The runway is used for take-off and landing alternately, but there are plans to allow mixed use as this would increase the airport's capacity.

Heathrow's 50th anniversary celebrations culminate tomorrow with a flypast of 34 aircraft, led by a Lancaster bomber, and including Concorde flying in formation with the Red Arrows. At the mention of this, the protesters winced. They all hate Concorde, which has special dispensation from noise regulations, more than any other aircraft.



Noisy party: Anti-Terminal 5 campaigners near Heathrow yesterday as jet flies overhead Photograph: Dillon Bryden

Magazine CD risks computer virus

CHARLES ARTHUR
Science Correspondent

A computer magazine has put its 31,000 readers at risk from a computer virus by inadvertently including it in software on a cover-mounted free CD.

The virus could conceivably corrupt important files of any system that it infected, an expert warned yesterday, though it was more likely just to slow the machine down.

The rogue program was accidentally included in a digital film clip given away with this month's edition of *Mac User*, which reached newsagents yesterday.

The magazine is now asking readers and newsagents to destroy the discs, known as CD-Roms, because there is no way of erasing the virus from them, and offering a free replacement.

The process of recalling the flawed discs and pressing a full set of "clean" ones could cost up to £60,000.

"We want people to destroy them because the last thing that we want is lots of infected discs lying about the place," said Stuart Price, the magazine's editor.

He added: "It's not the best week I've had in my life as an editor."

The virus, called MBDF A, can only affect Apple Macintosh computers. It cannot affect PCs running Microsoft's Windows or other operating systems, which use a different computer language.

The virus was attached to a video clip of a tour of MTV's UK studios which was provided by a third party to the magazine. Copying the clip to a computer and running it would activate the virus, which would begin to make copies of itself.

"MBDF A isn't malicious; it doesn't damage data," said Megan Skinner, associate editor of *Virus Bulletin*. "But it could make the system slow down so much that the user would think it had crashed, and if you turned it off while it was writing itself, you could corrupt your system."

Mr Price admitted that *Mac User* had failed to carry out the normal procedure of checking all contents of the cover disc for viruses.

"I don't think it was malicious on the part of the people who

sent it," he said. "I've known them for years." The virus – first identified in 1992 – would be caught and destroyed by most anti-virus software. The magazine is offering a free anti-virus program at its Internet site.

The dangers of viruses on CD-Roms were first pointed out by the *Independent* in December 1994, when four instances of viruses on the discs – which resemble music CDs, but hold software – were discovered. Since then the problem has been found in a number of instances.

The worst case of a virus spread by CD-Rom was inadvertently perpetrated last year by Microsoft.

It sent a CD-Rom containing important programming information about Windows to a number of software companies.

The information was sent as documents written in Microsoft's Word word-processing program. But some documents contained a "macro virus", so that when the information was read on a computer, the virus – known as "Concept" – would copy itself to any other document written on that system. This only happens in Version 6 of Microsoft Word – but this is one of the most common word-processing programs, which is used on both PCs and Apple Macintoshes around the world.

Luckily, Concept has no malicious effect. But computer virus experts think that it is now the most common in the world. In Britain, it is thought to affect one in every four companies.

Virus experts reckon that the rapid spread of Concept, which was discovered last August, is due to the fact that word-processing documents can now be sent as "attachments" to internal electronic mail in large companies.

If somebody sends a document which is affected with the virus to someone else, the recipient's machine will be infected when they open the document to read it.

So far, four other "Word viruses" have also been discovered, though none seems to deliberately destroy data. The worst is one called Wazzu, which could swap words at random inside a document, corrupting the contents.



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Mac attack: This month's *Mac User*, with the free CD-Rom infected by a virus Photograph: Philip Meech

news

Carey fears danger of conflict with Islam

ANDREW BROWN
Religious Affairs Correspondent

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, has warned against conflicts between Islam and the West and urged moderate leaders of all religions to condemn fundamentalist outrages.

Speaking in Los Angeles, where he is on a tour of the American Episcopal Church, Dr Carey said: "Whether the new millennium will be one of peace or war will depend to a large measure on the ability of the great religions, and Christianity in particular, to draw from within themselves all which makes for peace."

"If religions are not dying out, and may be on the increase in many parts of our world, the religious leadership has a responsibility to resist anything that is done in the name of re-

ligion which denies the true ends of religion. I think of extremism which ends in murder, and violence."

"Sometimes, when acts are perpetrated by fundamentalists, I am saddened that few leaders of such faith communities condemn the atrocities. People should not hide behind religious beliefs to justify acts of terrorism."

His speech will be seen as containing criticism of some Muslim countries, especially those which deny to Christians the liberty of worship they demand for their own subjects abroad. "Muslims, Sikhs, Hindus and others have equal rights to worship freely in the West," he said. "However, this must apply equally to the rights that Christians should have in places where they are a minority."

Professor Akbar Ahmed, of Selwyn College, Cambridge, who last week preached the first

Muslim sermon in a Cambridge College Chapel, said: "Dr Carey is trying to do the right thing, but underneath, I suspect he is seeing this relationship in terms of... confrontation when it should be dialogue. Muslims see people like the Archbishop as still harbouring some of the agenda of the crusade."

As if to illustrate this, Professor Ahmed has been denounced this week by the self-styled Muslim Parliament for preaching in a Christian church. A spokesman for the parliament told an Urdu newspaper that his actions were a preliminary to asking Christian priests to preach in mosques.

Dr Carey has long argued that religion is undervalued in human affairs; and yesterday drew to his aid a controversial Harvard professor, Samuel Huntington, who three years ago argued that the collapse of communism meant that the

main rival for the West now is the Islamic world. "The fault lines of civilisations will be the battle lines of the future", Professor Huntington claimed.

This "beguiling hypothesis", said Dr Carey, had been too quickly discounted. Some people thought it exaggerated; others it was politically incorrect. However, he believed that Professor Huntington had grasped "something essential to world peace" when he spoke about the importance of the West understanding the basic religious and philosophical assumptions underlying other civilisations.

Dr Carey argued that the Church of England's difficulties over women priests offered a model in terms of conflict resolution, in as much as opponents of the decision had been accommodated as far as possible, to that the two sides could "live in peace together for the sake of all we have in common".



Nautical flavour: Sea Scouts yesterday at Bristol's Festival of the Sea which runs until Monday. Photograph: Peter Macdiarmid



Rampage killer sent to mental unit for life

Robert Sartin, whose rampage in the seaside town of Whitby Bay left one man dead and 16 people wounded, yesterday apologised to his victims and their families as he was sent to a secure mental unit for life.

Sartin's appearance at Durham Crown Court yesterday was his first in public since the remand hearings that followed his arrest for the murder of Ken Mackintosh, a British Telecom manager, and the attempted murder of 16 others, seven years ago.

The case was delayed because Sartin, 22 at the time of the shootings, was deemed unfit to plead until now. During that time he has lived at Ashworth Hospital, Merseyside, and was flanked by staff as he stood in the dock wearing a dark jacket with pale flecks and a plain tie.

Before Mr Justice Kennedy brought the episode to an end by sending Sartin to a secure unit for life, the apology, handwritten on lined notepaper, was read to the court by defence counsel, James Chadwin QC.

It said: "Apologising for the terrible offences I carried out on April 30 1989 will not help the family of the innocent man I killed or ease the memories of all the people I hurt."

"What I want my victims and the family of Mr Mackintosh to know is that their awful pain was not the result of a

planned or intended crime and there was no pleasure involved. "It was completely the product of a mental illness so severe that reality was taken over by insanity."

"All I want to say to everyone involved in this tragedy, the people on the legal side, the police, my family and all whose lives I affected is, I am so very sorry."

When the charges were read out earlier, Sartin, in a quiet faltering voice, replied: "Not guilty by virtue of insanity."

David Robson QC, for the prosecution, then told how on Sunday 30 April 1989 Sartin left his home with his father's double-barrelled shotgun and some ammunition and a knife.

His first two shots were fired at Judith Rhodes, 43, who was driving along the road. One shot smashed her windscreen, the other wounded her left hand.

Sartin then went on to shoot at five more people before seeing Mr Mackintosh, 41, who was walking home from a service at a nearby Methodist church. He shot him with both barrels from 20 yards and then let off another double blast at short range.

Mr Robson said Brian Thoms, 39, was among the other people shot as he rode his bike. He was seriously injured and managed to struggle to the safety of a nearby house.

Sartin was finally arrested in a pub car park.

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Euro '96 violence targeted by police

JASON BENNETTO
Crime Correspondent

Photographs of 150 suspected football hooligans taken during a mini-riot are to be published in newspapers as part of a clampdown on violence on the eve of the European Championships.

Nineteen people were arrested yesterday in dawn raids on 30 homes as part of the same initiative. "Operation Harvest" was launched into the violence that broke out in Newcastle upon Tyne after the failure of the city's football team to win the Premier League.

Yesterday's raids follow extensive analysis of footage from 16 city centre closed-circuit television videos of the violence on 5 May. This is believed to be the biggest operation using CCTV technology.

Police and Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, stressed yesterday that this type of hard-hitting initiative was also meant as a message to hooligans who intend to disrupt Euro 96, which starts on 8 June. A gang calling themselves The Gremlins, who have a history of causing trouble at Newcastle United games, have left cards boasting of impending trouble at Euro 96.

Film of the violence was used to identify the people targeted in yesterday's raid, but "mug shots" of a further unknown 150 suspects have been obtained. These will be published in local newspapers in the North-east next week along with a police telephone number for members of the public to ring with details.

Chief Superintendent Peter Durham, of Newcastle police, said yesterday's raids were the biggest operation of its kind using CCTV film. He added that up to 200 people could face charges as a result of the violence that followed Newcastle's

last match of the season against Tottenham Hotspur.

"I am sure that there are people who think that they are going to have an opportunity to cause trouble, but this operation has sent the very strongest signal for Euro 96," he said.

The raids were carried out in Newcastle, Birley, Washington, Durham City and north and south Tyneside.

Those arrested were being questioned about a range of offences, including criminal damage, violent disorder, affray, and burglary.

Police had found machetes, imitation firearms and forged £20 notes. Racist football literature was also recovered. Some of the items seized chronicled trips to foreign matches.

Up to 1,000 young men were involved in fighting and vandalism in Newcastle's Bigg Market area near the Central Station where many pubs and clubs are concentrated.

Twenty-nine people were arrested and there was widespread damage to property. Shop windows were smashed and parked cars were wrecked.

About 200 fans tried to storm Central Station during which a British Transport Police officer was beaten unconscious and his colleague sprayed with CS gas. Police used a portable closed-circuit television system to film trouble at the station.

The police are anxious to clear up the 5 May trouble in advance of the Euro 96 matches involving France, Romania and Bulgaria, to be staged at Newcastle's St James's Park ground next month which will attract up to 20,000 foreign visitors.

Mr Howard praised the operation which, he said, showed the effectiveness of the CCTV cameras. He said the police were well prepared for possible hooligan trouble when the tournament kicks-off next month.



Take the train: On the track at Crystal Palace, one of the two lines to benefit from Network SouthCentral's experiment Photograph: Kalpesh Lathigra

'Turn up and go' trains for commuters

CHRISTIAN WOLMAR
Transport Correspondent

Capital connections: New timetables reveal first stage of plan to run off-peak services for suburbs

The first stage of a plan to bring Tube-style train frequencies to south London was launched yesterday with the name South London Metro.

Frequencies on two sections of line in south London have been increased during off-peak periods with several stations - in particular those between Sydenham and London Bridge - having a 10-minute rather than a 15-minute service when the new timetable starts on 2 June.

Market research shows that people in south London want a "turn up and go" Tube-style service, and once waiting times are reduced to a maximum of 10 minutes, people no longer bother to consult a timetable.

The idea is that these greater frequencies will be introduced throughout Network SouthCentral, the train company which launched South London Metro and which operates trains within a large swath of suburban south London and longer-distance trains mainly to Surrey and Sussex.

James Adeshiyan, business manager of Network SouthCentral, said that extensions of the Metro concept to other parts of the network are planned for the next year. He said: "We're going to give this a trial for the next year or so and see how it goes. These things do not take off overnight, but there

is a whole large section of the great British public who overtake a train. We want them to try it."

In order to retain the extra frequencies on the Sydenham line and from Crystal Palace to Streatham Hill, the company is hoping for a 25 per cent increase in usage on these off-peak services. While there are some extra costs, notably extra payments to Railtrack for track access and extra drivers, no new rolling stock is required since some of NSC's trains sit idle during the day because they are only used at peak times.

But where was the transport minister ready to hail this

scheme as a benefit of privatisation and a triumph for the Government's rail policy? The Secretary of State, Sir George Young, and Steven Norris, Under-secretary of State, were conspicuous by their absence and the Independent inquired as to why, especially as Network SouthCentral is due to be handed over to the new owners, Compagnie Générale des Eaux, next weekend.

"Ah," said the press officer. "This is nothing to do with privatisation. BR planned it ages ago, which is why we've got it in the timetable now." Indeed, it takes around a year for such radical changes to be made to

the timetable to allow train paths to be plotted, and therefore the gestation of the Metro concept predates privatisation.

Although local rail user groups broadly welcomed the improvements, Graham Larkbey of the Railway Development Society (South Central) points out that train frequency has been cut from half-hourly to hourly between Beckenham Junction and Crystal Palace in order to accommodate the new service. "This sets a worrying precedent," he said. "It makes a mockery of government assurances that service levels would be protected."

However, Network SouthCentral already has a regular service via an alternative route into London.

'Which?' offers consumer power via the Net

GLENDIA COOPER

Consumers will be able to club together on the Internet to negotiate group discounts on products from holidays, cars and household goods.

The Consumers' Association, publishers of Which? magazine, are setting up an Internet site called Which? Online to be launched in the Autumn offering a range of products.

If, for example, someone wants to buy a particular make of car they will be able to get together with other potential buyers to exchange information to discover the cheapest dealer and make a joint approach to him to get the best price.

Users will also be able to exchange information about faults or problems with appliances.

"So if you are living in Grimsby and you need a plumber you will be able to go online and find out from other members in the area who will give you good and cheap service," said Paul Kitchen, Which? Online's managing editor.

Electronic trading has been available on the Internet for some time but aimed at companies which want to buy or sell industrial goods.

But individuals have been wary of the practical and legal problems of dealing with strangers. The Consumers' Association hopes that its image as the champion of consumer rights will overcome this fear.

The association is also planning its own credit card with its name and logo displayed, in the hope that retailers will be encouraged to give good service.

Of its 750,000 members, the association expects 50,000 to be able to go online. It is hoping to attract new members in the 25-35 age group.

The association will also put online its vast library of reports on consumer goods and services including household appliances, holidays, cars and financial services.

"Consumers will no longer be passive receivers of information," said Mr Kitchen. "They will be able to use it to get in touch with experts and interact with other consumers."

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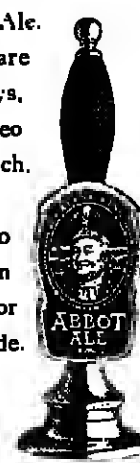
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Sex and intrigue in a bibliophile's paradise

TONY HEATH

The literati's annual pilgrimage to Hay-on-Wye for the little Welsh town's festival of books, entertainment and conviviality reaches its climax today, when those forking out £4.50 can hear Edwina Currie holding forth on her sizzling story of sex and intrigue *A Woman's Place*. A couple of hours later Peter Mandelson will be questioned in public about new Labour - tickets £5.

An exhausting eight days lie ahead. More than 20,000 people are expected to attend the 140 events. Lord (Roy) Jenkins is due to discuss his biography of Gladstone, the former Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr Robert Runcie, runs a ecclesiastical eye over the works of Thomas Traherne, a 17th-century poet who exposed the falsifying of church documents in Rome. Ted Dexter bats on about cricket and Courtney Pine will set out to prove that jazz is more than blues and boogie.

The town claims to house the world's largest collection of second-hand books - more than 2 million, according to Richard Booth, who pioneered the idea 25 years ago and later crowned himself "King of Hay". He describes the festival as a

gathering of literary groups. "Hay lives all year round - not just at festival time, when people travel long distances and pay to hear writers and personalities talk about each other in a big tent."

Away from the festival, held under canvas in the grounds of a school, books covering every-

thing from archaeology to zoos, taking in all strands of literature on the way, are spread among 40 shops.

One of the most esoteric among the 20,000 titles in Mark Westwood's shop is the 220-page *Function and Form of the Sloth*, by M Goffart, assistant

professor of physiology at Liège University. A snip at £10 for students of the indolent arboreal creature.

One collection of much interest, but definitely not for sale, is the Pinocchio library displayed at a restaurant named after the long-nosed puppet. It even includes a Pinocchio vol-

national names like Marks & Spencer and Carlton Television.

Earlier this week, television teams from France, Germany and Venezuela were roaming the little town, which is dominated by the 13th-century castle where Mr Booth reigns. Carol Diaz from Caracas asked breathlessly: "How do you manage to keep this little city so beautiful?" No clues were found in the Federal Bank of Chicago's Milwaukee Economy (price £2) that she was studying at one of the "honesty bookshops" - outdoor emporiums where buyers are trusted to deposit the cash through a hole in the wall.

Hay is shot through with the quirky and unorthodox. The festival's president, the Welsh nationalist peer, Lord Elis-Thomas, an avowed Marxist in his previous incarnation as Dafydd Thomas MP, holds a doctorate for his thesis on Welsh medieval poetry. No doubt a copy of that work lurks somewhere in Hay's bibliographical labyrinths.

The festival director, Peter Florence, points out: "The familiar Hay preoccupations with sex, politics, gardening and history are all well represented." Enter stage slightly right, the member for South Derbyshire.



Shelf-life: Book-buyers at Hay Photograph: Geraint Lewis



Scarlet woman: Kristine Ciesinski playing the title role in *Salome* cradles the blood-stained head of John the Baptist in the new production of the opera which opens today at the London Coliseum Photograph: Laurie Lewis

Bottomley and arts chief split over spending

DAVID LISTER

Virginia Bottomley, the Secretary of State for National Heritage, and the Arts Council chairman Lord Gowrie are at odds on the way lottery money is being distributed.

It is understood that Mrs Bottomley wants to see some of the money go to help students at drama and dance schools who are finding it increasingly difficult to obtain discretionary grants from local authorities.

Both the DNH and the Arts Council ridiculed a newspaper report which said Mrs Bottomley wanted to sack Lord Gowrie and believed the Arts Council lottery awards to institutions such as RADA and the Royal Opera House were elitist.

This line finds favour with Conservative Central Office as a populist vote winner. But the differences between Mrs Bottomley and Lord Gowrie are more complex than this. The *Independent* has learned that Mrs Bottomley did not oppose either of these awards, though she has told the ROH management they do not always represent themselves to best effect. But her real wish is understood to be for Arts Council money to be used for the lottery distribution fund, or other Arts Council funds, to help dance and drama students. Using lottery money in the arts to help

young individuals is now one of her key priorities.

Yesterday Lord Gowrie responded that there were "indeed frustrations about the distribution of lottery money" but both he and Mrs Bottomley were "prisoners of the regulatory system that Parliament had devised."

He added that they had both adhered to the principle that lottery funds be in addition to and not in substitution for current programmes. "This in effect rules out using lottery money for the regular funding of dance and drama students," he said.

He echoed the words of the National Heritage Select Committee that "National institutions should continue to receive substantial sums of lottery money and be a source of national pride rather than envy."

Civil servants have warned Mrs Bottomley of potential problems in using lottery money or Arts Council grants to help dance and drama students. Once local authorities knew there was an alternative source of funding they would be likely to end the few discretionary grants they give now. With this in mind Mrs Bottomley is likely to devise a formula of using lottery money or government grant to the Arts Council to provide "a slice" of the grant for the students, with local authorities giving the remainder.



At odds: Lord Gowrie rules out Virginia Bottomley's idea of using lottery money for dance and drama students

D'Oyly Carte cancels tour in cash crisis

CLAIRE ALLFREE

The Gilbert and Sullivan company, D'Oyly Carte, has had to cancel its autumn national tour because of a lack of funds.

Its contract with Birmingham City Council, which provided funding and rehearsal space, expired at the end of 1995. Negotiations have been taking place with a Newcastle businessman Carl Watkins, who would have included use of the Tyneside theatre as well as financial support. But a deal has not been secured in time to enable the tour to go ahead.

Philip Lee, spokesman for the company, said: "Lord Gowrie, the Arts Council chairman, is very keen to see the company survive and hopefully the council will increase our grant."

The increase would have to be a significant one. At present

D'Oyly Carte receives only 5 per cent of its funding from the Arts Council, with 80 per cent coming from the box office.

The recent financial problems are not new to D'Oyly Carte: the company, founded in the 1870s, had to close in 1982, although the company says that the closure had more to do with the public perception of D'Oyly Carte at that time than money troubles.

Historically, we had always given traditional productions of Gilbert and Sullivan. But by the beginning of the Eighties the public expectations of theatre had dramatically changed and interest in our type of productions had waned."

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Bosnia's shaky peace: As fears grow that poll will confirm warmongers' hold on power, PM sounds out Karadzic's opponents

Fears grow over threat to freedom in elections

TONY BARBER
Europe Editor

Less than four months before the first post-war general elections in Bosnia, international observers and Bosnian Muslim officials are raising the alarm over whether the vote will be free and fair. Still worse, many fear that even if the elections go ahead, their main effect will be to consolidate Bosnia's de facto partition into three national zones - Muslim, Serb and Croat.

The International Helsinki Federation, a leading human rights group, called last Thursday for the vote to be postponed, saying that to hold it by 14 September as foreseen in the Dayton peace agreement would merely confirm the dominance of the nationalist political forces that sparked the war.

"It is seriously to be feared that one will see cemented the practices of ethnic separation, and that the people who led the war will continue to decide the fate of Bosnia-Herzegovina," said Dardan Gashi, a consultant for the group.

The United States, Britain, France, Germany and Russia are expected to meet the leaders of Bosnia, Croatia and

seems unwilling to make elections conditional on the fate of Messrs Karadzic and Mladic. The State Department spokesman, Nicholas Burns, said on Wednesday that as long as Mr Karadzic was marginalised and confined to his headquarters at Pale, outside Sarajevo, "I think the elections can go forward and will go forward with him sitting in his bitter isolation".

As yet, however, Mr Karadzic is in anything but bitter isolation. Last weekend he beat off an attempt by Carl Bildt, the international High Representative overseeing the civilian aspects of Dayton, to push him out of power. Now he is threatening to stage a referendum among Bosnian Serbs to muster popular support for his opposition to the peace settlement.

Meanwhile, General Mladic attended the funeral of another Serb war crimes suspect in Belgrade on Tuesday, in his first public appearance outside Bosnian Serb territory since the war ended last December. The UN war crimes tribunal attacked Serbia for letting in the general, saying the Dayton settlement obliges signatories not to shield suspects on their soil.

Nato's Secretary-General, Javier Solana, denied yesterday that Western countries had tacitly agreed to let Messrs Karadzic and Mladic remain in Bosnian Serb territory so long as they withdrew from public view and shed most of their powers. However, Western officials acknowledge that there is little appetite for arresting the two men, lest it provoke an anti-Nato backlash among the Bosnian Serb population that could wreck the elections.

The US, Britain and other countries with troops in Bosnia want the elections to proceed on schedule for fear the Dayton timetable may disintegrate. Although they acknowledge Nato troops may have to stay in Bosnia beyond the original deadline of next December, Western governments do not want their presence in Bosnia to turn into an open-ended commitment.

The prospects for holding elections by mid-September were not improved yesterday by an announcement that municipal elections in Mostar, the southern city divided between Muslims and Croats, will be held in late June instead of the scheduled date of 31 May.

Mr Izetbegovic's Muslim-led party, the Party of Democratic Action, had previously refused to participate in the elections on the grounds that Muslim refugees from Mostar would be denied the chance to vote.

The city had a slight Muslim majority before the 1992-95 war, but after fighting broke out, Bosnian Croats declared it the capital of their self-styled mini-state, Herzeg-Bosnia.



On Serbian soil: John Major greeting British I-For troops in Banja Luka, northern Bosnia, on his first visit to Bosnian Serb territory
Photograph: Reuters

Major meets 'democratic' Serbs on visit to troops

EMMA DALY
Banja Luka

The Prime Minister yesterday became the first senior Western leader to visit Republika Srpska, the half of Bosnia now ruled by Radovan Karadzic, during a day trip aimed at applauding the troops, examining the peace process and exploring the prospects for an alternative Serb leadership.

The timing was unfortunate, given the allegations about Tory party funding, and Mr Karadzic's success last week in ousting Rajko Kasagic, the moderate Serb prime minister courted by the West.

In a belated attempt to boost opposition to Mr Karadzic who has been indicted for genocide and is banned from standing for election, Mr Major had a "very useful exchange of views" in Banja Luka with four men he described as "local democratic politicians".

None is very attractive: Mr Kasagic still claims support from "my president", Predrag Radic, the mayor of Banja Luka, presided over the expulsion of almost all non-Serbs from the city. Dragutin Ilic belongs to the Socialist Party (an offshoot of President Slobodan Milosevic's ruling party in Belgrade) and Milorad Dodik belongs to the opposition (but still Nationalist) Social Democrats.

Mr Major said the talks were intended to elicit the men's concerns and "ambitions". These he would not reveal. Nor would he comment on the likelihood of Mr Karadzic being arrested by the 60,000 Nato troops in Bosnia before the September elections. The removal of war criminals was cited as a precondition for elections by President Alija Izetbegovic in his brief chat with the Mr Major.

But Mr Major said he wanted to see Mr Karadzic in court

at The Hague, along with his military commander General Ratko Mladic. "I wouldn't be content for them just to fade away," he said.

He did not respond to Mr Izetbegovic's request that Britain avert a financial crisis at The Hague war-crimes tribunal, but pledged full support for its work and for Bosnia's territorial integrity. Mr Izetbegovic said the presence of war criminals and the plight of refugees unable to return home, were heightening fears of the eventual division of Bosnia.

The Bosnian President acknowledged the vast improvements for people in Bosnia under Dayton, a theme Mr Major emphasised during his visit to British troops. Addressing soldiers in the Serb-held town of Srebrenica he assured them of the gratitude of locals. On a walkabout, Mr Major, toured the local market and a rubbish dump being cleared by

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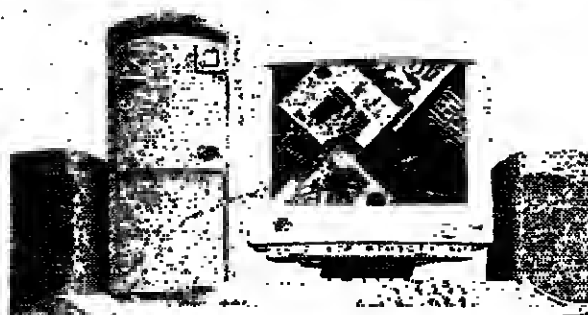
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Yeltsin mines vote in Siberian 'city of graves'

PHIL REEVES
Vorkuta

Say what you like about Boris Yeltsin's failings, you cannot accuse him of fighting shy of enemy territory. This time his opponents were not his silk-suited political rivals in Moscow, but the hard-bitten miners of Vorkuta, a former gulag in the Arctic wastes of Russia's far north.

Yesterday workmen were clearing soot-stained turrets of snow and sprucing up this half-wrecked town in readiness for the arrival of the president, where he was once hailed as a reforming hero but has since run short of friends.

It was the miners who helped propel Mr Yeltsin to power by leading national strikes against Mikhail Gorbachev. Since then, his overwhelming popularity has melted away, corroded by falling living standards, broken promises, and rising indignation.

Two of the town's 13 pits have closed with thousands of layoffs; many miners still chafing out a living are owed months of pay. Significant private enterprise has yet to arrive. This far-flung settlement has a new class of inmate and a new kind of incarceration: it has become an economic gulag.

"It is really hard here," said Leonid, a 28-year-old miner, who remembers when coal miners were the elite of the Soviet workforce, with holidays on the Black Sea, cars, health care, and good apartments. "When I went on holiday to St Petersburg, six years ago, I ate in a restaurant every night - like a king. Now I'm living on bread and milk and I cannot afford to go anywhere. That's what's Yeltsin's brought us."

There is no tougher political territory than this, and not only for Mr Yeltsin. Vorkuta was built in the 1930s under Stalin, who paid little heed to the economics of hauling coal by rail over a huge stretch of Russia, and even less to the cruelty of using prisoners to do it.

The nine-month winters, -30C temperatures, and the work took a heavy toll. When the snow melts, the bones of some of the thousands of victims appear above the tundra, shining beneath the near-permanent summer sunshine. Some call Vorkuta, with its thousands of simple wooden crosses, the "city of cemeteries".

"People don't like to talk about those troubled times," said Galina Odintsova, director of the city's museum, whose father was a political prisoner. Some

of the dead were miners - shot en masse after striking in 1953.

Communists - even Genady Zyuganov's self-proclaimed "new" Communists - have to overcome a long, and terrible, legacy if they are to win votes. In December's parliamentary elections, they won 10 per cent of the vote, less than half their national average, and about the same as the government-backed "Our Home Is Russia". The results reflected a prevailing mood of blind despair. Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, the neo-fascist, came first.

Although the Communist opposition is small, it has won recruits. For example, Timor, 36, an Ossetian trader, has an inventory of grievances such as the Chechen war, rising crime and social injustice. "Democracy is the rule of law. Both the bum on the street and the president must respect it and that's not happening."

Mr Yeltsin's team is mounting a tough, murky fight, with the help of the local administration. Residents speak in wonderment about local officials who had become fervent Communist supporters, and then switched. Three months ago the miners were rumbling about another strike; this week money began, as if by magic, to arrive.



Reel hustings: Boris Yeltsin joining in dancing at the folk museum in Vorkuta, Siberia, where he was campaigning

Photograph: AFP

It is unclear how much difference this will make. "There are a lot of people here who say they will vote for Mr Yeltsin but when it comes down to it they won't," said Sergei Borski, a journalist. The city, once full of political prisoners, now has "the freedom of Hyde Park", he said. "But this hasn't changed

anything. We don't live any better."

Nor are matters helped by the dismal lack of facilities. Vorkuta's cinema is hardly ever open. Nor are its swimming baths. There are no discos or bars, and only one - dismal - restaurant. (Here when Mr Gorbachev passed his anti-vodka laws, he

was signing his own political death warrant.)

But Mr Yeltsin is not entirely isolated. His fans include Alyona, 78, who was yesterday sitting outside the Miner's Palace of Culture beneath a pale sun. She was sent to Vorkuta from her home in Odessa 50 years ago, because "Stalin didn't

like her". Life is tough, goods are expensive. But, she said firmly: "I don't want to see a return to Soviet power."

They also include the world's most optimistic businessman, Giorgi Rushanski. A Ukrainian, he came to Vorkuta to make a living trying to persuade passers-by to pose for pho-

tographs alongside his stuffed reindeer. He admits he only has two or three clients a day, earning \$10 (£6) at most. He admits that in the winter he cannot work outside. And yet, he said: "You can get anything now, if you are prepared to work. That's why I will vote for Yeltsin."

France unites in grief for executed monks

IAN PHILLIPS
Paris

Seven candles lit a month ago in Notre Dame cathedral to symbolise hope burn no more. On Thursday, that hope disappeared with the announcement that seven French monks, held captive by the Groupe Islamiste Armée (GIA) in Algeria since 27 March, had been executed.

In a solemn and impromptu ceremony, the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Lustiger, extinguished the candles one by one. "We pray... for all of those who the monks did not want to leave," he told the shaken congregation. "Their death must be a sign of hope, that love remains stronger than hatred."

"It's unthinkable," said Brother Etienne of the Aiguebelle monastery, from which two of the victims came. "These people do not respect anything. They say that they can act in the name of God, but it is actually in the name of the Devil."

The seven Trappist monks, aged between 45 and 82, were abducted from the monastery of Tibhirine near Médéa and kept hostage against demands for Islamic prisoners to be freed.

The communiqué which announced the assassination said they had been killed because the French government had "declared that they would not negotiate with the GIA". The reaction in France was one of horror and indignation. President Jacques Chirac conveyed the "sadness and condolences of the nation," while the Foreign Minister, Hervé de Charette, said that "this crime will never be erased from our memories. And France's memory is long."

The murder provoked a strong reaction from the Muslim community in France. The rector of the Paris Mosque, Dalil Boubakeur, said he was "stunned". "The death of these monks arouses reprobation in us," he asserted. "I join with all

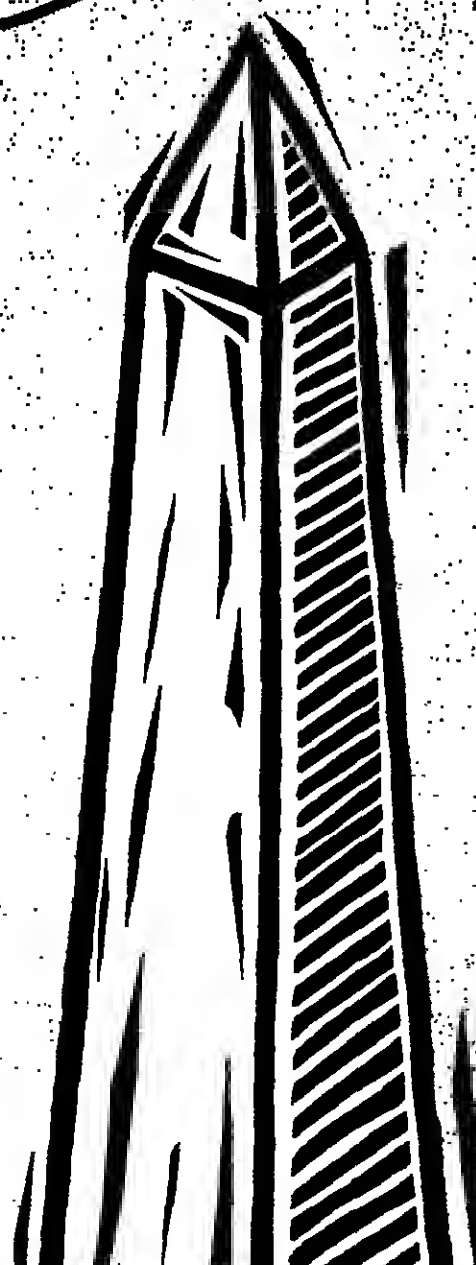
my heart in the suffering of their next of kin and of the French Church."

The French government called for all French nationals to leave Algeria. About 1,000 still live in the country. "I know that many men and women of the Church wish to pursue their ministry on the spot," said the Prime Minister, Alain Juppé, "but their security can no longer be assured."

Armand Veilleux, the head of the French order of Trappist monks, believes the tragedy has helped to unite the different religious communities. "Over the past two months, this hostage crisis has already given a vitality to inter-religious dialogue like never before," he says. "Muslim groups have been praying and demanding the release of our monks."

A call has been made for the different French religious communities to demonstrate together against "fanaticism and terrorism".

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Jews pay the price of an American success

The Diaspora: The gulf between the Orthodox and the secular grows ever wider, writes David Usborne

New York — To a casual — and gentle — observer it seemed impressive: 55,000 Jews marching up Fifth Avenue, giant flags bearing the Star of David held aloft, to mark the annual celebration of Israel Day. But to Jewish leaders it was desultory. Only a single float rolled by and the spectators were barely one-deep.

This was two weeks ago and the weather was unseasonably chilly. But the uncharacteristically flat atmosphere of this year's parade suggested something more: an odd listlessness among America's Jewry, born of a paradoxical mix of, on the one hand, complacency and, on the other, a new sense of insecurity about being Jewish today in the United States.

A community of fate

If complacency is the culprit, finding the reasons is not hard. Three-and-a-half centuries after the first of their forefathers arrived in the New World — to meet the rabid anti-Semitism of the then Governor of New Amsterdam (later named New York), Peter Stuyvesant — Jews in America in the 1990s have achieved astonishing success and societal security.

Consider the superlatives. America still has the largest number of Jews of any country in the world — 5.8 million, compared with Israel's 4.6 million. It is the most wealthy and most educated of any Jewish community worldwide. And its contributions to American cultural, business and political life far outstrip its less than 3 per cent share of the whole population.

In their book, *Jews and the New American Scene*, Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab offer an astonishing catalogue of Jewish achievements in the

US. Jews, they assert, account for: 26 per cent of reporters, editors and executives of the major print and broadcast media; 59 per cent of the writers, producers and directors of the 50 top-grossing films; 40 per cent of the top lawyers in New York and Washington; 13 per cent of American business executives under 40. They contend that between a quarter and a third of political contributions to the major parties are from Jews.

Meanwhile, those things that have unified Jews in the US, as elsewhere in the Diaspora — notably the commitment to Israel's right to exist and the battle against anti-Semitism — have arguably waned in urgency to the point of irrelevancy. Peace with its Arab neighbours is at least in sight now for Israel. And even though it may be that the ascendancy of Jews to so many positions of influence risks triggering a new anti-Semitic backlash, the case that Jews are held back in American society has become hard to argue.

Even in politics that is true. There are 40 Jews in Congress, while President Bill Clinton has named high-profile Jews to his cabinet and chosen Jews for both appointments he has made to the Supreme Court. Perhaps only the Presidency itself remains subliminally beyond reach for American Jews. The only ethnic Jew ever to have been nominated was Barry Goldwater in 1964 — and his grandfather had fled anyway into the Episcopal Church.

So what ails American Jewry? Barry Shrage, the president of the Combined Jewish Philanthropies of Boston, puts his finger on it. "Anti-Semitism is a threat to Jewish people in America that assimilation is," he said last week. After striving for centuries to help their own fit in with the rest of the US, many Jewish leaders worry now that the process has been taken too far. It is time now for American Jews — those not among the 7 per cent who remain Orthodox



Guardians of faith: Hassidic Jews in New York represent the traditional side in the "civil war" within American Jewry

Photograph: Magnum

— to learn how to be Jewish again.

So strong has been the tide of assimilation and secularism, that only a quarter of American Jews, according to recent studies, remain active in worship and observation of Jewish holidays and observances. Notes Mr Shrage: "This is the most successful, the most literate and the richest Jewish community in the history of the world. Ask most American Jews about Plato and about Shakespeare and they will be able to talk about them. But how many can name the five books of the Hebrew Bible? Very few."

In a recent essay in *New York* magazine, Philip Weiss lingers on the one statistic, produced five years ago by the Council of Jewish Federations (CJF), that has most petrified the Jewish

leadership. Whereas only about 8 per cent of American Jews married outside their religion before 1965, roughly half became spliced to non-Jews between 1985 to 1990. "How many Jews will be left if the

trends I exemplify continue?" Mr Weiss asked. "Some have argued that the American Jewish community faces extinction in the next century."

Meanwhile as mainstream US Jewry forsakes tradition

for modernity, so the gulf between it and conservative Jews, who are most visibly represented by the Hassidic communities in New York, only widens. Michael Lerner, editor of the Jewish journal, *Tikkun*,

warned recently of a "civil war" erupting between the two sides. The friction has been exacerbated by the exposure of a violent underbelly to the conservative community in New York that spawned Baruch

Goldstein, the doctor who gunned down 29 Muslim men at prayer in a Hebron Mosque, and which cheered Yigal Amir, the Jewish assassin of Yitzhak Rabin.

"The Jewish civil war, fought between secularists, assimilationists, and worshippers of the competitive market, on the one hand, and ultra-nationalists and religious messianists on the other, is likely to grow more intense in the coming decades," Mr Lerner concluded.

But neither Mr Shrage nor Mr Lerner are fatalistic about the prospects for American Jews. Rather, they argue that the new circumstances they find themselves in, where they need no longer define themselves by their commitment to a free Israel or their stand against anti-Semitism, offers a chance for a rebirth of Jewish life and pride. Mr Lerner calls it "Jewish Renewal", a movement to harness Jewish religious teaching to promote new understanding between conservative and secular Jews and between Jews and non-Jews.

Mr Shrage believes that in a country where people are increasingly searching for some meaning to their lives, the tide towards Jewish secularism is already turning. "People are becoming uncomfortable with that. There is a grassroots movement to engage in Jewish learning and culture," he insists. "With all our learning and our culture, we should be able to develop a new, non-fundamental Judaism that can be deeply rooted in past history but also engaged in the modern world. That is the formidable challenge."

Peres and his friends in the White House

It is a peculiar complaint to hear from an American right-winger. Charles Krauthammer, Washington columnist and friend of the opposition Likud party in Israel, says the US effort to re-elect Shimon Peres as Prime Minister of Israel is the most blatant American foreign intervention "since the CIA went around Iran and Guatemala

rotting mobs and overthrowing governments in the early 1950s". Signs of support for Mr Peres from President Bill Clinton require little decoding. "We must be with you every step of the way until there is a comprehensive, lasting peace in the Middle East," Mr Clinton said last week. "Now is not the time to turn back." Israelis quickly grasp that "turning back" means voting for Likud and its leader, Benjamin Netanyahu.

"*Tidjah, haver* — thank you, friend," responded Mr Peres, and he has a lot to be grateful for. When he was politically damaged by four suicide bombs, which killed 63 people in Israel in February and March, it was Mr Clinton who rushed to his rescue by organising a solidarity meeting for Israel with 27 world leaders at Sharm el-Sheikh in Egypt. In April the US stood by Mr Peres during his abortive military intervention in Lebanon and protected him after the Qana massacre.

Obviously Mr Netanyahu does not like this though he is careful to blame Mr Peres, not Mr Clinton, for a "venal attempt to use US-Israeli relations for political ends. I don't think there's ever been anything like it. It's shocking. It's amusing. I'd even say pathetic." In private Mr Netanyahu is less amused but he cannot criticise the White House too openly because Israeli voters like their leaders to have good relations with the US. But if Mr Peres, just 4 per cent ahead in the polls, wins narrowly next Wednesday it will be largely thanks to Mr Clinton.

Why is Mr Clinton trying so hard? There is an obvious, if cynical, motive in his own re-election campaign. It is a Washington nostrum that any politician who wants a future should avoid offending three lobbies: the tobacco industry, the National Rifle Association and Aipac — the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. It is a saying Mr Clinton took to heart long ago. Sharing a podium with Mr Peres during Aipac's annual meeting on 28 April Mr Clinton pledged that the relationship between the

Patrick Cockburn in Jerusalem on why Clinton wants Labour to win next week

US and Israel is "so strong that no one will ever drive a wedge between us". Aipac delegates rewarded him by standing on chairs to chant: "Four more years!"

To Arab countries this is confirmation that Mr Clinton is in the pocket of the Jewish lobby in the US. But this is naive. The Oslo peace process, an agreement at state level to defuse the Arab-Israeli crisis, is the centrepiece of the Pax Americana in



Adversaries: Benjamin Netanyahu (above) and Shimon Peres both need good relations with the US



the Middle East. It institutionalises the predominance achieved by the US through its victory in the Gulf war in 1991. The 13 Arab leaders at the Sharm el-Sheikh summit were there as a tribute to American, not Israeli, influence in the region.

An ironical side effect of Mr Clinton's total backing for Israel may be to doom the Oslo peace accords as a way of ending the conflict between Israel and the Palestinians regardless of who wins the election to be Israel's next prime minister. Few Palestinians have benefited from Oslo so far. Most are poorer for

it. Gaza and the West Bank are sealed off. In the wake of the Gulf war the US pressured Israel to make concessions to the Palestinians, but under Mr Clinton this pressure has stopped.

Even if Mr Peres wins on Wednesday it is almost inevitable that Labour, its left-wing ally Meretz and the Israeli-Arabs will fail to win 61 seats out of 120 seats in the Knesset (parliament). The result will be that a new administration under Mr Peres will be further to the right than that elected in 1992 to make peace with the Palestinians. It is unlikely to meet even the minimum terms of Yasser Arafat, the Palestinian leader, during the final status negotiations on Israeli settlements, refugees, frontiers and Jerusalem.

Curiously it is not the open US intervention in the election which has been making headlines in Israel. Mr Peres and Mr Clinton are agreed that it is Iran which is trying to manipulate the election result. "I know that Iran stands behind attempts to strike against us on the eve of elections," said Mr Peres last week. "Despite the smiley faces they are putting on for the Europeans, they are pursuing the Islamic Jihad and Hizbollah to step up attacks against us."

Warren Christopher, the US Secretary of State, has been making the same point. He said: "In advance of the Israeli elections, Iranian-trained terrorists have been sent to infiltrate Israel and the Palestinian territories." A drive-by shooting which killed an American student was attributed by Mr Christopher to an "Iranian-backed organisation," though it had been claimed by Hamas. In private US diplomats admit that Hamas is funded privately or by conservative Arabs in the lower Gulf.

Despite the allegations, there is little evidence that Iran is central to the suicide bombing attacks. Hamas leaders supporting the attacks live not in Iran but Jordan. The demonisation of Iran by the US and Israel is an attempt to inoculate Mr Peres against losing the election if another bomb explodes. If one does go off Mr Peres will portray it to voters as a subtle Iranian effort to replace him by Likud, a view certain to be endorsed by the White House.

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Prodigal king wary of Bulgarian hopes

ADRIAN BRIDGE

To some Bulgarians, he is seen as a knight in shining armour; to others, he is simply a relic of a discredited old order. But love him or fear him, all Bulgarians will today have to adjust to the fact that, after almost 50 years away, Simeon Coburg-Gotha - alias King Simeon II - is back. The cow-balding and bearded former monarch is due to arrive at Sofia airport this afternoon. Bulgaria's ruling - and very pro-republican - Socialist Party (BSP) has made sure he will not be receiving the red carpet treatment, but Simeon and his Spanish wife, Margarita, are expected to be cheered by hundreds lining the route into the centre of town. For many, the visit comes as a welcome distraction from Bulgaria's current economic crisis and the almost permanent political squabbling that has

marked the six and a half years since the overthrow of communism.

But while Simeon is primarily seen as a symbol of the past, there are many who argue that, at just 58, he would be quite capable of assuming an important role in the future.

"We have no leader in Bulgaria now to inspire and guide us," said Konstantin Hlachev of the pro-monarchist Federation of Kingdom Bulgaria. "His Majesty alone can unify the country and build a new national consensus."

According to recent opinion polls, more than 20 per cent of the population would support the restoration of the monarchy; hardly a majority, but a substantial increase on the 8 per cent in favour five years ago.

The prospect terrifies the BSP, many of whose members wanted to bar Simeon until he formally renounced his claim to

the throne. As one BSP leader put it: "Simeon II still thinks he is Tsar... and his coming to Bulgaria is a crime against the republic we have developed."

Simeon - who ascended the throne at the age of six following the mysterious death of his father, Boris III, in 1943 - is coy about his future ambitions.

He insists that technically he is still king as he never abdicated and never accepted the communist-inspired 1946 referendum ordering him out, claiming it was rigged.

A successful businessman who has spent most of his exiled life in Spain, Simeon has sometimes hinted that he could see himself as a constitutional monarch.

However, Simeon has also suggested that he might run for presidency, a post for which, according to polls, more than 40 per cent of Bulgarians think he would be suited.

Supporters say that with his connections, Simeon as head of state would bring Bulgaria closer to the West and help spruce up its tarnished image.

His detractors point out that, quite apart from the fact he has spent all his adult life outside the country, Simeon cannot even be described as a true Bulgarian, descended as he is from a German prince.

As he tours the country, visiting the tomb of his father, Simeon will undoubtedly be trying to get the measure of his former subjects.

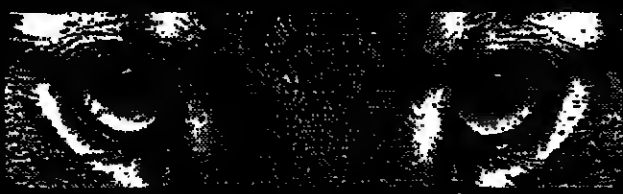
He is already wary of being seen as the solution to all the country's problems. "The expectations of the people are tremendous," he said earlier this week. "There is a sort of 'white knight' attitude for many people... but in the end the future of the country cannot depend on one person, whoever that person may be."



Hot spot: Anti-riot police in Guatemala City hold their positions behind burning tyres during a protest against a proposed law to restrict the right of public-sector employees to strike. Photograph: AFP

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SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

Albanian court yesterday sentenced to death three men, including two others, for crimes committed during the country's recent period of chaos. The court, which is part of the death penalty for crimes committed during the recent period of chaos, sentenced to death three men, including two others, for crimes committed during the recent period of chaos. The court, which is part of the death penalty for crimes committed during the recent period of chaos, sentenced to death three men, including two others, for crimes committed during the recent period of chaos.

France urged a return to the negotiating table for the Central African Republic's government and rebelling troops yesterday, but was sought to flee the six-day-old conflict. "There is the risk of anarchy," Defence Minister Charles Kérékou said. "We are not going to let the situation in the former French colony, a former ally, become a source of instability in the region."

Burmese democracy leader Aung San Suu Kyi forged a deal with her planned Shingay congress despite the arrest of 112 of her supporters by the military government. Suu Kyi's foreign minister told his Japanese counterpart that the situation would be brief. Suu Kyi, who won the 1991 Nobel Peace Prize, told reporters most of those arrested were elected representatives of the National League for Democracy (NLD). She said that in the past 24 hours she had received 11,000 calls from the party's youth wing, but had been delayed as well. "I think the intention is to try and make it impossible for us to hold our conference on Sunday," she said. "But we are still going to go ahead, unless they make it physically impossible."

Nominations for the Icelandic presidential election closed on Friday with five candidates vying to succeed Vigdís Finnbogadóttir who is leaving office after 16 years. Leading the field in the run up to the 29 June election is Ólafur Ragnar Grímsson, parliamentary deputy and former head of the People's Alliance (socialist) party. Recent opinion polls show Grímsson has attracted up to 67 per cent of voter support. A latecomer in the race is Asthór Magnússon, founder and director of the Peace 2000 pacifist movement. The Icelandic presidency is largely a figurehead role.

A secretly taped confession to a Roman Catholic priest has prompted the Vatican to ask United States authorities to destroy the tape of the confession, given by a jailed suspect in a triple-murder case. Spokesman Joaquín Navarro-Valls said the secret taping of suspect Conan Hale in a jail in Lane County, Oregon, and the prosecution's intention to consider the tape for possible submission as evidence were "deeply surprising and deplorable."

Election results gave Suriname's ruling coalition a commanding lead, upsetting the aspirations of a former military dictator whose strong showing in the polls surprised some foreign governments. With nearly 90 per cent of the votes from Thursday's election counted, Colonel Desi Bouterse's National Democratic Party had 25.5 per cent compared to nearly 45 per cent for the four-party New Front, led by President Ronald Venetiaan, 59. Still, Colonel Bouterse's party appeared to be the most popular. The Electoral Council estimated that the Front had won 25 of 51 National Assembly seats, down from 30 in the 1991 election. Bouterse's party won 15, up from 10 in 1991. It appeared President Venetiaan would have to broaden his coalition to gain the two-thirds of legislators' votes needed to elect a president.

Men with a highly active sex life run a greater risk of contracting prostate cancer than their more abstemious counterparts, a Swedish study showed on Friday. However, habits such as cigarette smoking and heavy drinking have little effect on this type of cancer, which affects more than 5,000 Swedish males annually. Although men with a high level of sexual activity are more likely to suffer from prostate cancer, cancer specialist Sven-Olov Andersson of Örebro Hospital does not recommend abstinence. "We don't think it's the sexual activity in itself, it might be some type of hormonal factor that also affects sexual drive," he said.

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Politicians follow a mirage of public opinion

Luciano Pavarotti sings Liam Gallagher. At least that's what the promoters of the Three Tenors' forthcoming Wembley concert want. The fat man sings the tiny Mancunian, and why not? Musical forms have always begged, borrowed and stolen from one another. Now the pace is increasing. Hyperion, we reported yesterday, is about to bring out a CD of Great British Light Music Classics, trying to introduce younger people to the beauties of middlebrow. Eric Coates for a new generation. Nor is it just music. Cultural mingling is accelerating across the arts. People no longer feel themselves bound to define themselves as one thing or another. We're magpies and resent being tied to a single tree.

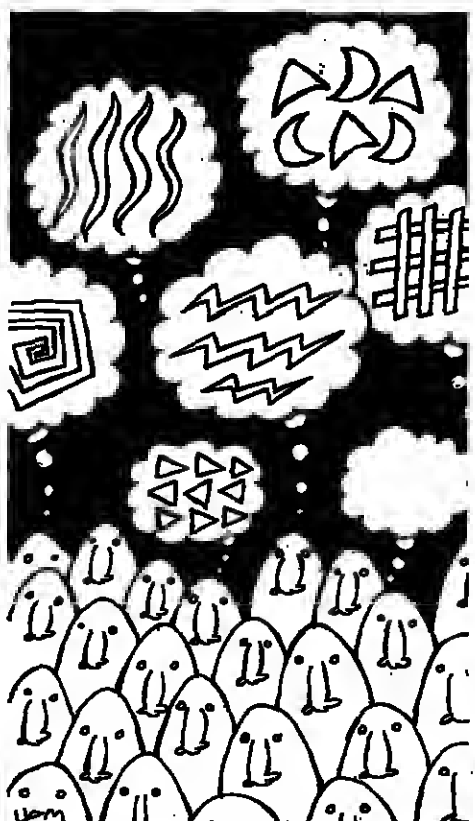
Some might deplore this, perhaps mistaking the breakdown of musical and artistic categories for the end of discrimination. A lot of tacky material is sucked up, true. But even cultural pessimists would be hard put to deny that modern taste is not only diverse, it's also unpredictable. Esoteric and "difficult" work has no less chance of finding a following than the familiar and easy. Old ideas about mass audiences being led by the nose just do not apply. In this crossover culture people choose for themselves. Sorting those choices by conventional labels such as class or income no longer tells us much. No one with any sense can any longer talk about knowing what the country wants - there is no "country" as such for much cultural output.

Why then does the idea of a single, solid, predictable public opinion remain so central in

political life? Think of the events of the past few days. On Europe, the Prime Minister has played the politics of petulance, gambling with what is left of his reputation and the nation's credit. He has done it for the sake of plaudits in the gallery of public opinion. On sentencing, Michael Howard justified himself, with the Prime Minister and the Tory clique joining in, saying: it was not me, gov, public opinion required us to be hard on the judges. Public opinion is our reward, our sanction and our legitimacy.

Can the same people - you - who are so admirably mobile, sophisticated, unexpected in cultural choices be so easily bound in gross political categories that are all supposed to be moving in a single direction? Or is this thing that Mr Howard claims is driving him headlong into a public policy assailed on all sides as wrong-headed and worse (far worse) doomed to costly failure a malign artifice? Once, a long time ago, a wise Tory (how oxymoronic has that coupling become in recent times) shook his fist at public opinion, calling it a compound of ignorance, folly, wrong feeling, right feeling and newspaper paragraphs. Are the latter the explanation for the conceit that there is a single and usually reactionary public opinion?

Ministers, and their shadows, believe the public believes this or that because newspapers tell them it is so. Tabloid prophecies are allowed to become self-fulfilling or suspended in credulity on the slimmest of phone surveys. With faint evidence and no reliable model that



explains the translation of tabloid editorialising into voting behaviour, politicians have created a hall of mirrors in which even those mid-market newspapers rapidly losing readers become the arbiters of policy and ministerial destiny. Craven secretaries of state act for the sake of headlines that they take as a proxy for what the public believe. Struggling prime ministers writhe in unceasing effort to please the nameless thing out there that they fear is the public mind. Like automatic writing performed by a charlatan medium, members of the Cabinet do policy at the behest of The People.

But no such thing exists. Public opinion is a construct that, in the light of what is happening to people's tastes and life-choices, seems more and more anachronistic. People have prejudices and beliefs, yes, but they fold in upon one another, they move backwards and forwards. People have views but within them, like Luciano Pavarotti and Liam Gallagher, opposites come together and cohere. That solid anti-European block that John Major evidently believes in - or else why does he palliate the sceptics so - is in reality a mush of half-formed sentiments which do not stop people buying Europe in their consumption decisions nor which will stop their voting for Europe if it comes to the ballot. The point is not to deny opinion polling (for the wrath of the estimable Mr Bob Worcester of MORI is much to be feared). It is not to give up the attempt to make sense of shifting moods and public perceptions by means of panels and sampling. It is,

however, to despise public opinion politics. Why - leaving the substance of the argument aside - Lord Taylor the Lord Chief Justice won hands down was that his was so obviously a personal expression of view. (Lawyers can be sincere!) Michael Howard's worst enemy in his political career is a demeanour that says: lawfully opportunist. His beliefs appear as a frock-coat worn for the occasion, to be discarded when the function changes.

His problem this week has been his self-presentation as a cipher. I am a mere vessel, he seems to be saying. That stance is, of course, the enemy of parliamentary politics - at best a business of compromise and debate and autonomous choice. It is the friend of plebiscitarian democracy (which, incidentally, is a part of Lady Thatcher's legacy to her party in its contempt for traditionalist Conservatism). Mr Howard and the Prime Minister act as if they believed public opinion to be a coiled spring waiting to punish and reward them, forcing them to jump here, jump there.

The question that must have occurred to them, consummate political animals that they are, is whether they are right in the way they model public opinion. What if public opinion is much more like public taste, sinuous, corner-cutting, unpredictable? Artists play to taste, tease it, lead it, second-guess it. To offer only what has played before is to run a large risk of failure. Modern audiences are more than likely to have moved on and up - or back. Voters, too.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Disruption of European Community business is a misuse of powers

Sir: The British government has portrayed its decision to attempt to paralyse all matters in the European Union which require its assent as a lawful and legitimate response to the ban on the export of British beef and beef by-products ("John Major does a Margaret Thatcher", 22 May).

Much comment has already been passed upon the wisdom of this course of action. On a more technical note, it is doubtful whether it is lawful. This is because of the doctrine of misuse of powers, which, as a principle of European Community law, binds both Community institutions and national governments when acting within the Community context. This doctrine, simply stated, provides that an act, which would otherwise be lawful, becomes unlawful if it is used for a purpose other than that for which the Treaty intended. It is difficult to think of a more glaring example of this than a decision to vote against a measure for reasons that have nothing to do with the matter in hand.

One can of course be confident that as the self-proclaimed guardian of law and order, both at home and internationally, this point was taken into account when the Government made its announcement on Tuesday. DAMIAN CHALMERS, *Lecturer in Law of the European Union, London School of Economics and Political Science, London WC2*

Sir: There is one aspect of the European beef disagreement which has apparently failed to capture the interest of the press and politicians; namely the different basis on which reassurance was given to the beef-eating public on either side of the Channel.

In this country the politicians' statements were to the effect that there was no danger of BSE jumping the species gap and infecting humans. ie, it was safe to eat beef whether it was infected or not. On the Continent the public was assured that the disease was very rare and that no infected animals were getting into the food chain. We now know that both statements are factually

flawed. Certainly many British farmers will tell you that BSE is grossly under-diagnosed on the Continent and often labelled as "staggers". It is this situation which has resulted in the present difference in confidence between the British beef-buying public, who now believe that infected animals are no longer getting into the food chain, and the Continental beef eaters, who now realise it is.

Surely, by threatening further exposure of the inadequacies of the Continental safeguards we can push the EU to play fair. Once the ban is lifted, British confidence in its beef should help it very quickly to re-establish its high reputation. Perhaps that is the real fear in Europe. NICHOLAS P MEYER, *Ledbury, Hereford and Worcester*

Sir: Commissions and governments do not eat beef: people do. John Major can surely do no more than to imagine that the lifting of the ban will put one sixpence steak on the dinner plates of the people of Europe - and other

parts of the world - until they have the clearest evidence that it will be perfectly safe to eat.

That recovery of confidence will be measured in months or even years rather than days and weeks, and is unlikely to be accelerated by the almost universal feeling, both here and abroad, that the assertions of both experts and politicians are not to be trusted. ROBERT H PARRY, *Mahern, Worcestershire*

Sir: I increasingly despair of the outright viciousness and uninformed content of the anti-European propaganda and I cannot understand what the motives for such nastiness are - it certainly is not the beef crisis, that is only a trigger. It is regrettable that a public health matter which greatly concerns everyone in Europe has now become a war between them (the Europeans) and us (the British) and that so many of "us" seem to relish this war.

Furthermore, as a German-born UK citizen (for the last 24 years) I find this present

climate rather intimidating, if not frightening, and sincerely hope that common sense will soon prevail - although I am not so optimistic that it will. HELGA HANSON, *Gelston, Dumfries and Galloway*

Sir: On 3 and 4 June the Italian Presidency of the EU proposes to call an extraordinary Agriculture Council meeting.

If the partial lifting of the ban on British beef still does not receive a qualified majority, but receives a simple majority, then the final decision on the issue will be left to the European Commission. Since it was the Commission that proposed the lifting of the ban in the first place, it is likely that they will stick to this line next month. Why then all the issues of economics and democracy and self-determination down to a simple matter of liking or disliking "foreigners" is more than a little silly.

There are arguments to be made both for and against a federal superstate, but neither side of the debate is helped by the pro-federalists' labelling of their adversaries as "Europhobes" or "anti-Europeans". To bring all the issues of economics and democracy and self-determination down to a simple matter of liking or disliking "foreigners" is more than a little silly.

Nor is it a matter of the personal qualities of the more prominent sceptics. Whether or not James Goldsmith is an "ineane buffoon", as Ms Tynbee puts it, is a matter of opinion: it's also quite beside the point. The point is whether there is any sense in his argument that the people of Britain should be allowed to decide their own future.

It really would be very nice if someone on the pro-federalist side would treat the argument - and the public - seriously for once, and give people the true facts rather than assuming sufficiency that they are just right, and that anyone who disagrees with them isn't worth listening to. That's the only way they have a hope of securing any popular support this time around and disproving Tony Benn's description of Britain's entry into the EU as "a coup d'état by the political class, who don't believe in popular sovereignty". WARWICK CAIRNS, *Windsor, Berkshire*

Argument by insult

Sir: Polly Tynbee ("A cowardly business", 20 May) is fed up that Britain's industrialists won't stand up and persuade the public of the benefits of the European Union. The problem is that neither does she, and neither do most pro-federalists. What she does, and what most of them do, is to confuse and evade the fundamental issues and, through a mixture of name-calling and dodgy statistics, to simply say, "I'm right and you're wrong."

There are arguments to be made both for and against a federal superstate, but neither side of the debate is helped by the pro-federalists' labelling of their adversaries as "Europhobes" or "anti-Europeans". To bring all the issues of economics and democracy and self-determination down to a simple matter of liking or disliking "foreigners" is more than a little silly.

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DAVID AARONOVITCH Creature of habit



One morning, driving in your car, you hear the sound of sirens behind you and as that strange feeling of pre-emptive guilt you always experience subsides - you edge backwards to let the rozzers pass. But they don't. You - not some doped-up teenage joy-rider with "Cobain Lives" tattooed on his zitty forehead - are the quarry. You replay the last few minutes inside your head. Were you speeding? No more than every other huffer. Was that look you gave the young lady on the bike more obviously lascivious than you intended? Surely not.

So it's a mistake, and will be sorted out within minutes. You are invited to step out of the vehicle and as you do, you realise, to your stupefaction, that this is not, after all, your car. Similar, yes, but not your car. The world has turned upside down.

As it did this week to Wiltshire man Bill Ives. He drove off in Alan Burch's red Fiesta, which Mr Burch had parked next to Mr Ives' car - also a red Fiesta. Mr Ives just unlocked the door of the first one he came to and assumed it was his, failing to notice that he had lost a sun-roof and gained 21,000 miles on the clock.

This incident reminds me of a story of the old Soviet Union. A Moscow man is in Leningrad for a meeting. Getting blind drunk that night, he takes a number 10 trolley to a suburb of tower blocks instead of returning to his hotel. There, he ascends in an identical smelly lift, alights at the same floor in front of a familiar front door, turns his key in the lock, and snuggles up to a warm, voluptuous female form in bed. Only when dawn breaks does he realise that he is actually 500 miles from home. By this time, consummation has occurred, love has blossomed and it is all too late.

You might expect such things to happen a great deal, with all this cultural homogeneity and the hold that fashion has on us all. Parents of adolescent boys must be particularly hard-pressed to distinguish their shambling, reverse baseball-capped Beavis from someone

else's Butthead. Furthermore, many of us develop highly sophisticated and extremely repetitive ways of doing things - standing in a particular place for the train every morning, always starting with the fruit when shopping at Safeways. That way, our brains are free for important fantasies and plots. We go automatic.

Last week, for instance, a Newport man came home in the wee hours to discover the back door broken down and an inter-lopers upstairs, asleep in bed. Tommy McQuade managed to subdue the strangely confused burglar until the police arrived. It turned out that the chap had lived in the house until 18 months before, and, after having attended a lively stag evening, some forgotten internal navigator - like the kind of homing device that brings turtles thousands of miles across trackless ocean to lay their leathery eggs - guided the man back to Mr McQuade's.

So far, so good. But what is remarkable about this incident is how the intruder then ignored all the warning signs that maybe he had made a mistake. The first must have been when his keys did not fit the lock. The second, presumably, when his girlfriend failed to answer his calls for help. But even when he was engaged in breaking down the door, the light of realisation did not shine in the drunk man's head.

Actually, such obtuseness (or absent-mindedness) is very rare. Most of us are, in reality, highly attuned to virtually any variation from the expected. We surround ourselves with thousands of mental and physical trip-wires, which - if set off - alert us to abnormality. Our environments may look very similar, but in a million ways, we have coded them just for us and just for now.

Otherwise, God knows what would happen. How many of us still have keys that fit the locks that guard old flames and cast-off lovers? Perhaps, like Miss Havisham, they have remained unchanged, mouldering, waiting for this day. "Darling!", they mumble toothlessly, as you barge in, "I knew you would come back one day! Cake?"

QUOTE UNQUOTE

I would like people to remember me for being a crank, because cranks turn power into useful action - David Bellamy, *environmentalist*

Poverty is alive and well - Chris Smith, *shadow social services secretary*

I can tell you the T&G's attitude towards pay policies - we've been there, seen it, done it and it does not work. We are not having it - Bill Morris, *transport union leader, warning Labour that it will not accept a pay policy under any government*

Sakharov was my teacher of democracy, and the teacher of democracy for all of Russia - Boris Yeltsin, *President, after laying flowers on the grave of the dissident scientist Andrei Sakharov*

I don't know whether the Prime Minister's on Ecstasy or whether he had oysters for his lunch, but he sure made an impact yesterday. I thought he was terrific - Teresa Gorman, *Euro-sceptic Tory MP, on John Major's get-tough policy over the European beef ban*

We simply have to convince them that by taking part in the deepening of Europe, they will not lose their soul - Michel Barnier, *France's European Affairs Minister on Britain in Europe*

Role of the Fine Arts Commission

Sir: In response to your comments ("The Byzantine uddity in stylish world of its own", 22 May) on Sir Geoffrey Chipperfield's leaked report on the Royal Fine Arts Commission, can I put in a word for the organisation?

The RFAC could benefit from greater clarification of its role, change it from an English club to a policy-making body with statutory powers to call schemes in.

The chairperson should be an eminent architect, critic or art historian who can speak with the authority of his or her profession. But even as it stands, the RFAC plays a critical role in improving the design of the built environment and encouraging architect and client to think about things more important than cost and profit.

The array of prominent architects, historians, developers, professors and public figures who sit on the RFAC's Council assure that a wide range of experience and points of view are brought to bear on its decisions, where organisations like English Heritage, the Victorian, Georgian and 20th Century Societies can be partisan. The RFAC has, on the whole,

proved itself open-minded and discerning. RICHARD ROGERS, *Richard Rogers Partnership, London W6*

Sir: Jonathan Glancy's article on the problems facing the RFAC gave the wholly misleading impression that it is only that body which can make aesthetic judgement on development proposals.

He should be aware that all local planning authorities are under an instruction in PPG1 from central government to "reject obviously poor designs out of scale or character with their surroundings". If this does not involve aesthetic judgements, I do not know what does. The distinct advantage that local authorities have is that, unlike Lord Fawcett's committee of the great and the good, they have been elected by local communities to represent their interests.

I can assure him that this practice is thriving and forming an invaluable role in the protection of our built environment, so much of which has been ravaged in the past by developments blessed by the RFAC. TONY TUGNUTT, *London WC1*



The Battle of Trafalgar: a memory of youth

Photograph: Hulton Getty

Two generations to the Napoleonic wars

Sir: The Rev Christopher Martin asked ("Spanning the centuries", 18 May) if anyone could cap his story of a link to the Battle of Trafalgar. I'll try at least to match it.

As a boy, I remember a near neighbour, an elderly professor, who when a boy himself had met an old man who in his youth had watched

the great sea battle from Cape Trafalgar.

And last year Nicholas Volkov-Mourmontsoff died in Maidstone, aged 92. He remembered the old water-carrier on the family estate, Khmelita, west of Moscow, who died aged 112 and clearly recalled as a 13-year-old boy the overnight encampment of hussar and lancer regiments

of Napoleon's Grande Armée and the stay at Khmelita of Murat, Marshal of France, and his officers.

During the later retreat one of the French wounded settled at Khmelita and became footman in the house. A mere two-generation span to the Napoleonic wars! JOHN MASSEY STEWART, *London N6*

Prado free-for-all

Sir: Ben Summers was a little unjust to the Prado ("From the Prado to the Metropolitan", 18 May), as far as admission charges are concerned.

All visitors to the Prado over 65 are admitted free at any time; as are other visitors all day Sunday and Saturday after 2.30pm, as is also the case on certain Spanish national holidays. The same free arrangements apply to the spectacular Goya exhibition which runs until 2 June.

Dr BART SMITH, *London N8*

Puritan New England: a godly and representative society

Sir: It is discouraging to see what a bad press the Puritans get. Andrew Brown writes (17 May) that Puritan New England was a theocracy and "if that experiment is remembered for anything, it is the witch trials in Salem".

The New England settlers were English Congregationalists. Some were total Independents from the Church of England as were the Plymouth settlers in

1620. A theocracy? Hardly. The Mayflower Compact was a covenant willingly entered into by all the people. They gave their Elders power, but it was a new society and division could be fatal.

The Boston Colony of 1630 did not want independence from the Church of England, but wanted to reform it from the inside as Congregationalists. They thought England would

take notice of them and learn. That was a pipe-dream if there ever was one. There were some witch hunts, as there were in Europe at the time. Naturally we deplore them, but it is a shame that what most people know about Salem is from Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* which was really about the 20th-century McCarthy era transferred back to the 17th century.

They were persecuted at home and wanted to reform their church or leave it entirely and start another. They started democracy in their day. We should thank them for trying to bring a godly and representative society to birth. We could use some of that today.

The Rev CHARLES BROCK, *Chaplain and Fellow Mansfield College Oxford*

Post letters to Letters to the Editor, and include a daytime telephone number. (Fax: 0171-293 2056; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

obituaries

Dorothy Hyson

As it is with rich men and the kingdom of heaven so it is with stage beauties and the kingdom of critical approval. A plain or frankly frumpish ingénue is more likely to be acclaimed for her acting than one as immediately winning as Dorothy Hyson.

The reason is fear. Critics are scared of seeming to drool. So, everything she did was "lovely" or "beautiful", "exquisite" or "pretty" or "exquisitely pretty". But how good an actress was she?

It was a question few critics ever dared to go into. For a start she was the only daughter of an equally beautiful and far more famous mother, the adorable Dorothy Dickson, the toast of Broadway before she moved to London as queen of musical comedy with her husband, Carl Hyson, celebrated exponent of ballroom dancing in an era when it was all the rage.

Whether such parents were a privilege or a setback, Dorothy Hyson rarely appeared outside the West End. Was she once in a try-out at Palmer's Green? Or in a tour that never reached the West End? Perhaps. At any

rate her career from the age of three in one of her mother's silent films, and in the West End in a juvenile performance of Barrie's *Quality Street* went from strength to strength.

Of her appearance aged 13 in Daisy Ashford's *The Young Visitors* (Strand, 1928) Dame Sybil Thorndike is reported to have assured Dorothy Dickson: "She's got it, hasn't she? She's going to be a star." And James Agate, leading critic of the day and the best judge of acting, prophesied: "I think in Dorothy Hyson we may have the comedienne of the future."

No wonder she never lacked work in plays and films. Did she lack range? Well, to be wanted for straight plays, revues, musical comedy and occasionally the classics argues at least readiness; and with those large eyes, that fair complexion, and attractive voice, Hyson was to become a box-office asset, merely as her mother's daughter.



The Quays at home
Photograph: Tom Blau/Camera Press

The trouble about assessing

her dramatic as distinct from decorative talent is that she retired from the stage half a century ago. She did so to remarry, raise a family and live, as they say, happily ever after with the long-devoted and much-respected actor-manager and classical director Anthony Quayle, and never came back.

Most pretty young actresses are well advised to go while the going is good, even at 32, since the future for ageing actresses is always less secure than for men; but the going was not only good for Dorothy Hyson but seemed likely to get better after joining Gielgud's Haymarket company in 1945.

No other classical troupe had more prestige. Who knows what would have become of her had she stayed the post-war course?

As an infant whose parents became the toast of Broadway in the First World War, she made her first appearance in one of her mother's silent films, but, unable to cry on cue, she was told by its director: "We thought you would be great. I'm sure you tried hard, but you don't seem to be as good as we thought you would be."

At which tears duly flowed, mother was disgusted, and the girl was put off Hollywood for life. When the parents came to work in London for C.B. Cochran revues in the 1920s, the daughter went to boarding school (with time off for those two juvenile West End plays) and finishing school in Paris before making at 19 an English film with Cicely Courtneidge (*Soldiers of the King*, 1933). For her professional West End debut in Ivor Novello's play *Filices in the Sun* (Playhouse 1933) she played a girl whose mother seduced her boyfriend while she was back at school; and, having been rehearsed by both her own mother and the star of the play, Gladys Cooper, she had to endure the first night audience's applause not for her but for the adored mother, sitting conspicuously in a box.

So striking was the mutual resemblance of mother and child that next day when a reporter called on them they were impossible to tell apart. "Miss Hyson entered first. I welcomed her as her mother. Then Miss Dickson came in. I took her for Miss Hyson."

Some time elapsed thereafter before Miss Hyson began to be commended for her acting rather than her looks, if indeed that can ever be said to have happened with Cary Grant having dubbed her "the world's new sweetheart" and Rodgers and Hart having written a song for her, "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World".

Did it matter whether she could act, with such a pleasing appearance and personality? She sang and danced (some said as charmingly as her mother)

with Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph on screen. She played another bright young thing who tricked an admirer into marriage in another West End play; and if Hyson wasn't the busiest and prettiest actress in London she was surely the loveliest, working by day in films (with Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn from their Aldwych farces) and by night on stage.

Filming at Blackpool with Gracie Fields (*Sing As We Go*) and acting in the West End as a girl who lured husbands from their wives (*Touch Wood*, Haymarket, 1934) brought on a nervous breakdown. It did however get her out of the clutches of the autocratic stage and film director Basil Dean, and her acting in the Dodi Smith play prompted thoughts of Hilary Mantel in *The Master Builder*. Did she have the makings of the actress Agate had dared to anticipate?

Who knows? She never acted Ibsen or Chekhov or even Shakespeare more than once, but no one was busier in light West End comedies and no one had a bigger hit in a Jane Austen adaptation, *Pride and*

Prejudice (St James's, 1936). As Agate put it: "Since everybody in the house was prostrated by the sheer loveliness of her Jane, even when she didn't speak, it was a grovelling evening."

Such grovelling isn't hard for actresses to live with, but what hope have they of fulfilling any dramatic ambition? The classics? All too rarely staged in pre-war days before subsidies.

There came, however in 1938 a chance in Tyrone Guthrie's Old Vic revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as Titania. A woman critic (significantly or otherwise) dismissed her as "very pretty but rather monotonous".

During the Second World War, Hyson made a few more films (*You Will Remember* with Robert Morley and *Spare A Copper* with George Formby, who reputedly attempted her seduction between takes), and acted in intimate revue, musical comedy and straight plays like the thriller *Pink String and Sealing Wax* (Duke of York's, 1943) and a derivation from Trollope, *Scandal at Barchester* (Lyric, 1944).

But the "lovely daughter of a lovely mother" theme endured to the end. Even as Lady Windermere in Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* in 1945.

"To my mind the best performance of the night was given by exquiste Dorothy Hyson... Never for a moment did this lovely daughter of Dorothy Dickson depart from the virgin innocence of a young society hostess in London as untouched by her environment as if she had come straight from a convent."

Another reviewer praised her "courage as well as skill to utter her rigid moral sentiments with a straight face" which she exquisitely "contrived to do with some success," as Wilde's heroine.

It was the critic who had shown such faith in her from the start who sounded a note of warning: "Two ladies wore their tresses as tresses should be worn," declared Agate - Hyson evidently not among them - "The rest of the characters, male and female, hadn't the air. What they did was very nice, but it wasn't the Mayfair of those days."

"Lady Windermere should really listen to herself and consider whether personal pronouns do not sound better when they are unstressed." It was Hyson's last role. There are playgoers who still wonder whether she was not on the verge of rising above being her mother's beautiful daughter and becoming a leading classical actress in her own right.

In 1993, as Lady Quayle, widow of Sir Anthony Quayle, hosting a performance celebrating commemorating the life of the actress Dame Peggy Ashcroft, she sat with her son Christopher in the same box at the Playhouse Theatre, London, as her mother Dorothy Dickson, who died in 1995 at the age of 102, had occupied at the same theatre for her daughter's professional stage debut 60 years earlier.

Adam Benedict

Dorothy Wandell Hyson, actress: born Chicago 24 December 1914; married 1935 Robert Douglas (marriage dissolved 1945); 1947 Anthony Quayle (K 1985, died 1989; one son, two daughters); died London 23 May 1996.



"She's got it, hasn't she?" Hyson at 17 Photograph: Camera Press

400 YEARS
IN THE FUTURE
THEY PLAN
TO STEAL HIS
PAST.

Pierre Debizet

Pierre Debizet subsisted for a lifetime on the margins of French politics where the mainstream, the criminal and the extreme right intermingled. He was in one sense a very French political type: a product of the Resistance, and its conspiracies and solid friendships, the Gaullist movement and the underworld.

During the Second World War he joined the Libération-Nord network (for which he was decorated with the Resistance medal in 1945) and he ran the Bureau Central de Renseignements of Free France. After the war he organised the militia (Service d'Ordre) for de Gaulle's political party, the Rassemblement du Peuple Français (RPF). In this capacity there were numerous pitched battles between Communist strong-armed squads, activists and the RPF's guards with many serious injuries on both sides.

When de Gaulle returned to power in 1958, the Algerian war in full spate coupled with a resurgence of extremist underground violence on the Right - the OAS (Organisation de l'Armée Secrète) terrorists, for example, Debizet was co-opted for the rebuilding of the militia under Roger Frey (later interior minister), and these strong-arm squads became the infamous Service d'Action Civique (SAC).

The SAC was not a discriminating recruiter and became the cover for numerous petty criminals. In the meantime, de Gaulle's rapid moves towards the decolonisation of Algeria led Debizet to quit the Gaullist movement. He returned during the student upheavals and the strikes of May 1968 to stiffen once again the SAC against the upsurge of violence. The police at that time were over-extended and de Gaulle turned to the unquestioningly loyal for support. The SAC reorganisation was then set under way by Georges Pompidou after May 1968, and this was substantially the work of Debizet, who tried to rid it of some of its more

unsavoury elements. This was not successful.

In July 1981 three SAC members in Marseilles were responsible for a horrifying incident in which Pierre Massie, a police chief (with SAC connections), and five members of his family were murdered - the so-called Aurioi killings of 19 July 1981. This outrage at the beginning of Mitterrand's presidency led to an investigation and the subsequent dissolution of the SAC. Debizet, as a result of the incident, spent a month in preventive detention in Les Baumettes prison though he was later cleared of any charge.



Debizet: a very French type
Photograph: Hulton Getty

In 1986 Debizet tried to launch a right-wing group, the Mouvement Initiative et Liberté (MIL), presided over by Alain de Boissieu, but this found few echoes. It engaged mostly in fly-posting, in France not an occupation for innocents (people are attacked and sometimes killed in this activity).

Pierre Debizet was close to many historic Gaullists such as Jacques Foccart but he ended his life with a jaundiced view of politics and politicians, retiring into private life crying down anathema on their works.

David S. Bell

Pierre Debizet, wartime resister and special agent: born 1923; married; died Issy-les-Moulineaux, Hauts de Seine 11 May 1996.

11
BBC

Imagine a time and place where your most private thoughts are open to prying eyes. Such is the world of Dennis Potter's futuristic thriller, *Gold Lacquer*. 400 years from now all that remains of writer Daniel Farid is his cryogenically preserved head and the memories it contains. Memories those in pursuit of power will stop at nothing to possess.

For an insightful look into the mind of the man behind the work, Melvyn Gregg's award-winning interview with Dennis Potter will be shown on Channel 4, tomorrow at 3.30pm.

INSIDE S

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PICTURE STORY
INTERVIEW
SHOPPING



Movie maestro

75 films, 30 Academy Award nominations, five Oscars, 16 Grammys: John Williams is a composer who knows the score

page 3

INSIDE STORIES



4 In the workshop, the bearded check-shirted men of the Bruderhof community turn out climbing frames and dollies' cradles. They work, eat and pray together. 'Peace, unity and love are important. The first responsibility of the foreman is to ensure there is brotherly working-together in the shop

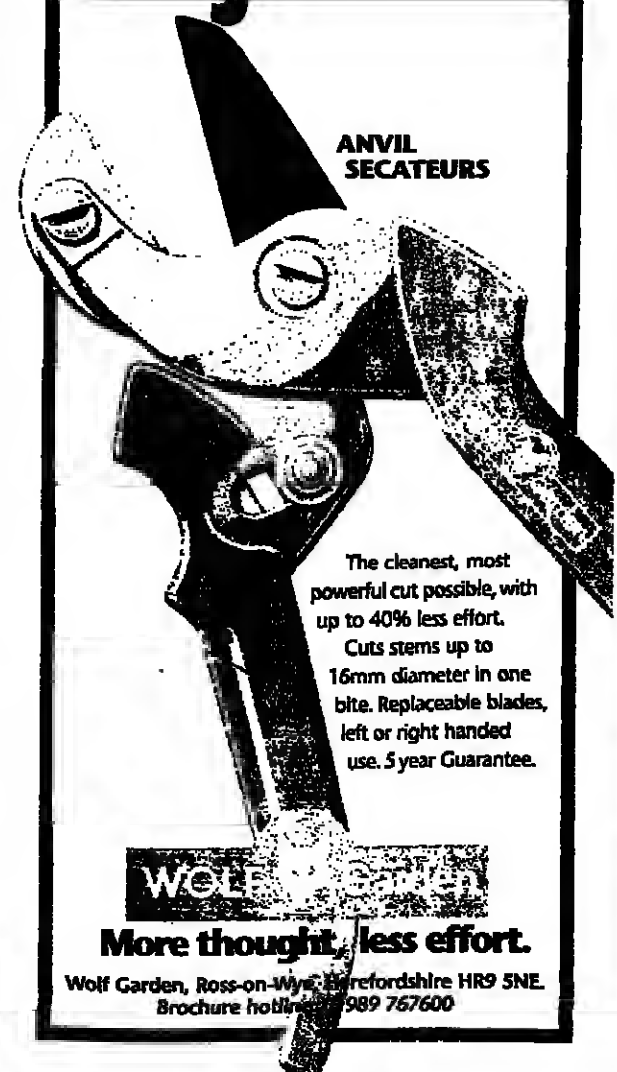


9 Although spectators at Mark Pauline's shows have sustained injuries from flying rocks and orbiting sheep carcasses, the person who has suffered the most is Pauline himself. Brewing his own military rocket fuel one day, Pauline blew off his right hand. 'I was blown 10ft in the air,' he recalls. 'It was quite grim'



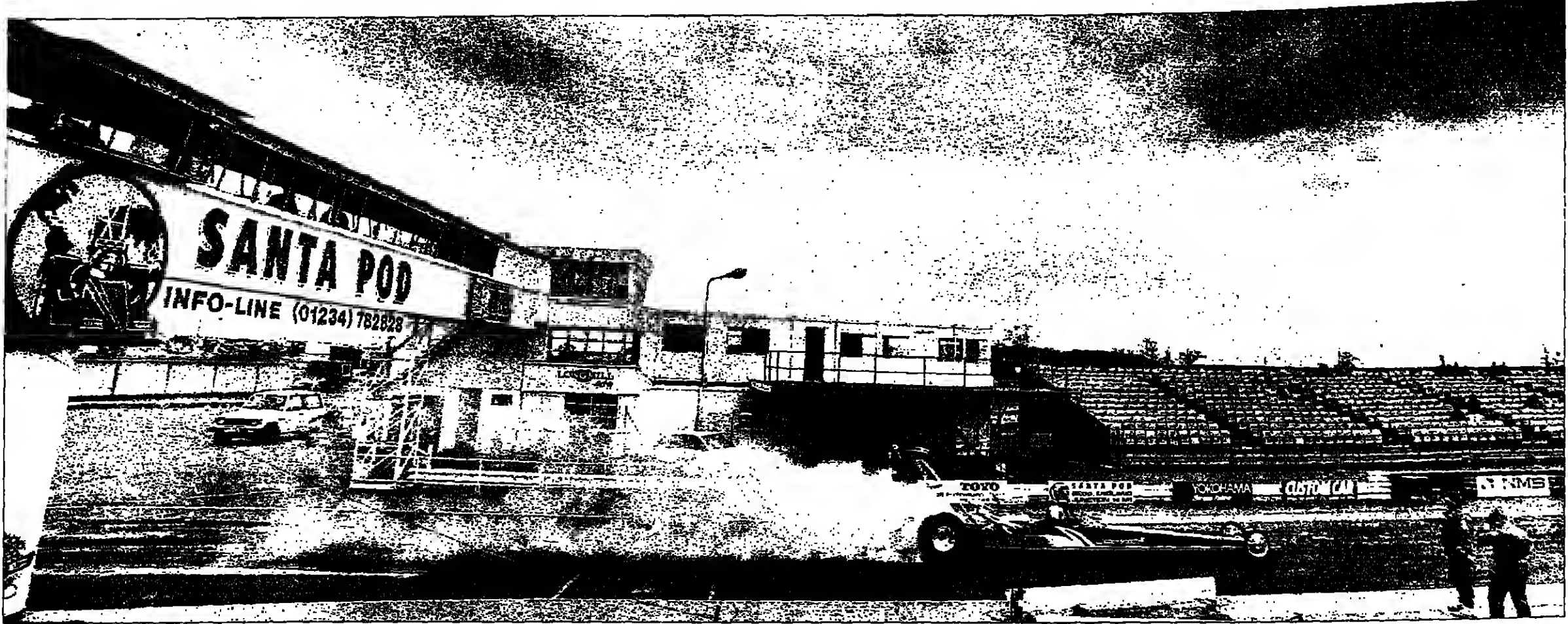
21 While most of us are studying the form of the top seeds, owners of houses close to the All England Lawn Tennis Club are clearing out so that the players can move in. Their concerns are not likely to be whether Becker will make the finals, but whether his wife will like the colour of the bedroom

A Wolf has strong jaws.



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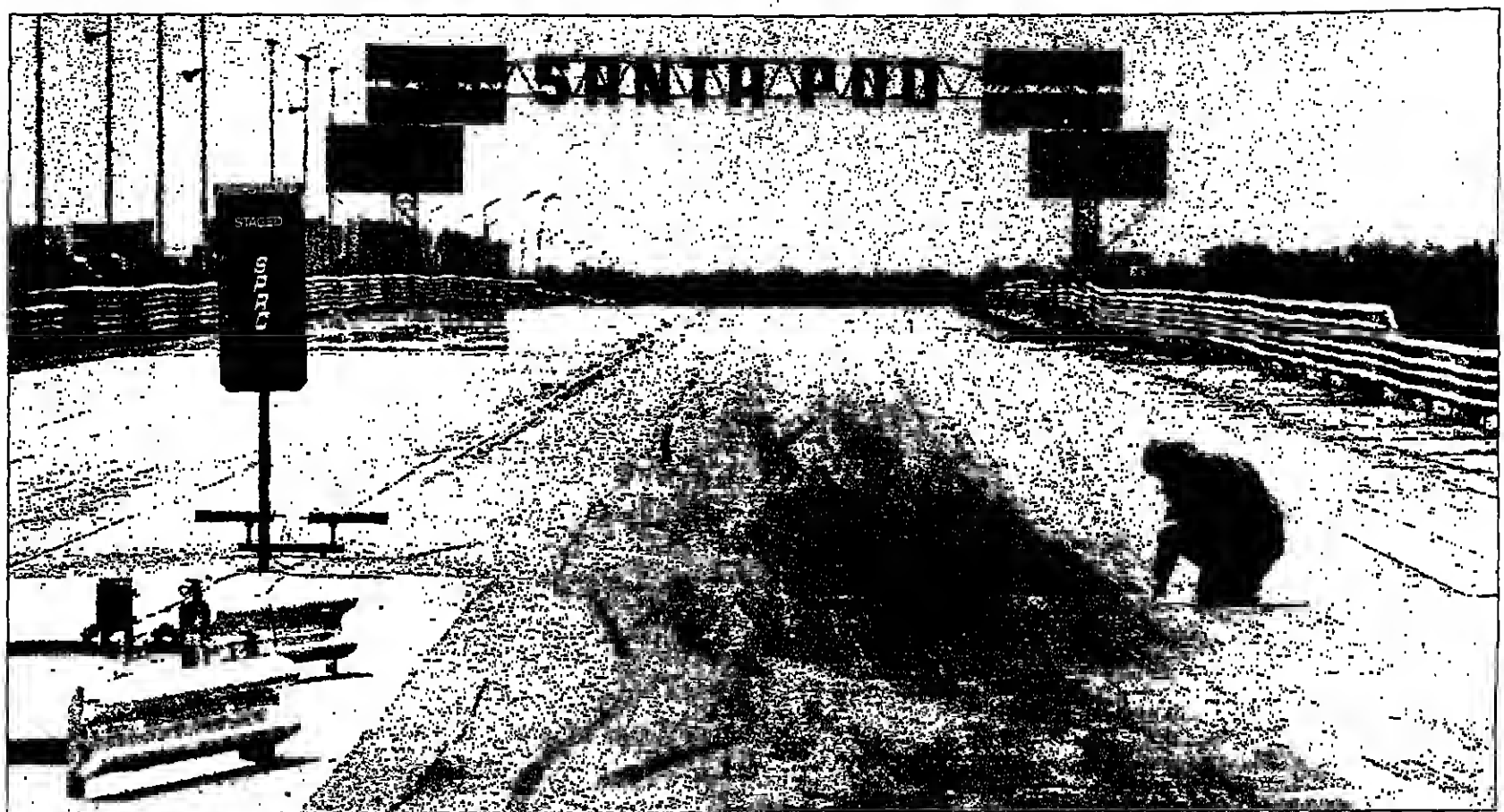
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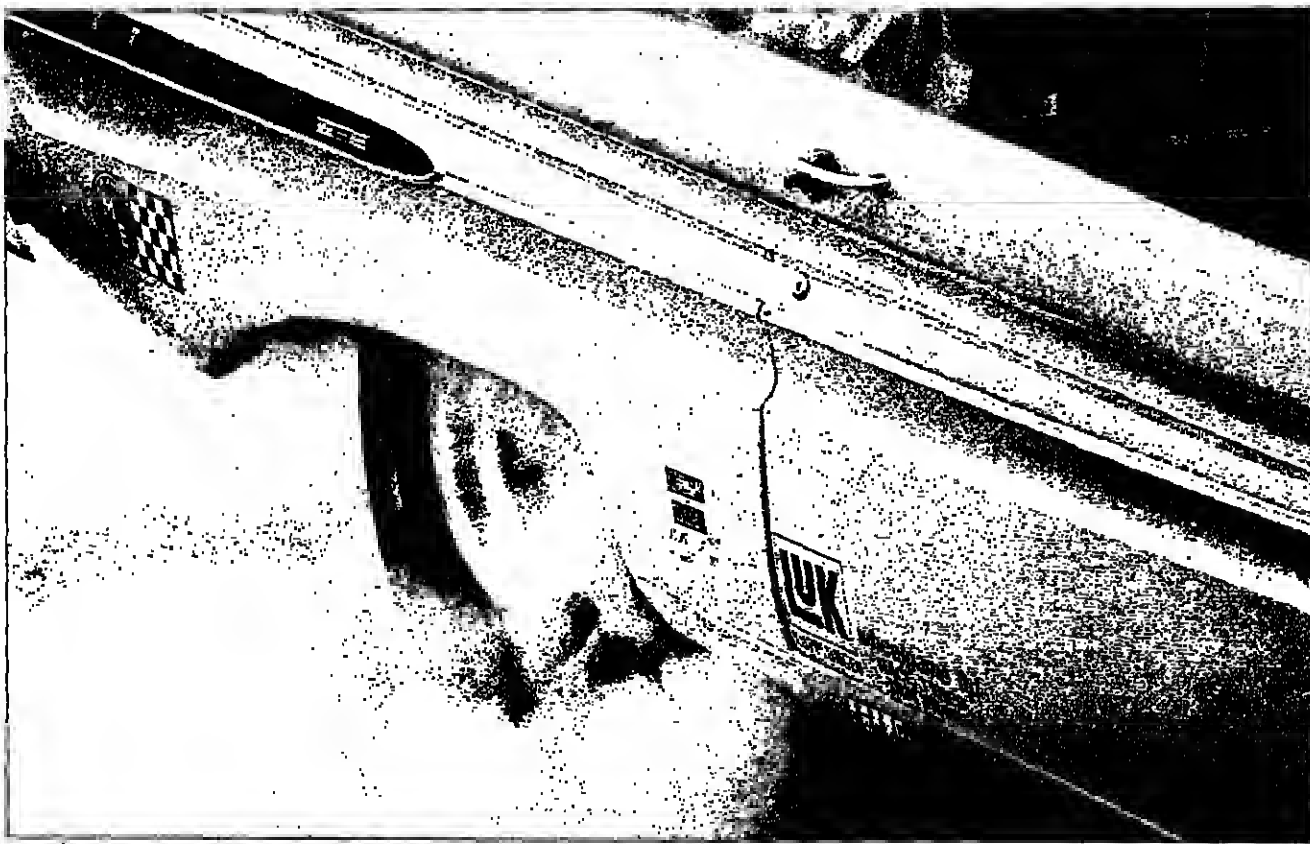
The heat is on: "The Lucky Fisch", the Pro-fuel dragster, warms its tyres before the racing begins at Santa Pod. Using nitro methane fuel, acceleration can be as fast as 0-100mph in less than a second

ROCKETS ON WHEELS

Since its origins in illegal street racing in California, drag racing has intoxicated motorsport fans for whom speed is everything. This weekend, around 40,000 people will make their way to the Santa Pod Raceway in Northamptonshire, the home of the sport in Britain. Tony Buckingham was at the May Bank Holiday meeting



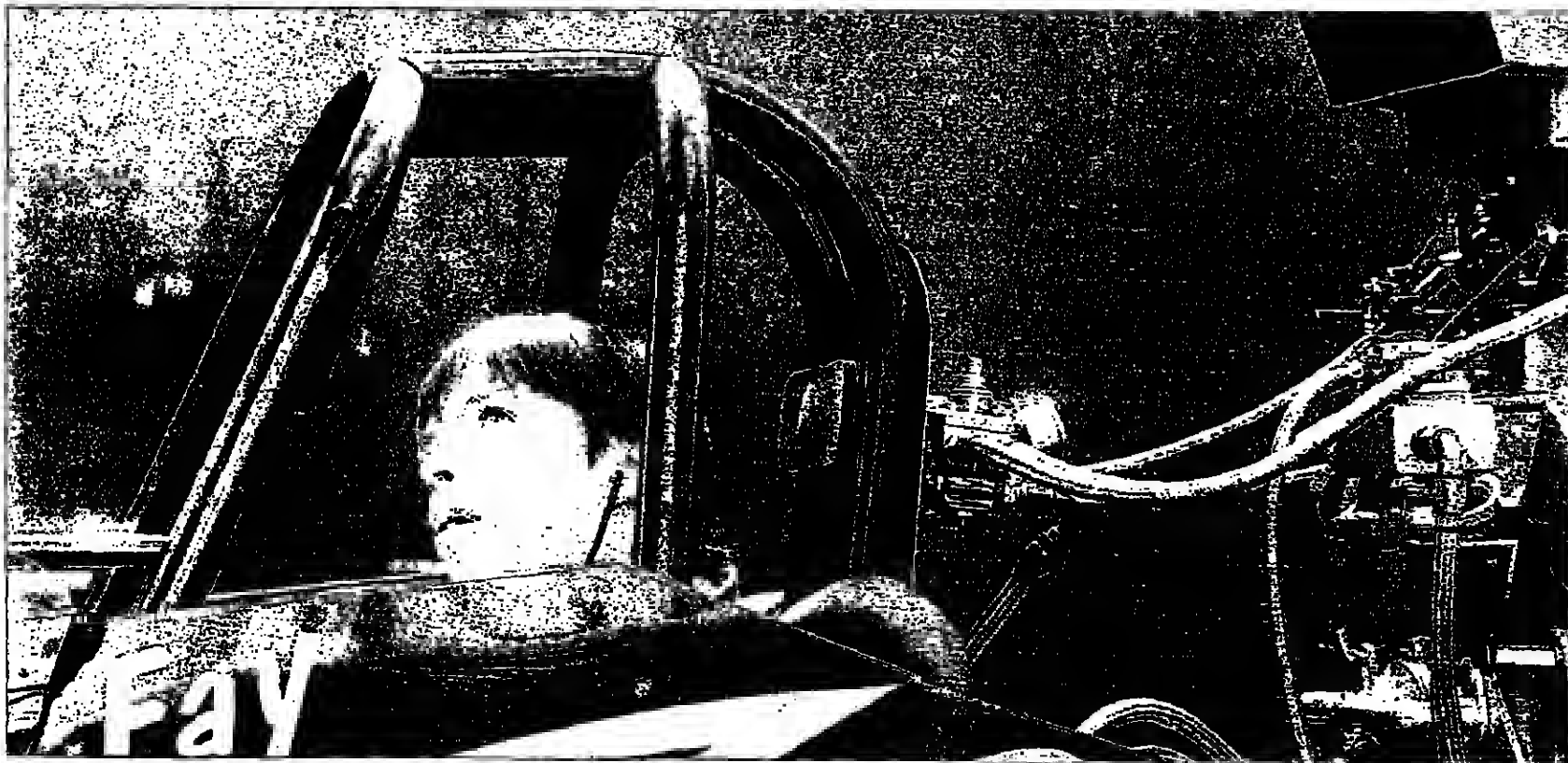
Checking the 400m track for fuel, oil and water before the racing begins. Under new management since January, the track is about to be bulldozed and refurbished at a cost of £2.5m



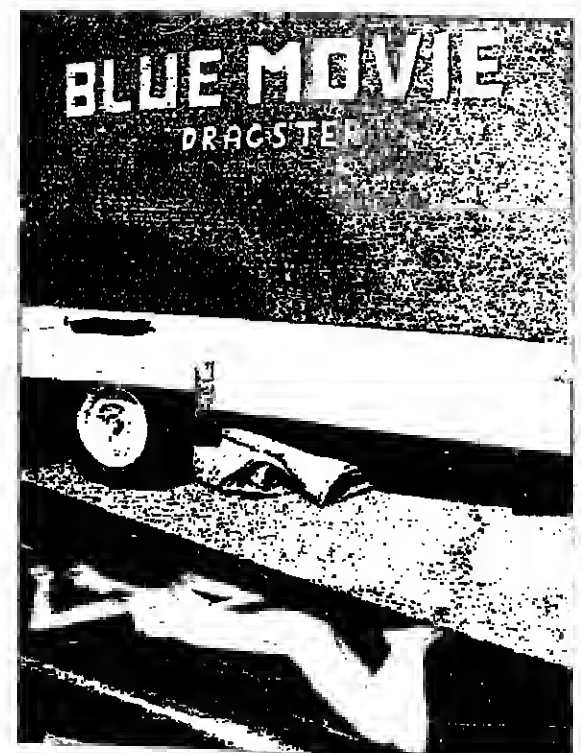
Warming up. A set of tyres costs around £500, while the fuel costs £13 per gallon



An owner's child looks on as an RAC scrutineer (hidden) conducts his pre-race examination



Fay Fischer, who runs "The Lucky Fisch" with her husband Paul, prepares for action



Pro-fuel dragster and transporter. The sport was born after the Second World War when Californian kids began illicit street races between traffic lights. In 1964 the British Drag Racing Association was formed

He knows the score



Steven Spielberg recut a sequence of 'ET' to fit around his music. Alfred Hitchcock asked him to make murder fun. Now the composer of 'Jaws' and 'Star Wars' has written the official centennial Olympic theme. Edward Seckerson meets John Williams, the maestro of all that's loud and catchy. Photograph by Keith Dobney

"A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, an incredible adventure took place..." And like all incredible adventures, this one began with music: a flurry of fanfares, a swashbuckling theme, trumpets vaulting up the octave to certain immortality. Cue the Imperial Starship, enter Luke Skywalker. And welcome John Williams—movie composer—to the big time. In the circumstances, his meteoric arrival was only fitting. But hardly unexpected. Cast your mind back even further to the days when most of us still assumed he also played the guitar, and you'll recall that Williams had already nailed his distinctive colours to the mast in search of a great white shark. *Jaws* was both his unofficial audition for *Star Wars* and the beginning of a still unbroken reign as Steven Spielberg's composer-in-residence.

Williams remembers the day that he first played Spielberg the now infamous "shark" motif. His left hand tapped out that creepy, chugging *ostinato* in the bass line. Was this "loony tunes" or what? The laugh caught in Spielberg's throat. "Do you really think it could work?" he asked nervously, suddenly aware that the man he'd hired to score his picture was not joking. Yes, said Williams, when it's more than just an idea, when it's fleshed out in the orchestration. And he continued with his presentation. "Something stirs, an ominous growling, a rising semitone way down in the depths of the string basses... then the rhythm starts, slowly, slowly gathering momentum... then maybe we add a tuba... You see, it was such a mindless thing, this idea, it had the effect of grinding away, coming at you, just as a shark would do: instinctual, relentless, unstoppable... I also heard it as a good dramatic device, lurking when the shark was unseen. I wanted the audience to feel its presence, its proximity, and since the suspense of the film was entirely dependant upon just that, I figured I was on the right track..."

John Williams was born in New York City and moved to Los Angeles with his family in 1948. He attended UCLA and studied composition privately with the Italian composer Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (he of the "other" famous guitar concerto—no wonder we were confused). Later Williams returned to New York to study piano with Madame Rosina Lhevinne (the wife of the great Russian virtuoso and teacher, Josef Lhevinne) at the Juilliard School. Though quite what Mme. Rosina made of him playing for his supper in New York's jazz clubs is anyone's guess. Still, it made him a huck or two, and it freed up his assets, so to speak. Eventually, like so many young musicians of his generation, Williams went West again. Not with any clear objectives, not with movies on his mind. "Life is what happens to you while you're making other plans—isn't that what the wise man said?" Los Angeles was a happening town. And there was money in them there hills, if...

Talent and good fortune prevailed. Williams was a more than useful pianist. He had a natural feel for the popular repertoire—he could bend and swing to his whims. The jazz gigs were paying off. His compositional skills were being exercised too. In the late Fifties and Sixties, he made quite a name for himself scoring for TV. And he made contacts. In Hollywood it's not just who you know, it's who you work with. With Alfred Newman (doyen of musical supervisors, the man who gave us the 20th Century Fox Fanfare), he was orchestral pianist on the soundtrack of *South Pacific*; with Adolph Deutsch he set down the finest arrangement ever made of Gershwin's "S Wonderful" for the Stanley Donen movie *Funny Face*. He did some orchestration for the legendary Dmitri Tiomkin on *The Guns of Navarone*; he assisted Franz (Sunset Boulevard) Waxman; he got to know Bernard Herrmann—the man who put the shrieks into *Psycho*, the

obsessive drive into all Hitchcock's prime-cuts—little knowing then that he'd one day be in Herrmann's shoes, scoring Hitch's last film, *Funny Plot*. He was not the first to have been assigned that job and remembers asking the old boy why it hadn't worked out with the previous composer. "Well," said Hitchcock, "he kept writing this oppressive, lugubrious music." "But surely that's appropriate in a movie about murder?" replied Williams. "No, Mr. Williams, you must understand—murder can be fun." And from that he learnt a thing or two about irony. Nobody survives Hollywood without it. Which is maybe why he's still there. Over 75 movies, 30 Academy Award nominations, five Oscars, 16 Grammys, and several gold and platinum discs later (including four million sales on the *Star Wars* soundtrack—more than any other non-pop album in history), John Williams can still put his hand on his heart and say (with disarming modesty): "In Hollywood you don't have to be good, you just have to be strong."

He has a point, though. Ask him to take you through the process of scoring a movie, and you can feel composers the world over turn pale in sympathy. We're talking three or four minutes of music a day, every day, seven days a week, until the score is complete. That's, on average, between 50 and 100 minutes of orchestral music for a major action picture. And whatever the time-scale for composition, it's never enough. The old Hollywood whine "Do you want it good or do you want it Monday?" has no foundation in reality: Hollywood wants it good and it wants it Monday. The biggest frustration for Williams, who has fashioned many concert works of his own (his recent *Bassoon Concerto* is being recorded by the LSO next month), lies in never being able to revise his film work. "The art of any writing is the art of re-writing, developing, shaping, honing. We rarely, if ever, have that luxury."

So you wonder why he does it—now that he doesn't have to. And the reply comes back: "You do what you can do. Richard Strauss could write score pages for *Elektra* in ink during the morning, catch up on letters and go shopping for Melissen in the afternoon, and conduct an opera in the evening. Me, I probably have all the time I need, but not always the inspiration or the energy... I sometimes think that I've got to the point where only the pressure of time keeps me focused. Sometimes it makes for better results. It's like an impressionistic painter working in pastels where speed is of the essence." Williams always works out of the studio, physically, spiritually, close to the action. Each scene is viewed as many times as it takes during the process of underscoring it. Contrary to popular misconception, Williams lays down all his own orchestrations—meaning an eight- or 10-line sketch precisely detailing all the principal instrumentation and harmony. Transference to a 32-line orchestral score, primarily a stenographic operation (and a laborious one), is undertaken by associates. For Williams, the orchestration—who plays what, the balance of timbres and colours, the richness, or otherwise, of the harmonies—is integral to his conception of the music itself. "I couldn't delegate that part of my work away." Some do.

So what comes first? The script? "Actually, I prefer not to read a script—for reasons that anyone who's ever read a novel and then seen the screen version of it will understand. There's invariably a slight, nagging sense of disappointment. It doesn't quite look like you had it in your mind's eye when you read it. Well, the same is true, I think, when you read a script and then see the director's realisation. First of all, you know what's coming next. And the surprise element is crucial to a composer. It has to do with rhythm. So I like to sit alone in a dark projection room and watch

the film from start to finish. No distractions, just me and my response to its rhythmic impulses. Is it slow here, is it accelerating there, am I surprised in the way that I should be? And the answers to all these questions have a lot to do with what the composer's function is ultimately about."

Which is maybe why Williams's scores sound so organic, so well-integrated. Movie music is made to measure, not sold by the yard. That's an important distinction. To the creative director, the music track is a great deal more than so much aural grouting. At best—and Williams's work on Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is a shining example—it's at the very heart of the movie, inseparable from it. Admittedly, *Close Encounters* was one of those rare occasions where certain aspects of the film—most notably the awesome 35-minute closing sequence—were fashioned around the music. Williams explains: "Because communication through music is at the very core of the movie—the Kodaly hand-signals that we see, the five-note tone-sequence that we hear—Steveo and I saw this as a wonderful opportunity to evolve a score, to plant those five notes—the thematic seeds, if you like—in the minds of the audience and watch, or rather hear, them grow to this great orchestral apotheosis in the final reel. And when you finally arrive at it, there's this strong sense of recognition—it may be subliminal to most of the audience, but it's there, and we hoped, in some unconscious spiritual way, it would prove fulfilling."

Fulfilling? This was better than fulfilling, this was celluloid opera. And it wouldn't be the last time that Spielberg effectively liberated his composer in the final reel. Consider the closing minutes of *ET*. The little guy was going to get the send-off he deserved. Spielberg's sensitivity to shape—there's a musical awareness in the way he cuts his films—was again a huge factor. While recording the final sequence—a process of synching (called "free timing") which Williams, the conductor, likens to accompanying a ballet in the theatre—he experienced problems fine-tuning his phrasing to the split-second demands of the film up on the screen. Spielberg was quick to pick up on the problem. "Let's take the film off the screen, John, and play it as you wrote it—as expressive and expansive as you like"—and can't you just hear it now: Williams in his finest this-is-bigger-than-all-of-us mode—"I'll recut the sequence to the music."

I doubt that's happened since William Walton scored *Henry V*. Walton's name is one of the first to pop up when you start asking Williams about the gods in his pantheon (*Haydn* still occupies pride of place, Beethoven is his "Shakespeare of music", and before you even think of suggesting it, he'll tell you that he'd be nowhere without Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Shostakovich). It's interesting how the Americans revere Walton. "It's to do with his Jazz Age personality. We can identify with that. It's like Tiptop—I hear so many Ellingtonian touches in his music." And yet, both are as English as Williams's aching trumpet-led themes (*Born on the Fourth of July*, *JFK*) are American.

He recently penned another—*Summon the Heroes*—the official centennial Olympic theme. And yes, it's as if Copland's *Fanfare for the Common Man* has finally outgrown the century. It's designed for the great outdoors, extra trumpets and trombones flanking an outside orchestra. We'll be hearing a lot of it this summer. Several times a day from the Atlanta stadium. It's loud, it's catchy, it's very Williams. But then, when you've done the business for Indiana Jones and Superman, what's another Olympiad?

John Williams conducts his film music with the LSO at the Barbican Centre, London EC2, on 26, 28, 30 June. Booking: 0171-638 8891. 'Summon the Heroes' is on Sony's Olympic album, to be released in July



John Williams's greatest hits: Spielberg's composer-in-residence has won awards for (from the top) *Jaws*, 'Star Wars' and *ET*. © Ronald Grant Archive

THEY'RE DANGEROUS

shopping

The community that prays together, plays together

Caroline Donald meets the toy-making men, women and children of the Bruderhof Community

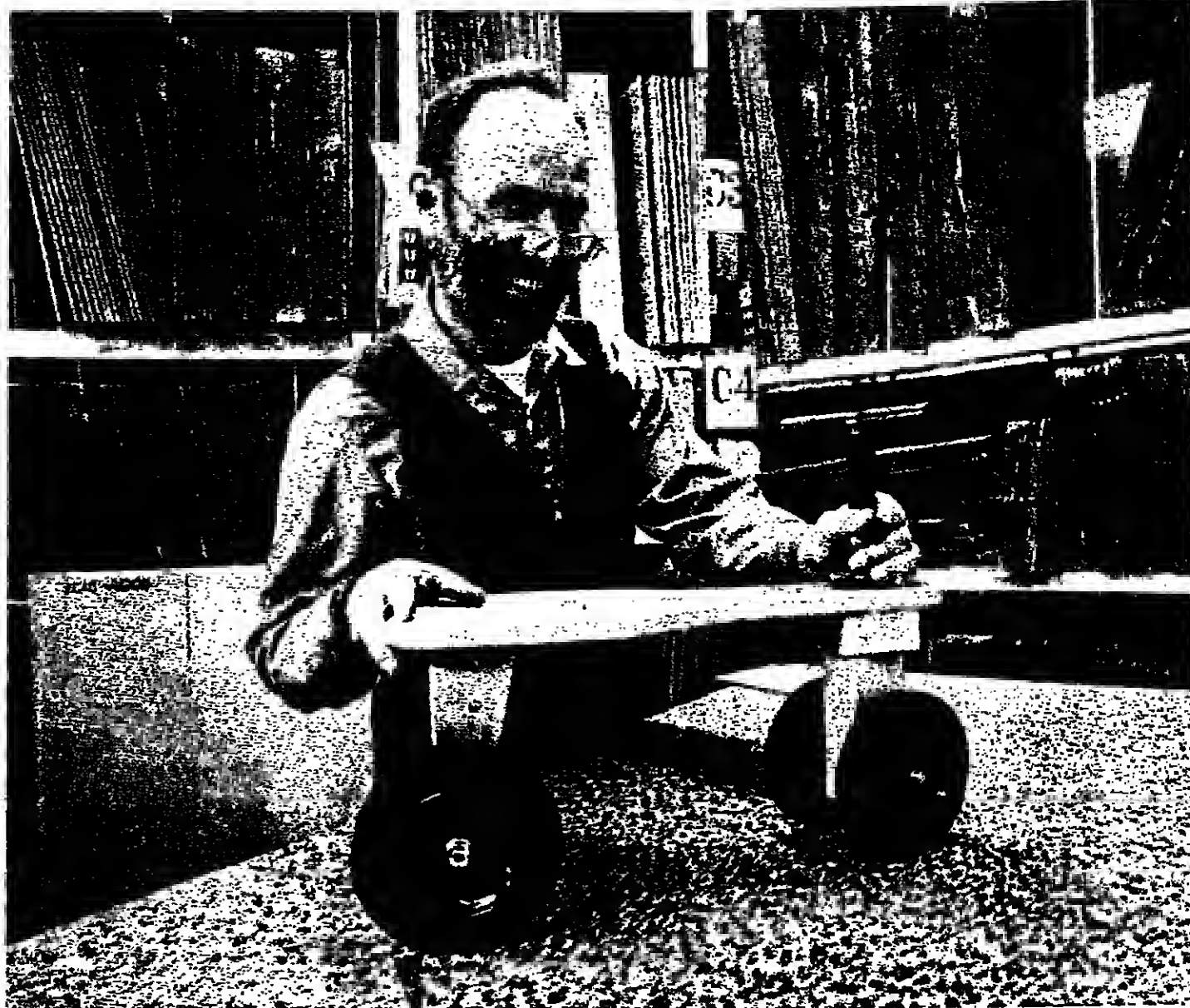
The catalogue for Community Playthings pictures the usual happy children, playing building blocks and posing on nursery furniture. What is unusual is the way the children are dressed: the little boys in checked shirts and braces, the girls in pinafore dresses and tie-on caps. The occasional smiling, supervisory mother is wearing an almost identical outfit to her little girl, white socks and sensible shoes included.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that women do not look their best with a middle parting and a kerchief tied firmly under the chin, but personal vanity is not high on the list of the Bruderhof community, who make Community Playthings. Founded in 1920, the movement harks back to early Protestant Anabaptists called the Hutterites who, in turn, were influenced by Biblical Christians who had lived communally and pooled all their resources. No one in the present-day Bruderhofs has a personal income. The movement started off in Germany, fell out with Hitler, moved to Paraguay, and has ended up as six communities in North America and two in southern England. The German influence is still there in the communities' style of dress, architecture and food. At the Darvell community, in Robertsbridge, East Sussex, there is even a German-speaking hotline to take orders direct from Germany. The second language in the community's school is German.

Down the road in Nooington, Kent, they make foam play-mats and blocks, but at Darvell - an old TB sanatorium - they concentrate on wooden products, made with maple imported from North America. Given that the men who work together in the factory also eat and worship together, as well as live within yards of each

other, the management style is unusual. "The first responsibility of the shop foreman and his assistant," says Mr Boucher, "is to ensure that there is a brotherly working together in the shop. Peace, unity and love are important. There are no class divisions between management and the floor. We don't talk behind people's backs and we speak up against it if we have that". In the US, the Bruderhof communities have diversified into making equipment for disabled people (the Rifton range), dog-rearing and even run a charter jet (left over from when they had a community in Nigeria). At Darvell, they make only Community Playthings, though they handle Rifton sales and a publishing house, The Plough.

As well as the workshop, full of bearded, checky-shirted men turning out climbing frames and dollies' cradles for worldwide orders, there is a design team working on new ideas. "This is the life blood of our community," says Mr Boucher. "We have to have new products." The Woodcrest community in America has just designed "a major breakthrough in children's furniture", the Woodcrest Chair: a stackable one-piece maple-ply chair designed not to tip over when sat on by a restless child. At Darvell, they are working on a new "home-corner", a mini unit for playing mummies and daddies. The toys and furniture have to be hard-wearing as, not surprisingly, the community lays great emphasis on its children, and large families are encouraged (Mr Boucher has four children). As most of the grown-up "brothers and sisters" work on the site, babies are sent to the community daycare crèche (the "sisters" collect them and the other young children for an hour at home after lunch). The children progress



The Bruderhof workshop is full of bearded men turning out Community Playthings

Photo: Andrew Hassan

together from the crèche to year nine, after which they go to the local state school. Until then, they are perfect on-site testers for new products being developed in the workshop, and the schoolrooms are furnished with Community Plaything products.

It looks rather fun to be a child at the Darvell school, with acres of safe grounds in which to run about, lovely wooden toys to play with and intricate climbing frames to tackle. When I visited the community, the dining hall (the Bruderhofs eat together at least once a day) had been beautifully decorated by the children with flowers. At lunch, after a cheerfully harmonious hymn or two, silence was maintained while a community

leader read aloud a children's story.

Life must be a little harder when the children leave Darvell school and trot down the hill in their frumpy pinafores and headscarves to encounter the outside world at the local secondary school (there are no televisions or radios at Darvell), though Mr Boucher assured me that the community's children are very much accepted by the locals. Teenage "dating" is not allowed by the Bruderhof ("We want to avoid the hurt that comes with dating"), and courtship between members of the community occurs only after baptism (usually in the early twenties), under the watchful eye of both parents and community leaders. It goes without saying that

sex before marriage and remarriage after divorce are no-nos.

"We would not seek marriage outside the community," says Mr Boucher. "A community of faith is very important... though it has to be 100 per cent voluntary." To the Bruderhof, it would seem that Community Playthings' wooden bricks build more than castles, towers and bridges: they build lives.

Catalogues for Community Playthings and Rifton Equipment can be ordered from Darvell, Robertsbridge, East Sussex TN32 5DR, freephone 0800-387457 and 0800-387531 respectively, or fax 01580-882 250.

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Hot on the heels of the Hackney mafia

Sally Williams visits the shoemakers' academy that produced Patrick Cox, Emma Hope and a bright new generation of designers



Clockwise from top left: Cordwainers College in Hackney, the only college in the world to offer a degree in shoe design; Emma Hope's classy shoes; Patrick Cox's Wannabes – over a million pairs sold.

It is hard to believe that in the depths of Hackney, east London, near the pawn brokers, the derelict bingo hall and the Class War graffiti, is the hothouse of shoe design. Even the sign: "Cordwainers Leather Support Centre" gives no clue to the fact that Cordwainers College is the only college in the world to offer a degree course in shoe design, and that in the last decade its graduates have included Patrick Cox, Emma Hope, Jimmy Choo, Lawler Duffy and Christine Ahrens.

"We do need something that gives more of an impact," says Judith Shone, Cordwainers' marketing officer, when told that the man from the newsgents directly opposite had never heard of the place and that the mini-cab driver had "dropped me" at nearby Hackney Community College. "I do struggle to get this across, but the college just hasn't the marketing or press resources."

In some ways Shone need not worry. Cordwainers' has played a part in the success stories of Patrick Cox and his hugely popular square-toed Wannabe loafers (over a million pairs sold), Emma Hope and her elegant fairy-stitched shoes and annual turnover of nearly £500,000, and Jimmy Choo and his fanciful satin sling-backs and well-connected patrons (Princess of Wales, Kylie Minogue). All are graduates of Cordwainers.

It has been reported that the most traumatic event in Patrick Cox's life was neither his parents' divorce nor his coming out, but Hackney. Is this true? "I love that line," said Cox in his infectious Canadian camp. "What can I say? It was grim. Very grim." Landing in London from Toronto in September 1983, and staying at a friend's house in Bayswater, Cox travelled to Cordwainers, a sight unseen. "London became sadder and sadder," Cox was even more horrified to find that the building he had imagined to be like St Martin's School of Art looked

more like a sanatorium, and that the grubby pub opposite had bugs in the soup, the lecturers seemed to all be ex-factory managers from East End sweat shops, the pinnacle of their design experience was a pair of children's shoes for Clarks, and that, as part of the course, Cox was taught how to answer the phone. "I went back to Toronto that Christmas and thought, that's it, I'm leaving, but there was nothing else for me to do there, so I came back." Breaking out of the isolation of Hackney, he found his spiritual home among Vivienne Westwood's "World's End" gang on the other side of town, finished the course and the rest, as they say, is history.

Emma Hope too has mixed memories of her time in Hackney. "My first impression was of a bleak outpost in bandit country." But this, she says, is one of its strengths: "Who, but the most dedicated would go there? It has neither the smartness of the Royal College nor its aesthetics. People who survive Hackney are most likely to make a go of things for that very reason," she said. Jimmy Choo agrees. "It doesn't matter if you're in a posh or poor area as long as the course and the teachers are good." Indeed, after graduating in 1983, Jimmy stayed in Hackney, set up a shop off Kingsland Road and the neighbours opposite now watch the limousines line up outside.

That designers of the calibre of Cox, Hope and Choo survived the Hackney experience and live to reap the rewards has attracted students to Cordwainers from all over the world. Cox was the reason that Noo Noo, 22, a second year footwear design student from the Algarve, came to this country: "Patrick Cox is big in Portugal. I liked what he did. I knew he studied here. So, here I am". Virtually every good shoe designer working today studied at Cordwainers. And yet both the success of the shoe college and more significantly the shoe

designer is fairly recent. "Shoe design has always been the poor relation of fashion," says Judith Shone. "Tell anyone you're a shoe designer and they say, 'Oh are shoes designed?' Graduates like Patrick and Emma have raised the profile of an anonymous industry and made people realise that shoes are actually designed by someone."

The technical college was set up over 100 years ago by the Cordwainers (a medieval word for shoemakers) Company to train people in the practical working of leather (Hackney was then the centre of the leather industry). The course was originally conceived as being entirely technical: the object being to teach students practical skills for shoemaking (it is only recently the college dropped a shoe repairing course). Then, in the early Eighties the college introduced an HND in Footwear Design and three years ago, a Footwear Design degree. Cordwainers is now the only place where design is taught in conjunction with technology.

The course, Shone is at pains to point out, has improved enormously since Patrick Cox's day. Design tutors now have extensive training, people now turn up for the degree shows which, significantly, are now held in "lovely locations" like the Barbican Centre, Saddlers Hall in central London. And, says Shone triumphantly, a new hall of residence is being built behind the college for overseas students. "What!" shrieked Cox, when told of this. "they are making students stay in Hackney, at night? Knowing I could escape back to civilisation every evening, was the only thing that kept me going."

Cordwainers College, 182 Mare Street, Hackney, London E8
Telephone 0181-985-0273



AUCTIONS

Recent auction prices of £20,000 or so for E H Shepard's delightful illustrations for A A Milne's Christopher Robin books seem to put his work beyond our pocket. But out on the far side of the pond, in the United States, the same books are being sold for a fraction of the price. Shepard's drawings can be picked up quite cheaply. Christie's South Kensington expects only £150-£250 for Shepard's pencil and watercolour drawing of a pensive Edwardian paterfamilias holding at arm's length a newspaper with a headline about the war in Russia, in its sale of original illustrations and illustrated books, Friday (11am).

The drawing displays the unmistakable Shepard casualness – he makes drawing look so easy – together with his unerring eye for the pose of individuals absorbed in thought or some mundane activity. Pretentious, perhaps, to compare him with Vermeer, but it's funny how the folk in both 17th century Delft and Hundred Acre Wood seem to be up to nothing much, apart from savouring the poignancy of the moment. There are seven other Shepard drawings in the sale, with estimates ranging from £200 to £600.

Less familiar images of William Heath Robinson are likely to be cheaper, too. He is chiefly sought after for his drawings of outrageous contraptions – such as the one for inserting pens into the mouth – which sell for £1,500-£2,000, especially in colour.

Two unmechanical but equally charming monochrome wash drawings of his are estimated at only £600-£900 in the sale. One shows four old men disguising their bald pates as eggs in an attempt to lure wild turkeys to their nest, the other a gravity-defying edelweiss gatherer supported on a cliff face by a turkey fledgling.

Still funny today? A seaside postcard original by the saucy Donald McGill has a lower estimate than usual – £200-£400 – because in the last sale, in December, nobody found his cartoon of "The chubby boy", estimated £250-£350, funny enough to buy. Someone did bid £540, over £300-£500 estimate, for one captioned "Oh, Mr Murgatroyd, how bare-faced of you". The pencil-and-watercolour in this sale has a fat, buck-toothed countryman with carpet bag eyeing two well-endowed London lasses, with the caption "No wonder they call this the Metropolis".

Next Saturday (1pm), Bonhams holds its ninth sale of 20th century design – and the first since Sotheby's and Christie's South Kensington muscled in on the market last month (selling 69 and 86 per cent respectively). Bonhams has out-trended them both by emphasising design rather than decorative arts. The result is a sale so surreal that you can flip through the catalogue hardly knowing whether you are looking at chairs or table lamps. There is a

deliberate absence of illustrations of boring old Eames reclining chairs and no sign of other staple 20th century fare such as the Italian "Jo" baseball-glove sofa.

Among the new-to-auction lots are the Italian Studio 65's 1971 Capitello chair, in the shape of an Ionic capital, and – Italian again – a giant pink polyurethane foot made by Gaetano Pesce in 1969. "Up 7, il Piede", at £4,000-£5,000. That estimate should be steep enough to deter the dowdy, down-dressing young voyeurs who packed South Ken's sale but were too clueless to snap up the few lots estimated at less than studio door prices. There are no in-production lots in this sale. Honest, giv.

Single-owner collections often present buyers with a once-only choice of dozens of something previously uncommon at auction – and at a price lower than single specimens might attract. For example, Christie's South Kensington's sale of scientific instruments, Thursday (2pm) has 30 pocket-sized coin-weighing balances from the 17th-19th centuries when coin-clipping was rife, ranging in estimate from £300-£400 to £1,000-£1,200. An 18th century German example est £700-£1,100 has a lion-shaped knob to hoist the pair of brass pans and a set of weights representing the ecu, ducat, noaille and guiné.

John Windsor



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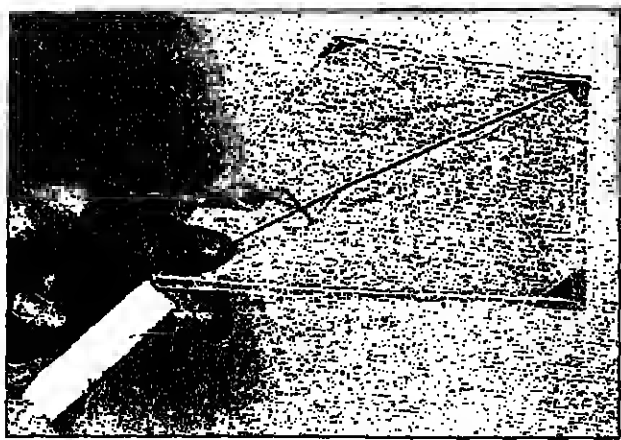
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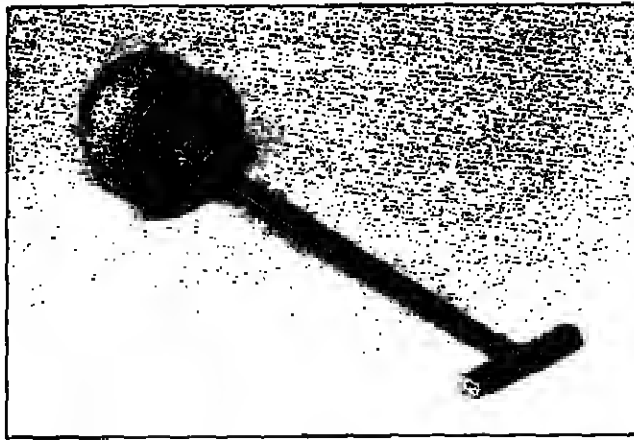
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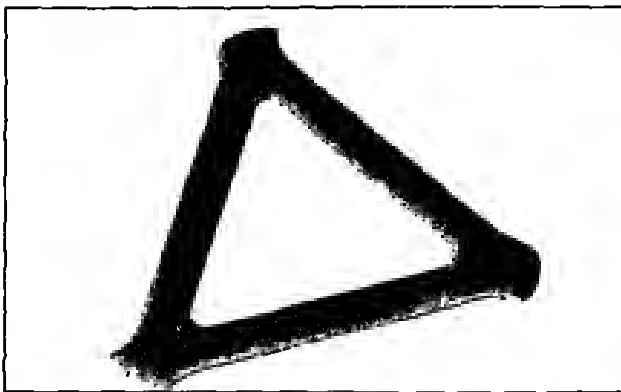
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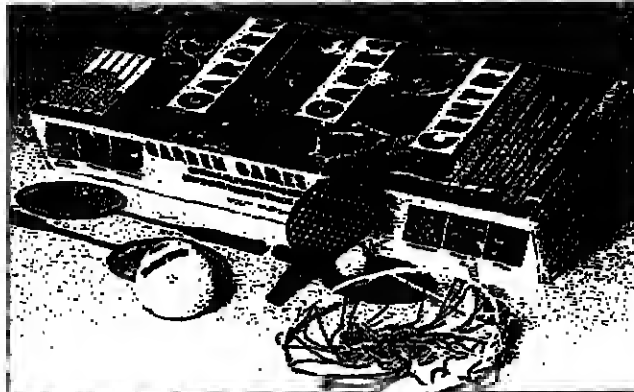
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The thing about... the left-handed shop



The days are gone, when being left-handed constituted a passport to the ducking stool, but life for lefties – as Tony Benn would tell you – is not entirely a bed of red roses. This substantial minority (roughly a tenth of the population) still faces daily irritations, from loo-roll holders placed slightly back on the right-hand side to etiquette demanding that they cut tough steaks with their weaker hand.

Most household chores are a bigger bore for the left-hander. If you're one of the nine-in-ten, you probably never stop to think about the way your tools are designed. That slotted spatula you fry with for instance, you've probably never even noticed that it's end is slanted so that you can run it round the outside of the pan and scoop everything into the middle. Try doing it with your left hand. Everything tips out onto the stove instead.

My favourite lefty has sliced herself open three times on my Swiss Army Knife and is incapable of opening a wine bottle. Left-handers are generally quite adept at adjusting to the realities of life, but she longs for just a few tools of her own: a kitchen knife with the serrations on the right, a saucepan with a reversed pouring lip, a corkscrew that doesn't involve pushing the wrist inwards to turn it. "I don't think about it much," she says, "until I order a cake and they give me one of those stupid pastry forks with the double line on the left. What am I supposed to do with that?"

The championing of this particular minority group falls to the Left Handers Club, an organisation which distributes quarterly newsletters and involves itself in the political side of things. Peter Luff MP recently tabled a set of educational questions on the subject in Parliament. Membership of the club also entitles one to 10 per cent discounts at their wonderful sister shop, Anything Left Handed, in Brewer St, London W1 (0171 437 3910). Their mail order catalogue contains everything from books to baby spoons. They carry 20 different pairs of scissors (£3.25-£36.95), lethal-looking Sabatiers (£15.75-£35.95), vegetable peelers to save skinned knuckles (£1.95), calligraphy and manicure sets. If you love a left-hander, you could send them the "left-handers essential pack" (scissors, corkscrew, tin opener, potato peeler) for only £13.95. Oh, and they also do pastry forks. Call 0181-770 3722 for a catalogue.

Serena Mackesey



Talking shop

In Particular, Designs for Living claims to be the first showcase of original home and personal accessories, and is the latest addition to the mail order market. However In Particular is worth a look, not least because it's smaller than most catalogues, so no wading through endless tatted-up interiors which your sitting room will never match, however much you spend. Each page is devoted to a different designer ranging from Sally Bourne (best known for her bright Calypso bathroom and bedroom ceramics) to furniture by Clockhouse. Orders are dispatched in ten to 28 days and if you are buying a present they will send it direct with a personal message. Call 0701 0702 027 for details.

The Royal College of Art Degree Shows start early next month kicking off with the

fine art and textile departments showing their colours from Thursday 6 June to Sunday 16. This is your chance to spot fledgling Hockneys and snap up their works while you can afford to. For the applied arts such as ceramics, glass, jewellery and illustration you will have to wait until Thursday 26 June. For more information call The RCA on 0171-584 5020.

If you have been to Liberty's Regent street shop recently the chances are you noticed a certain amount of chaos in the basement. And the reason for the boarded-up staircase and all the dust? A whole new store within the store called In-Depth. With its own, logo and packaging, In-Depth will comprise a series of themed areas filled with an eclectic mix of products guaranteed to have you reaching for your cheque book.

Good thing

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When HMV learned that a third of people in the UK live two miles or more from a record store they decided that something had to be done. Their glossy, 216-page hard-backed catalogue launched this month seems to be the answer – in its first ten days, 30,000 CD-hungry customers demanded copies of HMV Direct. Could the days of the highest street record store be over?

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مكتبة الانجلى

Where have all the woodlands gone?

Britain was once covered in trees. But today natural forests occupy a tiny proportion of our land area. By Malcolm Smith

Robert Hod, fugitive, would not have credited it. The greenwood home of the legendary outlaw – better known today as Robin Hood – covers a mere 500 acres: not a large enough area in which to ambush the villainous Sheriff of Nottingham. In Robin's day, Sherwood – a mix of broadleaved forest and heath – was 20 miles long and eight wide, one of many huge forests in Britain.

The demise of Sherwood is, in microcosm, what has happened countrywide. After the last Ice Age, Britain was almost covered in woodland; mixed broadleaved forest in the lowlands; pine, birch and oak in the uplands; and alder on wetter land. Felling for timber, clearing land for farming and other development has reduced Britain's natural broadleaved woodlands to around 300,000 hectares – just 1 per cent of our land area.

Planted broadleaved woods – some with trees native to Britain, others not – cover an additional 2 per cent. Planted conifers, mostly using tree species such as spruces and pines from North America, take the total area under trees in Britain to around 10 per cent. Most European countries average 25-30 per cent.

Woodland is not simply a collection of trees. Natural woods – such as the hillside oakwoods of Snowdonia and the beechwoods of the Chilterns – are home to a cornucopia of plants and animals. Planted woods, especially those comprising trees not native to Britain, can't compete.

On acid soils, birch, oak and rowan often dominate our native woods, with hazel and holly in the understorey. On more rich, alkaline soils, ash often dominates with wych elm, wild cherry, hornbeam and field maple. Yew woods are the only native conifer-dominated woodland south of Scotland.

The trees themselves provide a habitat for lichens, mosses, liverworts and even some ferns to grow on. A ground layer of grasses, ferns, and flowers including, in many woods, a springtime flower show of bluebells, wood anemones and wood sorrel, is typical of most lowland woods. In the wetter west and north of Britain, a plethora of mosses, some of them rare, can carpet boulders and tree boles.

Add to this the huge number of invertebrates – from ants to bees and butterflies – and woodland birds including a plethora of warblers and tree specialists such as woodpeckers, and it isn't surprising that native broadleaved woods are our richest habitats.

According to the panel of experts comprising the UK Steering Group on biodiversity, 46 woodland species, mostly invertebrates and plants, have become extinct over the last century, while a further 78 are in rapid decline. Considering that our native woodland is now a remnant of what there once was, it's surprising, perhaps, that we haven't lost more.

While many of our woods are simply left as nature intended, others have a long history of management which has altered their structure, their wildlife, even the trees which stand sentinel within. Stour Wood in

Essex, owned by the Woodland Trust but managed by the RSPB, is a good example. "It's a sweet chestnut coppice with some trees cut down to their stumps every 15 or 20 years to encourage the growth of slender, dense poles," says the warden, Russell Leavett. "Other chestnuts are allowed to grow to their full height."

Historically the poles were used to make fencing and sheep hurdles while the large timber was used to build ships. It's an ancient practice to which the wood's wildlife has been adapted for centuries. So the RSPB reintroduced Stour Wood's traditional management, starting again in 1984 after a 12-year gap.

"In 1983 there were only nine pairs of warblers in the wood," says Mr Leavett. "By 1994 there were 69 pairs – and nightingales have increased from none to four pairs." Butterflies, such as the white admiral – here in its only Essex location – and other insects have also benefited.

In other parts of Britain woods are over used. In the upland areas of Wales, for instance, oak woods are often grazed by sheep, preventing young trees from growing up, and eliminating many of the forest shrubs.

But the trend is being reversed. Coed Cymru – a partnership of Forest Authority, Countryside Council for Wales, Local Authorities and Farming Unions – has brought 7,000 hectares of Welsh woods into management since 1985. Fencing to prevent livestock access has been a priority as is the creation of markets for Welsh wood products so that farmers have an incentive to look after their woods and manage them sustainably.

In other parts of Britain similar initiatives, both to manage existing woodlands and to plant new ones, are underway. Grants for tree planting and for the rehabilitation of existing woodland are available throughout Britain from the government's Forest Authority.

Many new woods – albeit on a small scale to begin with – are being planted near towns and cities, an initiative which will, hopefully, increase public understanding of the wonders a woodland has on offer. The Woodland Trust, recently awarded over £6 million from the Millennium Commission for its Woods on your Doorstep project, has been seeking suggestions for sites to plant its first 200 new woods.

Austin Brady, Project Director for the Sherwood Forest initiative, is keen on expansion, too. "We might be able to buy land if our fund raising is successful enough but we will also help local communities nearby to plant trees," he says.

Mr Brady's problem is that the vegetable and crop growing land around Sherwood is valued at up to £6,000 a hectare, financially virtually out of reach for tree planting. Nearby derelict land from coal mining might be more practical. And some conifer plantations around will slowly be converted back to broadleaved forest. Very slowly, because planted trees may take centuries before they develop the richness of wildlife a natural forest possesses. Britain is regaining some of its long lost wooded landscapes.



A springtime flower show: woodland is not simply a collection of trees, there's a cornucopia of plant and animal life, too. Photograph: Craig Easton

Life after death

In a natural forest, nearly half the timber is in various stages of decomposition. Standing dead trees, fallen branches and rotting stumps are all home to an enormous array of fungi and wood boring insects. Ironically, dead wood in a forest is its richest wildlife habitat.

A fifth of our insects survive only on dead wood. This array of little rotters includes wasp-mimicking flies, longhorn beetles, click beetles, hornets, robber flies and

weevils. Meanwhile, hundreds of colourful fungi devour nothing other than dead wood. White, fan-shaped funnels of Angels Wings grow on rotting conifers, while the yellow-brown gregarious elf cap prefers oak stumps. But forest life from the dead isn't what it was. Foresters have been obsessed with tidiness, so dying trees and fallen branches are removed. The rotters are dying out as a result. "Around 40 per cent

of wood-rotting insect species are threatened with extinction Europe-wide," says Dr Martin Speight, an expert on them. The large, metallic bronze hoverfly, *Callicera spinolae*, is one such casualty. Now rare Europe-wide, it was once found in at least seven East Anglian woods. Other creatures are also suffering. Many forest birds – from warblers to woodpeckers – feed on insects, including

wood-rotting ones. Slowly decaying old trees, now in short supply, provide roosting holes for owls and for greater horseshoe bats, one of several species of bat in decline. According to Dr Speight, protecting existing forests containing old trees and dead wood is a priority but woodland management attitudes everywhere need to change so that dead timber is viewed as an asset and not as a nuisance.

Return of the Scottish pinewood

A few thousand years ago, Scots Pine forests clothed perhaps 1.5 million hectares of the Scottish Highlands. Today a paltry 16,000 hectares survive in widely scattered fragments. Even some of these are not guaranteed to survive. They are grazed by red deer or sheep, preventing young trees from growing up to provide the forest of the future. Scots Pine forests can be magical places.

Thickets of shrubs (including juniper, blueberry and crowberry) with taller aspen and holly cover the craggy ground between the tall pines, birches and rowans. The only bird species confined to Britain – the Scottish crossbill – is a pine-wood specialist. Around 1,500 of these colourful birds (the male is red) survive. This is the haunt, too, of the capercaillie, a goose-sized grouse. It is declining in numbers for a wide variety of reasons which may

include disturbance and changes in vegetation caused by too much grazing. Just over two thousand capers grace these northern forests. Among the rare pine-wood plants is the twinflower, with its pairs of blushed pink flowers. Scottish Natural Heritage hopes to grow it from seed and then restore it successfully to pinewoods from which it has been lost. Felling of native pine-woods is banned.

Advice and grants are available from the Forestry Authority for planting new Scots pine-woods and for fencing existing ones to allow them to regenerate by keeping deer and sheep at bay. An Action Plan which involves protecting and maintaining their remaining 16,000 hectares, and regenerating and planting a further 36,000 hectares over the next couple of decades, at a cost of around £250,000 a year has been put to government.

There's something sinister about Morris dancing



DUFF HART-DAVIS

The hair on my neck crawls when I see Morris dancers performing, because their quaint costumes and tunes reach far back into our pagan past and raise apprehensions that defy analysis. What is the origin of their white shirts and trousers, the white handkerchiefs waved in their hands, the flowers in their straw hats and the bell-pads on their ankles? What is the significance of the hobby horse, worked by a man inside a dummy head? And what is the meaning of the fool, who runs round belabouring spectators with a blown-up pig's bladder and a lamb's tail?

Whitsun is the traditional peak of the Morris men's year, and this weekend teams will be out all over the country, especially on Monday. None will be more active than the Gloucestershire Morris Men, who are due to perform in six different places, including Broadway (at 10.30am) and Hidcote Manor (at 12.30pm and 1.45pm). To learn what makes them tick, I joined them for supper one evening at the Black Horse in Cranham, a village tucked into a fold of the Cotswolds high above Cheltenham. Already the side had danced three times that day, and at 6pm they sat down in the pub amid the jingle of bells and roars of laughter to a supper of beef and Guinness pie.

My mentor was Steve Rowley, repleat in a coat of tatters – hundreds of scraps of coloured material, each (traditionally) torn from the petticoat of a conquest. Once the European repre-

sentative of a computer firm, now a sculptor, Steve was refreshingly straightforward about his hobby. Suggestions that he is waking up the land from its winter sleep leave him cold. No, he says: Morris dancing is pure entertainment.

Certainly it has medieval origins, and a century ago almost every Gloucestershire village fielded a team (the name may be a corruption of "moorish", once a synonym for anything outlandish). But in the early 1900s the tradition nearly died out. Its survival owed much to the enthusiasm of Cecil Sharp, a professional musician and teacher who spent years collecting songs and dances. His work led to a revival in the 1930s, and now there are over 400 teams in Britain, besides others in such unlikely places as Australia and Bahrain.

Just as the grotesque horse (which can gnash its teeth, blink its eyes and shed tears) is still liable to frighten children, so the strangeness of the clothes increases

mystique and creates the impression that Morris men are not quite human. But behind their antique facade they are reassuringly normal. According to Steve Rowley, "One reason we dance is to keep tradition going. But the main thing is that it gives us a kind of companionship we couldn't get elsewhere."

Even if its significance has been lost in the mists of time, tradition survives in many ways. The dances and tunes – Orange in Bloom, Constant Billy, Young Collins – are centuries old, and some have obvious echoes of fertility rites: in Bean Setting the men jab at the ground with short sticks, as if dibbling-in seed. The leader of each group is known as the Squire, the treasurer as the Bagman.

The Gloucestershire men train assiduously all winter. Then, come 1 May, they sally forth and dance until Sep-

tember, planning their programme to take in favourite hostilities. As in the old days, vigorous dancing is followed by vigorous drinking and singing: half the point of the exercise is to pile into the pub afterwards for a few pints and a rousing sing-song. Last Saturday in the Black Horse, the atmosphere was highly convivial. Yet when the team began to perform in the road outside, I swear magic crept back into the air.

It was a damp, grey evening, spitting with rain; but as the dancers twirled against the grey limestone of the cottages, and the thin notes of the pipe and tabor went out over the valley, people began to filter up the steep village streets as if drawn by the Pied Piper, and time, far from standing still, took a rapid spin backwards to a simpler, less frantic age.

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Or on the other hand:

"The site at Greenwich will provide an exhibition which will be the time and the place when Britain shows the world what we can achieve. It can embrace the whole nation in a shared vision. This could become a milestone in our national history." (Virginia Bottomley, looking ahead in the millennium.)

Two paths: which the way?

The fundamental difficulty with current attempts to mark the bi-millennium is that

the date itself marks nothing. It is not an anniversary. It is a blank punctuation point.

Jesus Christ, for example, is uninvolved. His birth is generally reckoned to be 4BC, which means, oddly enough, that its 2000th anniversary falls this very year, though I don't think anyone is making much of that. As for AD1, it is almost a historical void. Check the records and you will find no event worth major commemoration that year.

We have only a calendar, based on the supposed birth of Jesus, established five centuries later by a Scythian monk called Dionysius Exiguus. He is, in a way, one of the most decisive figures in world history – though it's hard to say just what his achievement was. He picked a date, and it caught on. But he might have picked another and it would have made no difference.

The planned celebrations, though,



TOM LUBBOCK

don't even anniversarise that founding date – as certain pedants have protested. Since Exiguus's calendar starts with year one, its 2000th anniversary occurs in 2001. Choosing the year 2000 reflects only the charm of large, round numbers. The millennium, as proposed, signifies nothing whatsoever to anyone involved. Naturally people start getting desperate, and try to make it – of all things – a celebration of nationhood. We clearly need help. We must turn to Icke, and those like Icke. There's only one group of people to whom the millennium signifies something

definite and momentous: millennarians. Among occultists, astrologers and seers, the date is of extraordinary importance. These people have the "shared vision" that the rest of us lack. They alone have anything to say about it. They, not the Millennium Commission, should be running the show.

It is their beliefs, in fact, that are secretly setting the whole agenda. Behind every public speaker who mouths the phrase "as the millennium approaches", as if something meaningful were about to occur, there lurks a body of ancient esoteric knowledge (widely available in bookshops).

Centuries before the current preparations, the year 2000 has been singled out. You can do it in several ways. There is a venerable notion that the world was created in 4000 BC, and that it would only last 7,000 years; deduct the thousand-year period during which, Revelations says,

Christ will come to reign on Earth before the Last Judgement – the Millennium, properly so called – and you arrive at 2000 as the time when things start happening.

Or take the astrological concept of the Great Year, an enormous timespan lasting some 28,000 years, subdivided into Great Months, each about 2,000 years long. One of these began around the year 1999, and another begins roughly now: this is the dawn of the age of Aquarius. More menacingly, the turn of the Great Year is the subject of Yeats's poem "The Second Coming". Measurements of the Great Pyramid produce similar conclusions. On one of these points has the Millennium Commission made so much as a murmur.

Millennial prophecy is divided on whether it's armageddon or perpetual peace that's just round the corner; often both, but armageddon takes priority. Nostradamus is usually obscure, but on

one date he is very precise: "In the year 1999 and seven months / The Great King of Terror will come from the sky." Other things that may be imminently expected, say seers, include the tilting of the earth's axis through 90 degrees, earthquakes everywhere, and the resurfacing of Atlantis.

Admittedly, there is not much that the Millennium Commission can do about any of this. But they will at least be needing some sort of mascot for the occasion. They can turn to Yeats: "And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?"

Surely one can imagine "Ruffy" becoming a popular emblem, something on the lines of Barcelona's "Cobi" or Italia 90's "Dribbly" – T-shirts, banners, holograms, finger-puppets – always instantly recognisable from his insouciant slouch. On the other hand, if Nostradamus knew his business, we may be spared the bother.

The first lord of industrial carnage

He has caused a national security alert in Austria. He risks life and limb in order to create massive industrial warscapes. But for Mark Pauline, art terrorist, if a job is worth doing, it's worth blowing to smithereens. Interview by Judith Palmer



"What a beauty!" cries Mark Pauline gleefully as we screech to a halt by a ramshackle patch of Docklands waste ground. Perched on a rickety bed of burnt tyres and used condoms, a venerable 1930s Rutters Brothers crane creaks winosely in the wind. To many, it's just an ugly tangle of snapped hawsers and twisted meshing, but Mark Pauline is a man who's in love with machines. "I have a weakness for cranes," he confides as we wiggle through a loose section of defensive Re-Usa-Fence towards our warped and rusted prize.

A big brass angle pointer dangles tantalisingly above us, and Pauline wants it. Snapping open his briefcase, he fishes out a Swiss Army Knife, considers it for a moment, then discards it in favour of a nifty little pointy instrument. "You seen a leatherman before?" he asks proudly, snipping his pincers. "they can do anything. Watch this." And with a bit of precision twiddling and a lot of determined yanking, the pointer succumbs. "I always like to take a souvenir home with me from a trip," he smiles triumphantly, pocketing his trophy.

Liberating machinery is a way of life for Pauline. Every piece of scrap is potentially raw material for a new invention. Founder of the San Francisco performance phenomenon Survival Research Laboratories (SRL), art terrorist Mark Pauline has been staging some of the world's most extraordinary mechanical mega-spectacles since 1979.

From Phoenix to Amsterdam, Oakland to Barcelona, he has created over a hundred apocalyptic shows: *A Short Excursion into the Bottomless Pit of Everlasting Fire*; *A Cruel and Relentless Plot to Pervert the Flesh of Beasts to Unholy Uses*; *The Unstrained Use of Excessive Force* – as the names suggest, they're not for the faint-hearted.

Pauline and his roving network of around 150 SRL helpers can work 16 hours a day for up to six months to build the dozens of crazy machines needed for a single 40-minute performance. Then it's all gone in a puff of smoke. A very, very big puff of smoke.

Molten shrapnel flies off in every direction, as 150 tons of demonic machinery locks in vicious, but humorous and highly choreographed, combat. Steel jaws snapping, bayonet arms scything the air, wave after wave of chomping, scuttling and lurching creatures lunge at each other through billowing clouds of acrid smoke. V-1 rockets boom out amid the scorching roar of military flame-throwers, howling jet engines, whirling chainsaws, breaking glass and splintering steel.

Huge replicas of cultural icons (Billy Graham, say, or the Unabomber) are mown down in their path, then the machines turn and advance on a new quarry, cowering in abject horror against the railings: the audience. "It's like being in a huge car crash," says Richard Curson Smith, director of *Pandemonium*, a recent BBC2 film featuring SRL. "Mark's shows are the most dramatic, exhilarating things I've ever experienced – a complete assault on all the senses. The rockets give off a kind of huge subsonic boom which moves you involuntarily. It stinks and you're sure that you're going to go deaf."

"The first-hand misery the audience could potentially suffer is a significant part of the creative statement," Pauline declared, back in SRL's audience-injuring early days. Nowadays he's a bit more mellow. "It's not designed for the audience's co-

venience," he says. "People say the audience is attacked and tortured, but really that's only occasionally. Machines don't care about people, that's what makes working with technology so disturbing and disruptive."

Although audience-members have sustained injuries from flying rocks and orbiting sheep carcasses (and one individual tried to upstage a show by committing suicide), the person who has suffered most from his contraptions is Pauline himself. Brewing his own military rocket fuel in his workshop one day back in 1982, Pauline blew off his right hand. "I was blown 10ft in the air," he remembers, "and when I looked down there was just bare shards of bone. It was quite grim."

Surgeons managed to save one finger, then patch together a lumpy handlet, using swathes of flesh from his back and three of his toes. Elegant it is not. Pauline loves testing people's reaction to his hand-shake, wrong-footing the tentative introducee with an unflinching stare. Grasp the nettle and you're in, evade gaze and grip and you'll probably be dismissed. "I sustained a lot of other collateral damage," he adds wryly as further fuel to the imagination, which is already struggling to visualise his deconstructed feet.

Later that evening, we sit in the ICA watching Australian performance artist Stelarc dance around with his electronic third arm. Pauline is busy prodding me with his stump throughout, whispering wicked Stelarc anecdotes. The limb allocation in the room is surreally misbalanced. Why doesn't Stelarc just give the third arm to Mark? "What, that moth-eaten old thing?" scoffs Pauline. "No, when it comes to hands, bin is best."

Nature, on the whole, fails to impress Mr Pauline. "When I go out into nature I bring guns and light fires," he says. "I really can't find trees very inspiring, unless you think of them as machines. I can relate more to natural forces – hurricanes, tornados, big waves, huge floods."

A driven workaholic, little can tear Pauline from the security of his San Franciscan scrapyard home and the embrace of favourite devices like the Wheelco-Copter, Stabbing Finger or Flippy Man. He doesn't take holidays. "Taking vacations is like smoking cigarettes. I find no mental purchase there. I see other people doing it, but I don't care to try it myself."

Pauline was doodling with animal parts before formaldehyde sheep were even a twinkle in Damico Hirst's eye; mating meat with machinery, to make quivering articulated corpse mechanisms like the Rabot or the spinning carousel of bounding cadavers, the Mummy-Go-Round. Recently acquired was a full human skin, currently being tattooed.

It's not surprising, perhaps, that SRL have never managed to mount a show in Britain. "You have laws against people like me," shrugs Pauline. "England has a very comprehensive set of regulatory issues we've never managed to overcome." Making a rather incongruous lecture visit to the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art, Oxford University last week, Pauline found mere videos of SRL were enough to set hackles rising. The art historians loved Cornelia Hesse-Hoogwerf, his fellow lecturer from Switzerland, who documents mutant bugs – "Such constructive use of art and technology," the professor purred. SRL, however – "Hmmp, thank you Mr Pauline, very... er... destructive."

In Europe it's a different story. "In Copenhagen,

the military actually came in and gave us explosives. The firemen all dressed up and started spraying their fire hoses everywhere. They got too excited and smashed up some guy's boat. In Europe, the art mafia is all centred around these big public spectacles and festivals, so they need people to do more extreme kinds of things."

Even so, the authorities in Barcelona tried to close SRL down once they realised that if something went wrong they might lose the election; while in Graz, Austria, the severity of Pauline's explosions caused the entire country to be put on military alert, convincing the Defence Staff that the Serbs were attacking.

An all-American clean-cut boy, Pauline started off in the military himself, making target robots for the airforce before abandoning it for art school. "I was suddenly struck by the absurdity of warfare, and knew I'd become absurd if I continued to be part of it," he explains. Equally contemptuous of the art world, he dreamed up a career which would allow him to use all his favourite skills, and founded SRL as his own subversive corporation.

So is he some kind of rogue male survivalist, retreating into the protective shell of a macho misanthropic militia? Far from it. Beneath the prankster's deadpan carapace, a mischievous twinkle betrays a generous spirit. An outsider, sure, but a warmly sociable one. "We've got a different attitude at SRL," he admits in his inscrutable drawl. "but I don't consider that I don't belong to American culture. It's my right to be part of it."

Every evening, he's joined by teams of volunteers, many of them company men and women on \$100,000 salaries, working in the defence industries, toy manufacturers and NASA, who assuage their corporate guilt by pouring their skills into SRL shows. Bristling networks of informants throughout the country then feed him with two tons of decommissioned tanks and computers a week.

Although SRL does mount some small-scale events, Pauline equates these to "big-game hunting in a safari park". "It's a mark of power in the culture to be able to do big things – to build a skyscraper as opposed to a shack. If you're working by yourself then ultimately that's what you're gonna be condemned to do. Most artists are out there building shacks and pretty shoddy ones at that."

Pauline takes great pleasure in turning down the many megabuck offers which pour in weekly from the likes of Marlboro, Alice Cooper's record company and the Disney Corporation. "They just don't comprehend the concept of someone who can't be bought off," he smirks. "I like being in a position where I can make people I don't respect feel bad about what they do – a big corporation debased by an individual."

So is there any hope for Britain? "You gotta be sneaky to put on an SRL show," admits Pauline. "I'm currently working on an idea for a kind of Trojan Horse to get into Britain. Some kind of machine that looks innocuous but unfolds like one of those transformer toys into lots of other smaller machines." I feel like Penelope Pitstop overhearing some Dastardly and Muttley strategy meeting. Isn't this rather giving the game away? "No," he sniggers. "I'm far too sneaky for that."

Internet site: www.srl.org
Details of SRL videos and performances:
00-1-415-641-8065



Main picture: Mark Pauline. The audience is only attacked and tortured occasionally.

Above: a case of apocalypse now as Pauline's DIY hardware sends surroundings to kingdom come. Photos: Ira Schrank

THEY'RE ASSASSIN BUGS

arts reviews

TELEVISION

We Are Not Amused (BBC2)

Like the monarchy they mock, cartoonists have a dwindling role. By Jasper Rees

When he sat on the front bench, Kenneth Baker was portrayed by cartoonists as oleaginous and sluglike. As Mrs Thatcher's last party chairman, he fell on his sword, or whatever slugs do when they're topping themselves, then slithered on to the backbenches to beef up his extra-parliamentary earnings and await a peerage. He discovered that he hadn't been as pro-European as he'd been telling everyone when chairman, and will doubtless perform a similarly slippery manoeuvre when explaining away *We Are Not Amused*.

This history of royal caricature interweaves Baker's account of how cartoonists used to inveigh against the monarch with an analysis of the way they do it now. The next time he meets the Queen socially, this will no doubt cause a moment of awkward silence, but Baker will be able to say he didn't actually approve of tabloid caricatures of royalty, or scarcely even mention them. As on Europe, he was merely reporting the views of others.

It was never explicitly stated, but the history of royal cartoons tells of the gradual erosion of monarchy's political clout. The amount of vitriol poured on the Hanovers corresponded to their capacity for genuine influence. Modern cartoonists are nearly up to speed on the frankness front after a century and a half of deference. But they will never match Gillray and co for sheer hile, because any attack on current royalty can only be personal. You can't criticise the Waleses for the work they do because they don't do any.

Baker might have referred more to the frame of reference available to modern cartoonists. There is a more or less exact parallel in the marital sacrifices made by current and previous heirs to the throne. But where the Prince Regent could be depicted as Aegeus, with his mistress as Dido on a funeral pyre of phallic logs, the only element modern readers would get would be the logs. (Depicting the royal phallus, incidentally, is an area in which we are still way behind the 18th century.)

Similarly, when the widowed Queen Victoria withdrew from public life, a cartoonist represented her as Hermione, the living statue in *The Winter's Tale*. These days, only a couple of Shakespeare plays could still be borrowed with impunity. Instead, on the night of *Panorama's* Bafta-winning chat show, the *Mirror's* Charles Griffin toyed with less classical images – Diana as 007, breast-baring temptress or gun-toting urban guerrilla. The editor eventually went with the last of the three, but it was cropped and put on page 11. These days, like royalty, cartoons have a greatly reduced role.

THEATRE Calamity Jane, Sadler's Wells, London

If it's profundity you're after, this breezy production is wide of the mark. But an unpretentious yee ha of an evening? Look no further. By David Benedict



The sunny, funny world of musical comedy: Stephen McGann and Gemma Craven in 'Calamity Jane'

Photograph: Ian Tilton

The 1953 film *Calamity Jane* was a shameless attempt to cash in on *Annie Get Your Gun*. It failed, but the rough-and-tumble image of tousle-haired, trigger-happy Doris Day endures. Underneath, the gutsy-voiced Gemma Craven jumps into her fringed deerskin with scarcely a look over her shoulder, bursting on to the screen aboard a stagecoach belting out the opening number, "The Deadwood Stage". Minutes later, she is trading insults with Stephen McGann in the feisty duet "I Can Do Without You". He's less of a case of Wild than Mild Bill Hickok, but no matter. She's got more than enough energy for the pair of them and that's what counts.

Calamity heads off to the windy city to bring back actress and Deadwood pin-up Adelaide Adams, first seen looking like a cross between Marie Antoinette and Lily Savage. When she mistakenly returns with Adams's maid Katie, guns start going off and our heroine winds up learning a thing or three about being a girl. Craven even scores over Day at her moment of revelation about the man she loves, singing the hit "Secret Love". She hasn't got Day's silken tone but she doesn't have to compete with the film's dreadful Vaseline-on-the-lens fantasy sequence. Although no miracle of structure, the show is built around company set pieces and David Needham's ebullient musical staging carries all before it. When the cowboys and Deadwood locals aren't strapping their thumbs beneath their braces and kicking up their heels, they're singing their

heads off, throwing saloon girls over their shoulders or tapping their way to a first act curtain as if their lives depended on it.

The 1980s "more sets please, we're British" ethic (just sit back and applaud the budget) turned the musical into spectacle, but this is an exception. The backstage crew must be moving as fast as the dancers thanks to Paul Farnsworth's designs, which run to enough cloths, trucks, flats, furniture and flying pieces to fill an aircraft hangar, let alone the tiny Sadler's Wells stage, but everything enhances and enlivens the materials. When Calamity and Katie sing the now laughably sexist "A Woman's Tough" – "A woman and a whisk broom / can accomplish so damned much" – Farnsworth's comic tricks turn Calamity's drab cabin into gingham heaven, complete with freshly-shot pigeon pie. He also gets more good gags out of mechanical horses than anyone has a right to.

When Nicholas Hytner won an Olivier for *Carousel*, they remarked that all he did was direct the sub-text. With *Calamity Jane*, going for underlying truth is a waste of time. Paul Kerryson's production could handle a generous injection of irony, but he knows that the piece exists in the sunny, funny world of musical comedy. Looking at some of the more po-faced products in town, this show may be old-fashioned and downright daft but it sure is welcome.

To 15 June. Booking: 0171-713 6000. Then touring

DANCE

Birmingham Royal Ballet

Louise Levene on a sexy return to form with two mixed bills

Eight months ago, the Birmingham Royal Ballet unveiled a revival of Ashton's *Birthday Offering* to howls of critical disapproval. Why, they wailed, had David Bintley selected this jewel-box of a piece if his dancers were unable to do it justice? Last Tuesday, when the company opened its first London season under Bintley's direction, *Birthday Offering* was wheeled out again. Bintley and his assistant director Desmond Kelly have clearly taken the dancers by the scruff of the neck: the result is a triumph. Hard work and sheer stubbornness have turned a failure into a showcase for the company's freshly polished talent.

The Ashton ballet was in a double-bill with Bintley's *Carmina Burana*. The choreography is in the shadow of Orff's monumental score – magnificently sung on Tuesday by Judith Howarth, Martyn Hill, Anthony Michaels Moore and the Royal Opera Chorus – but the dramatisation of the fall from grace of three trainee priests definitely has its moments. Michael O'Hare and the Kirov-trained Yuri Zhukov enact their hushes with deadly sin with power and conviction but it is Joseph Cipolla who steals the show. As he removes his trousers to reveal a gleaming white posing pouch there is a sudden rip of Velcro as Covent Garden collectively gets out its opera glasses. Admiring Cipolla's lean, muscled physique would be strictly Chippendale were it not that his body is the instrument of a fine artist. Every movement and gesture is thoroughly focused as his love for Catherine Batcheller lures him to damnation.

The season's other mixed bill opens with Balanchine's *Theme and Variations*. BRB have had the measure of this work since 1988, and they continue to dance it superbly. Kevin O'Hare bundled the fiendish pirouettes and airborne solos with unstudied ease. The corps performed superbly and were equally undaunted by *Agon*, led by Monica Zamora and Joseph Cipolla.

Thursday's triple bill concluded with Bintley's *Still Life at the Penguin Cafe*. Although unashamedly crowd-pleasing, it is interesting to see the work again after enduring several seasons of the Royal Ballet's *Tales of Beatrix Potter*. Where Potter's animals are slavishly created with thick padding and furry suits, Bintley's are cunningly suggested by light masks and painted body stockings. Suddenly *Penguin Cafe* is looking a lot more interesting and so is the company that danced it.

In rep at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London WC2 (0171-304 4000) to 31 May

DICKIE
FANTASTIC
on the schmooze

So what attracted you to the Monster Raving Loony Party? 'Finbar-winbar, brother'

"So," I ask Mr Roly Foley, the official Monster Raving Loony candidate for Swindon. "What first attracted you to the party?"

Mr Foley is wearing the customary Monster Raving Loony costume – a bow-tie that lights up, comical teddy-bear slippers, a spangly jacket and a top-hat with a revolving Christmas cake on the top – but when you look into his face, and ignore the regalia, he looks like the well-to-do manager of a chain of cash-and-carry shops. This is a welcome change from the other 32 candidates here tonight for the official launch

at the Jubilee Hall in Covent Garden – all the other candidates, including Screaming Lord Sutch himself, look remarkably like grizzled roadies.

"Do you want the sane or the daft answer?" asks Mr Foley. "Both," I say.

"Well, the sane answer is that a friend of mine – one of the staunchest Tories I know, wonderful man, and a respected local publican – turned to me totally out of the blue and said he's going to stand for the Labour Party. I said: 'If you've turned into a bloody socialist, then I'm a Monster Raving Loony.' And he said: 'Well, why don't you stand, too?'"

"And what's the daft answer?" I ask.

"Well," says Mr Foley. "Finbar-winbar, brother. If you can spell, then put your tick in my box. Ha ha! We're all nutters. Ha ha! But we're saner than the mad buggers down the road on the Embankment! What you may not know is that there are loads of nutters in Swindon, Wiltshire, too. Brother! Brother!"

Our conversation is interrupted by the arrival of two grizzled roadie-types dressed, respectively, as Death and a viking.

"How are you?" asks Mr Foley.

"Parched," says Death. "Is this a free bar? Have they any real ale?"

In the corner, Andy, the PR man from the Jubilee Hall shakes his head and whistles with ill-disguised admiration.

"What a lot of effort they've gone to," he says. "They really are mad. I mean, look at the man with the Christmas cake on his head! Incredible! You know what he said to me?"

"What?" I ask.

"He said the cake was connected to his pacemaker! That's how it revolves! They're crazy. So much manpower has gone into the costumes."

"Don't you think that all that effort could have been redirected to more sensible, positive ends?" I say, with po-faced chirlishness. I have been struck down with food poisoning – for the past few days – and I'm in a bad mood.

"You're absolutely right," says Andy – a man whose opinions seem remarkably easy to mould. "You're right," he says. "What a waste of time."

Andy introduces me to the manager of the venue, and I tell him about my recent hush with food poisoning.

"You know," he says, "you may think you can identify which restaurant you got

it from, but you can't. People say – 'Oh! I got it from this restaurant or that restaurant' – but it can't be proven."

"OK," I say. "It's fine. Calm down. I got it in Islington."

"Or so you think," he says. At that moment, Screaming Lord Sutch approaches. We are introduced.

"Where's my dressing room?" he asks.

"I don't know," I say. "Probably over there by the stage."

"The world's gone absolutely crazy," says Lord Sutch, chuckling at the inherent absurdity of it all.

THE SUNDAY REVIEW



The Age of Steam is long gone; will privatisation terminate the Age of the Train altogether? Ian Jack and Christian Wolmar let off steam about the Great British Railway Disaster

Plus: Billy Bragg on life after the Labour Party

And whatever happened to Bank Holiday violence?

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

THE WEEK IN REVIEW
David Benedict

STUART MORRIS

LAURIE LENOIR

THE MOVIE

SECRETS AND LIES

THE PLAY

SYLVIA

THE OPERA

THEODORA

overview

David Benedict and Stuart Morris look at the week's arts highlights, from the new musical *Calamity Jane* to the opera *Theodora*.

critical view

David Benedict looks at the new musical *Calamity Jane* and Stuart Morris looks at the opera *Theodora*.

on view

At the Apollo Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2 (0171-494 5570), but for how long?

our view

David Benedict looks at the new musical *Calamity Jane* and Stuart Morris looks at the opera *Theodora*.

KEY

EXCELLENT

GOOD

OK

POOR

DEADLY

سكسما لال

Now that's what I call word-of-mouth

A single mention on a US radio station propelled Jane Mendelsohn's first novel straight into the bestseller charts. By Edward Helmore

A book that meditates on what could have become of Amelia Earhart — America's sweetheart aviator who mysteriously disappeared over the Pacific Ocean 59 years ago in July — has become America's unexpected literary summer hit and launched its 30-year-old first-time author, Jane Mendelsohn, on a flight of popular and critical acclaim.

Just as Earhart's romantic heroism captured public imagination, *I Was Amelia Earhart* has relit interest in the fable of worldly escape: the book, which runs to just 145 pages, is already in its fourth printing since it was published in mid-April and only dropped from No. 8 on the *Wall Street Journal* fiction lists because bookstore shelves have been stripped of copies.

Besides gathering unexpected sales and good reviews, the book has provided its publishers with a lesson in how a single customer can transform an author's fortunes: within days of publication, Don Imus, a firebrand radio shock-jock best known for embarrassing President Clinton at a White House correspondents' dinner earlier this year, began talking up the book after it had been passed to him by his wife who had unearthed it at the back of a Connecticut bookstore.

Soon afterwards the national press caught on and Mendelsohn, who had been rejected by 15 publishers before landing at Knopf, was booked on TV shows ranging from the *Today* show on NBC to studio interviews on public broadcasting, two Hollywood studios battled to option the story and, *da-dah*, she's the current literary darling.

"I couldn't even get an agent so it's pretty much a dream come true to have it published, and to have it so well received is kind of amazing," she told me last week at home in New York. "Almost as soon as it came out everything started to go kinda crazy."

I Was Amelia Earhart was inspired by an article in the *New York Times* in 1992, about a man who thought he had found a piece of the aviator's plane. "I'd always thought she travelled alone but when I heard she had a navigator, the idea of two people flying around the world and crashing seemed full of possibilities."

Taking the facts of Earhart's life as ornamental punctuation for the story, Mendelsohn imagines that, instead of crashing into the sea on the most hazardous leg of her round-the-world flight, Earhart lands her twin-engine Lockheed Electra on an uncharted island reef where she and her navigator, Fred Noonan, enter an afterlife of "splendid isolation" on an island they name "Heaven, as a kind of joke."

Shifting between past and present,



Garbo of the air: Amelia Earhart in flying-ace pose

first-person narrative and third-person ventriloquy, Mendelsohn offers a delicate meditation on the adventurer's escape from earthbound concerns and it is her intention that their fate is left uncertain. "Whether life is more real than death, I don't know," Earhart muses. "What I know is that the life I've lived since I died feels more real to me than the one I lived before."

The ethereal imagery of the book, which might have failed in lesser hands, is grounded in the immediacy of the author's compressed prose. Mendelsohn, who supported herself writing book reviews for the *New York Guardian* and *Village Voice*, took two and a half years in low-rent apartments

to fashion a book that, the *New Yorker* says, has appeared "like a flash of silver in the leaden skies of contemporary fiction."

Raised on Manhattan's Upper West Side she studied English at Yale and decided on a career as a writer after a year studying law. Small and single-minded, she draws her enthusiasm for literature from, among others, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, with whom she shares the technique of sounding a plausibly mythical note while still telling a naturalistic story.

"I wanted it to be doing two things all the time — to be real enough to get lost in as a story, and for the writing to make you aware that it is a fantasy," she says, fixing me with her penetrat-

ing gaze. "It's supposed to be an awakening on every level, about the possibility of living more than one life."

As she writes, Earhart's only solace is her silver plane and the skies through which she flies. "We spent our days feverish from the flaming sun or lost in the artillery of a monsoon and almost always by the unearthly architecture in the sky." As well as reflecting Earhart's unconventional emotional states, the book mirrors Mendelsohn's own concerns. "I really identify flying with writing so a lot of the time when I am writing about the sky I am also writing about the blank page and the experience of writing."

The first half of the book portrays the aviator as an isolated, unhappy

woman in a loveless marriage to "G.P." — George Palmer Putnam — the publishing scion and her publicist and trapped by her contradictory need for isolation and companionship.

"By the tender age of 39 she was the loneliest of heroines," says Mendelsohn. "She felt as though she had already lived her entire life, having crossed the Atlantic solo and set several world records and she had no one to share her sadness with, least of all her husband." Trapped in her role as a Greta Garbo of the air and forced to take along a navigator (Noonan, a handsome, drunk womaniser) Earhart sets on the most dangerous leg of the world's first solo flight from New Guinea to Howland Island with careless regard for their

safety — she has jettisoned the radio antennae and neither can tap Morse code. "Much later, when I looked back on the flight, it seemed to me that we had been two lost souls in an immense netherworld, travelling toward an arbitrary goal, wondering which of us was more forsaken: the navigator who didn't care where we were going or the pilot who didn't care if we ever got there."

"It was reckless and pretty suicidal," confirms Mendelsohn on her heroine's fateful flight. The Amelia Earhart in my book is very torn. She has a strong wish to escape but she gets too much aesthetic and physical pleasure out of life to kill herself. "With the aviatrix lost and Noonan drunk, her beloved Electra runs low on fuel, loses altitude and lands on a small island. The stage set, the aviators are forced to adapt in their abandonment and, in doing so, work off their emotional baggage and draw closer until the only pleasure they know is each other."

Through a series of flashbacks and dreams, through Noonan's lapse into madness, an intense heat wave that prevents thoughts of the future and an apocalyptic storm that erases the past, the months (or years) pass until "there is no difference between being rescued and being captured."

Noon prepares dinner and adorns himself with flowers and anklets of monkey hair; Earhart constructs elaborate fires modelled on the Brooklyn Bridge and the Eiffel Tower, writes her diary and watches birds in the lagoon stepping "in and out of the water, delicately, like ladies."

Stripped of control over her world, Earhart shakes off her cold professionalism and ends up paddling in metaphysical lagoons: "It was as if what she had considered to be herself all these years was only a magnified detail of an enormous painting whose composition and narrative she had never before known existed, let alone seen."

What happened to Amelia Earhart and her navigator may never be known. Rumours still persist that they were captured by the Japanese or that they survived the flight only to die of hunger and thirst. "The truth," says Mendelsohn, "is that we have no idea."

I Was Amelia Earhart by Jane Mendelsohn is published by Jonathan Cape at £9.99

A terrible firmness of purpose

Simon Wiesenthal is the Nazi-hunter supreme. By Julia Neuburger

Simon Wiesenthal arouses strong emotions in many people. Is he a hero? A profiteer on memories of the Holocaust? A doughty campaigner? An obsessive? An innocent in the field of international politics? A human rights activist? Is he all of these things, this complicated man who has devoted most of his adult life to the pursuit and bringing to justice of Nazi war criminals?

Hella Pick has written a remarkably tender biography of him, all the more remarkable because so little is given away about him personally. The intimate details of his life are largely absent, in part at least because of his wife's dislike of personal publicity. Instead, we view the working life of a man who, after surviving the concentration camps almost miraculously, has pursued the perpetrators of the camps' greatest horrors, in order that the world should not forget.

Wiesenthal was born in Buczacz, in Galicia, in what was then part of the Habsburg Empire. He lives in Austria, but his daughter lives in Israel, and, like so many Jews who survived the camps whose homes are no longer welcoming, he is in part a world citizen with friends everywhere, and enemies as well. Hella Pick herself came from Austria as a child refugee. She too lost much of her family in the Holocaust, as did my mother, a refugee from Nazi Germany. These personal details about the biographer and the reviewer are essential, because no Jew can view Simon Wiesenthal dispassionately. He has been the Nazi-hunter supreme. He believes in democratic systems and in their criminal justice procedures, even when they let him down. He is a self-publicist. He loves the honours the modern world showers on those it wishes to praise. He was disappointed not to be awarded the Nobel peace prize with Elie Wiesel. Yet he does not seek wealth. He is hopeless at working within an organisation, and might have been more successful in his endeavour at Nazi hunting if he had been less of a one-man band.

To many Christians, Wiesenthal's

Simon Wiesenthal: A Life in Search of Justice by Hella Pick
Weidenfeld, £20



Wiesenthal: flawed but brave

approach seems incomprehensible. It is time (they say) to forget, or, better, time for the Jews to forgive the Nazis. But Jewish doctrines of forgiveness are different from Christian ones. Only God can forgive, or the victims. Human beings cannot forgive vicariously. Instead, human beings should judge the activities of their fellow human beings in the courts, with due process. And, in the end, God will judge us all. Hence Wiesenthal's view that countries such as America must not harbour war criminals in their midst.

Szymon Serafinowicz, who entered the UK in 1946, has just been committed for trial under the controversial War Crimes Act of 1991. He is now 85. If he is found guilty, it will be right that he should not have been able to die easy in his bed. But the cost of bringing the prosecution, and the difficulty of identification, 50 years on, is considerable. Simon Wiesenthal argues that there should be no statute of limitation on crimes against humanity. But the cost in terms of public perception of an old man standing

trial, and the fact that the crimes were committed in another country under another jurisdiction, makes one nervous.

For Simon Wiesenthal is not always right. His battle with Bruno Kreisky, the Austrian chancellor, shows them both in an appalling light. Kreisky was a different kind of Jew, an assimilationist, a compromiser with former Nazis in political affairs, one whose own family would have despised the Wiesenthals as *Ostjuden*. Wiesenthal could not stomach Kreisky's toleration of former Nazis in his new socialist party. Kreisky could not hear Wiesenthal's righteous attacks.

Similarly controversial is the extent to which Wiesenthal takes credit for tracing Eichmann or for persuading President Jimmy Carter to set up the Office for Special Investigations, to look for Nazi war criminals in the US. Others have earned much of the credit for both, and Wiesenthal can be less than generous. But this does not explain the degree to which his detractors loathe him. The World Jewish Congress, who disputed his views about Kurt Waldheim in his campaign to become Austrian president, practically spit about him.

Perhaps one of his greatest mistakes was to lend his name to the Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, a sophisticated computer operation and museum of tolerance, run in a very different style from his own. It is led by Rabbi Marvin Hier whose views about many issues sit uneasily with Wiesenthal's. Here is Wiesenthal the symbol of Nazi hunting, of remembering, and recording. But here too is Wiesenthal the man, who does not want to lose control of his message, even at 87. Yet the centre named after him disagreed with him about Kurt Waldheim. He was a liar, in Wiesenthal's view, but lying is different from war crimes. One has to admire his firmness of purpose, but, despite being considerably moved by Hella Pick's elegant biography, I am not as convinced as she is that he is "a hero of our time". He is too flawed for that — but a brave man, he undoubtedly is.

Jerusalem beholden

Robert Silver is disappointed by a narrative biography of a divided city

In the roll-call of world historical cities, only Vienna has had a 20th century of more varied ownership than Jerusalem. In the course of a hundred years, it has had four, arguably five national or transnational regimes. It was held by the Turks until 1917 and the British to 1948; it was in split Israeli-Jordanian hands from 1948 to the six-day war of 1967. It then became an all-Israeli city, with its Eastern half, going beyond the Old City, annexed to the Israeli state in 1980. There is an off-chance that a sixth regime — internationalisation — potentially under UN auspices and often mooted in the mandate's later days, will emerge as a solvent for bitter tensions.

Martin Gilbert lacks any pretence to being a historian. His book is a narrative biography of the city from 1900. As with his *magnum opus* on Churchill, he piles on the detail, but refuses to assess, analyse or speculate. The book begins entrancingly with vivid cameo shots of *fin de siècle* street scenes, as he uses travel guides and memoirs of the era with wry, revealing results. Urban atmospherics give way, as the decades unfold, to a tale of clashing ideologies and the interplay of largely political personalities; scenic feel and topography recede in favour of human drama.

One highlight is 1945-1948, as Irgun and the Stern Gang, shocked into action by Auschwitz, aimed to force out the British and, then, as regular Jewish forces waged a desperate battle in siege-like conditions, to keep control against Arab armies. Tears came into my well-cooked Zionist eyes as the Exodus era and the formation of a Jewish state was brought to action-packed life in the hands of a vivid narrator.

Even so, 20th-century Jerusalem offers many potential lines of literary attack that Gilbert is too staid to adopt. The book lacks the feel and the savour, say, of trips on foot round the south of the Old City and its dens of hashish, fly-ridden latrines and sultry balconies where I first ran into the Near East's

Jerusalem in the Twentieth Century
by Martin Gilbert
Chatto, £20

ideal drink, mint tea. For comment on the city scene, he relies too often on noted foreign visitors, like Bellow, Eli Weisel and Edward Said. Unpredictable reactions by normal city residents would have added more. Field-research could have told him, as I found at Christmas 1988, that the retailers of the old souk were genuinely wary of the *intifada*; many felt that they had been hamstrung by suspended activity by stone-throwing teenagers.

The history of the *Jerusalem Post*, once the *Palestine Post*, and later the story of the King David Hotel — two key city institutions — are also missing here. The American Colony, in the Eastern area outside the walled city, is another hotel favoured by Arab-leaning reporters, whose past merits exploration. Fink's (a hacks' answer to the Crillon in Paris) should have figured also; in 1945-8 Haqanah agents and British police used to sit at either end of its tiny bar, in a spies' chess game by unspoken rules, mixing suspicion, wry mutual respect and a yen to tap each other's secrets. Fink's also supplied succulent shellfish.

He could have made more, too, of Mea She'arim, the Western area where frenzied Hassidim like to stone touring drivers on the Sabbath. In 1981 their comrades at the Walling Wall briefly manhandled me into a prayer session; in 1995 I left a note in its cracks, feeding a secular Jewish lineage of Marx, Freud and Durkheim by way of riposte. Given conflicts between Jews themselves in the city, not just Jews and Gentiles (the ultra-Orthodox are often anti-Zionist) internationalisation may be a boon.

A new capital in Tel Aviv can act to uphold Israel's secular, modern tilt. Gilbert omits to show the distinction in

Israeli culture between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, between modernity and religion; as early as the 1930s, Hebrew poets in Tel Aviv attacked Jerusalem as a burden on their backs in the quest for a new identity. A Knesset in Jerusalem meant a political ethos saturated in the symbolism of faith; a Knesset in Tel Aviv would mean a shift in the Israeli centre of gravity, in favour of nightclubs, hustling business and the beach.

We need a shrewd, informed survey by Gilbert of the international option and its viability. Any analysis should cover the implications of a decision by Congress to back American recognition of Jerusalem as Israel's capital, that took place just before Rabin's death. Gilbert's book ends with that murder, but leaves out the significance of the move by Congress. Other issues beckon: how seriously do the PLO want the Eastern City for themselves? How many Arabs in the East vote in Israeli elections or reject Israeli passports?

Gilbert looks at Jerusalem as an Oxford Zionist, aware of his bias, a judicious partisan with his own dialectic of fairness and zeal, like Herbert Samuel, our first Jewish High Commissioner, to be honourable to all sides. New angles add extra depth to received facts, such as Samuel's erratic, oft-attacked choice of the fanatic, al-Husseini (later a Nazi ally) as Muslim Mufti in 1921, and the Irgun's killing of Count Bernadotte, a UN envoy, in 1948. But his story, by turns (in Israeli terms) tragic and exalted, can read like a set of encomia at an Anglo-Jewish fund-raising dinner.

"Encomia" may be apt. The latter part of the book has the air of an obituary column. He senses a need to note every death, Jew, Arab or visitor, by terror, in the city's troubled, recent history. What aims to be moving is prone to be wearing, even morbid. Gilbert ought to have spent more time in the streets, having adventures; more, also, in thinking out the issues for himself, less on weaving the courses into a patchwork presentation.

books

A legion of suitable boys

Violet Asquith's diaries reveal a conflict between love and politics. By Lucy Hughes-Hallett

Lantern Slides: the diaries and letters of Violet Bonham Carter 1904-14 ed M. Bonham Carter and M. Potte, Weidenfeld, £20

When Violet Asquith, the prime minister's 25-year-old daughter, went to America in 1913 her every action, even her inaction, was avidly reported. "I had to spend the next morning in bed & then every paper had huge headlines Miss Asquith RESTS". She sat next to Teddy Roosevelt twice in one day. At a reception in Washington, she found that no one could leave until she did (as though she were royalty) and when she toured an office in Wall Street, "I saw 2000 women employees having their lunch who all rose and cheered."

These diaries, covering Violet's life from the age of 17 to 27, are those of a young woman whose situation was as exceptional as her personality. Developing something of a crush, as girls will, on one of her father's associates, she wrote he "is the most all-round perfect being I've ever met; the kind of success which would have turned one's head a little if one had been the Almighty". The wit is out of the ordinary for an 18-year-old. So is the fact that the man was A.J. Balfour, her father's political opponent and predecessor in Number Ten.

Violet, being female, was not of course expected to do anything, an otherwise deplorable fact which had at least the happy side-effect of enabling her to write these diaries. While her numerous and brilliant brothers carried off the prizes at Oxford or read for the Bar she, who was quite possibly the brightest of the lot (a would-be ironic letter from Raymond, the eldest, reads terribly by contrast with her swift, sophisticated, self-mocking prose) had no outlet for her intellectual energy but her letters and her journal. Not that she lacked occupation. Lunches, balls, Saturday-Mondays, weeks by the sea for the golf and months in the mountains for the air – a girl in Violet's social position over had to wonder how to fill her day.

Self-indulgent though that life might have been, it was not all frivolous. An Edwardian season was not, like its debased modern counterpart, a succession of evenings during which girls and boys got drunk and flirted. For Violet's generation, "coming out" meant gaining access to a network of grown-up, highly influential people. She may have been much preoccupied, quite properly at her time of life, with "lashers" (proposals of marriage – the glossary is



Brightest of the lot: Violet Asquith, aged 20, with her brother Herbert ('Boh') and their spaniel Sambo in 1906.

excellent and much-needed) but dinner party conversation in her set revolved around Irish Home Rule and the extension of Suffrage, many of the participants being oar enough to power for their opinions to matter.

In the latter half of the period covered by this volume, Violet was spending many of her afternoons in the House of Commons and beginning to speak at public meetings, but even as a teenager she was already strikingly well-informed and well connected. It's piquant to read in one entry her passionate denunciations of the Tsarist government, and a few pages later find her encountering the Russian ambassador, a friend, at Buckingham Palace, and remarking on his decorations.

This volume has two plots, one being the chronicle of Asquith's struggle to hold on to power, the other that of Violet's pursuit by a legion of suitable boys. The two are given about equal space

and Violet, who prided herself on being "unfeminine", certainly considered the former more important, but she is such a very devoted daughter that her politics are predictable. She is infinitely less acute – indeed quite touchingly devoid of self-knowledge or perceptiveness – but more original when writing about her affairs of the heart. She seems not to have fallen in love easily, though she was much fallen in love with. It was only when Archie Gordon, one of three or four favoured suitors, was fatally injured in a car crash that she felt able to respond. They became engaged on his deathbed, impelled as much by a sense of tragic exultation as by affection. ("Now I know what Tristan felt," said he, "I told him how like a knight he had covered my name with glory by his prowess".)

It is pleasing to observe her maturing from this kind of callow cold-hearted romanticism to the point where

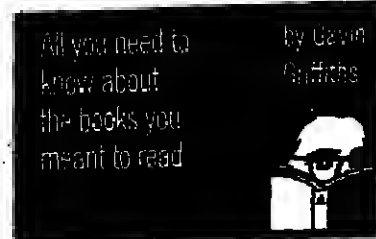
she was ready to marry her father's PPS, Maurice "Bongie" Bonham Carter, whom she once, when reading *Far from the Madding Crowd*, identified as being Gabriel Oak to Gordon's Sergeant Troy. Bongie was the good, solid, honourable man who deserves and eventually gets the girl, dismayed though Violet, with her Wagnerian longings, was by his letters urging her not to forget her mosquito cream and curling her declarations of love to allow space for a discussion of the latest Naval estimates.

Violet was arrogant and snobbish, but she was funny with it. "I didn't know such people existed and they lie about merrily like orange peel by the sea". She was resolutely opposed to women's suffrage (because her father was) but she must have chafed at the restriction her gender placed on her career. Visiting the States she was taken aback (and chuffed) to find herself briefing a British Ambassador considerably less

knowledgeable and less perspicacious about foreign affairs than she was.

There is something pathetic about the enthusiasm she put into the boys' club she ran in the East End, given that some of her male friends were running government departments. But the life described in this volume – humorous, grand and intellectually stimulating – is not one to be pined. The pathos lies in the knowledge that, having danced her way into action in France 1914, "killed in action in France 1917", "died of wounds sustained at Gallipoli 1915".

Violet Asquith describes from the inside a political establishment which would shortly be dead metaphorically, and a generation of privileged young people many of whom would soon be dead in dreadful earnest. Her diary, dazzlingly fluent, opinionated and stylish, is an entertaining account of that doubly lost era.



FRANKENSTEIN
by Mary Shelley (1818)

Piet Walton, an Arctic explorer, picks up Victor Frankenstein who is marooned on a floe. Frankenstein was a student of natural science: he stumbled on a means of sparking life into inanimate matter. His experiments grew wild; he spent leisure hours combing abattoirs, charnel houses and graveyards. From odds and ends he constructed an eight foot Creature who lacked sex appeal. The Creature learnt about humanity from three books: Goethe's *The Sorrows of Werther* (passion), Plutarch's *Lives* (morality) and Milton's *Paradise Lost* (religion). Unfortunately, despite this injection of culture, people still tended to run away: an Adam without an Eve, the Creature asked Frankenstein for a mate.

Frankenstein gets cracking but, in a fit of conscience, aborts the experiment. The Creature went mad and murdered most of Frankenstein's family and friends. Frankenstein is in pursuit of the Creature when Walton discovers him.

Frankenstein dies in a final struggle with the creature across the frozen waters. The Creature, who only wanted "happiness and affection", wanders off hoping to perish of misery and cold. Walton is left to make sense of a story that lies outside the boundaries of interpretation.

Theme: In the early version, Shelley is conducting a dialectical debate between strict materialists and their religious opponents. The 1831 revision seems a conservative reappraisal: the book is now a dire warning of the consequences that fall on Frankenstein for meddling in God's Business. Essentially, Shelley is outlining the irresponsibility of the creative act, as spelt out in her epigraph from *Paradise Lost*: "Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay to mould me a Man?" Frankenstein is Prometheus/Satan, not Prometheus from a creator he loves/reviles.

Style: Shelley's protean prose captures Walton's prissy incompetence, Frankenstein's evasive rhetoric and the plangency of the Creature's limitless despair. The book's casualness intensifies the breathless immediacy.

Chief strengths: From potentially silly material, Shelley mines a work which is intelligently *sui generis*. Usually classed as "gothic", Frankenstein lacks most of the usual gothic appurtenances: castles, hats and sado-masochistic sex. The book is closer to science fiction than anything else. The Creature's plight is touching: the extent of his loneliness is conveyed with devastating poetry.

Chief weakness: There are too many ideas jostling for attention and too little space to develop them: one of the reasons why Shelley bawled out the story into a Christian allegory for the 1831 revision.

What They Thought Of It Then: Politely received, although Walter Scott's nerves were severely shaken. By 1823 there was a theatrical adaptation which sentimentalised Shelley's conception by silencing the Monster. The book remained unread while becoming part of the common intellectual currency.

What We Think Of It Now: Interpretations abound. Structuralists view the story itself as a "Monster" devouring Mary Shelley; Marxists propose that the Creature is a model for the alienated proletariat; and feminists believe it demonstrates "what happens when a man tries to have a baby without a woman."

Responsible for: Making Boris Karloff's career – but almost wrecking that of Ken Russell (*Gothic*) and Kenneth Branagh (*Frankenstein*). Directors should attend to the allegory of the creation that destroys its creator.

The man who invented income tax

Patrick Cosgrave reads the concluding volume of an historical magnum opus

With this masterly volume, 40 years of work by a great historian has come to a triumphant conclusion. Ehrman's first book on Pitt, *The Years of Acclaim*, was published in 1969; his second, *The Reluctant Transition*, in 1983. In effect this is Ehrman's life's work; and it has been a life well spent. In Ehrman's work, there is not a word out of place, every detail is judiciously weighed and takes its rightful place in a delicate web of beautiful prose.

It is melancholy to observe that Pitt lived for only two years longer than it took Ehrman to write about him. In our own times, we often remark on the youthfulness of political leaders but Pitt entered the House of Commons at the age of 21, became Prime Minister at 23 and died at 42. And with one relatively short break, he served as Prime Minister for 18 years, and died in office. Unquestionably, further, he was one of our finest prime ministers, just as his father, the great Chatham, had been before him. Of course, he had considerable advantages. The Pitts were related to the

The Younger Pitt: The Consuming Struggle by John Ehrman, Constable, £35

powerful Grenville faction in parliament. One cannot, however, by any stretch of the imagination, ascribe Pitt's achievements to his family connections, but only to his sterling character.

It is interesting that, whereas Chatham was a great PM at war, and a poor one in peace time, William was a great PM in peace and a poor one in war, although in his last years he was reading voraciously about military strategy and striving to find the ideas and the generals to fight and defeat the seemingly invincible Napoleon.

Pitt's domestic achievements can be divided into two categories. There are the financial systems he put into place which we still have with us today, and the ideas he propounded which, though they were not implanted in legislation in his own lifetime, were later to become

fundamental parts of the British constitution. He invented income tax and created the Sinking Fund, the modern version of which Mrs Thatcher was so efficiently to employ in the Falklands War. In its initial and successful incarnation, it restored order to an economy which was chaotic by its own nature and constantly battered by the pressures of the long war against France. Thus, although Pitt never understood war, nor the mechanics of war, it can safely be said that, without the stabilisation and development of the economy that was his master achievement, Britain would never have had the strength to prosecute the war.

In the waging of war, as in the reform of French institutions, Napoleon enjoyed the priceless advantage of total power, and a command centred entirely upon himself. In Britain, the perennial squabbling of parliamentary factions was exacerbated by the potentially fatal challenge from across the Channel. In our century, we have been accustomed to government by a single, more or less disciplined party, with coalition a last resort in times of national crisis. In Pitt's time, parliamentary politics was invariably in a state of flux. Yet Pitt managed for he was a superb parliamentary manager.

In the face of all his trials, Pitt still succeeded in giving impetus to other causes – Catholic Emancipation (which earned him the wrath of the King), the abolition of slavery, and parliamentary reform among them. He did not live to see the fulfilment of all his dreams but, although Britain has had many great prime ministers, he was, in my view, the greatest.

Froth and scandal

Amanda Foreman reviews two books about Regency style

In 1840, the 70-year-old Lady Holland, once doyenne of the Whig party, had been staying with her hosts for six weeks when her irritation finally got the better of her. She demanded to know why she was left to eat alone on Sunday mornings. On being told that they were "in church", she was intrigued and volunteered to join the congregation the following week. This experiment to bring God to one of the survivors of the Revolution generation – the 1780s – failed at the outset. After the service, Lady Holland replied good-naturedly to Lord Russell that she had liked none of it, save for the pretty poem that began "Our Father", which reminded her of something, "though I knew not what".

This lack of understanding between the generations forms the central theme of Carolyn Erickson's book. George IV was Regent for 10 years, between 1810 and 1820, while his father lingered on in healthy imbecility. Like Lady Holland, the Prince of Wales was a relic of the 1780s. To subsequent generations it was the most permissive of decades, characterised by the louche adherents of the Devonshire House circle. Intoxicated by the prosperity generated by an expanding empire, and encouraged by Rousseau's injunction to "be natural", the Eighties youth made a virtue out of personal freedom. By 1810, the extravagant head-dresses and dyed-hue wigs of the 1780s remained the symbols of a licentious age, objects of derision

Our Tempestuous Day by C. Erickson, Robson, £17.95

Passion and Principle by J. Aiken Hodge, Murray, £15.95

similar to the giggles that the 1960s styles provoke today. *Our Tempestuous Day* is an original and sensitive portrayal of a troubled era. The Day of the title is apt since the book is less a narrative than a kaleidoscope of views, impressionist fragments of a scene captured at different hours on a single blustery day. Any slight embellishments in *Our Tempestuous Day* are as nothing compared with the tabloid claims that entice Jane Aiken Hodge's *Passion and Principle*. "A servant met in a corridor by a guest was liable to be dismissed, or raped." Really? Silly errors mar some of the fun: there are wrong titles, wrong dates and, curiously, a sex-change for a duchess's illegitimate child.

The subtitle of the book, "The Lives and Loves of Regency Women", is a misnomer, since almost half of Hodge's subjects were celebrities of the 1780s. Calling them Regency women is like writing a book on women of the 1990s and having Marianne Faithfull and Twiggy on the cover. The book lumps the exuberant leaders of the Devonshire House circle, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and

her sister Lady Bessborough, with the succeeding generation of social reformers. Poor Elizabeth Fry and Hannah More, a Quaker and Evangelical respectively, would have been outraged at the comparison.

The contradictory elements of *Passion and Principle* complement Erickson's theme of dissonance. In his youth, the Prince Regent was one of the most popular men in London, but to contemporaries in 1810 he was a grotesque figure whose ridiculous Brighton Pavilion evoked the sybaritic practices within. In 1812 the country seemed on the brink of disaster, besieged at home by the Luddites and threatened by the French fleet. Victory in 1815 brought home thousands of servicemen, and with them the attendant troubles of rising crime, unemployment and radical ferment, culminating in the Peterloo massacre in 1819. Irreligion was blamed as the cause, though not everyone understood or appreciated the rise of evangelical Protestantism: the middle-aged Lord Melbourne protested, "Things have come to a pretty pass when Religion is allowed to invade Private Life."

Despite its short length, the complexity and richness of the Regency period makes it a remarkable decade. *Our Tempestuous Day* joins a list of distinguished books on the era and succeeds in holding its own. *Passion and Principle*, by contrast, is a jolly romp through the scandal pages, light and frothy, more Georgiana Hoyer than George IV.

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Taking the papal bull by the horn

William Dalrymple applauds a novel-extravaganza

God has given us the papacy," remarked Pope Leo X when he first heard of his election. "Let us enjoy it." Enjoy it he certainly did: indeed such was his extravagance that within a year Leo had created, and sold, 1,200 new ecclesiastical offices, as well as squandering both the savings of his predecessor and his own considerable Medici fortune. Wine quite literally flowed in the Vatican fountains. Bullfights filled the day; masked balls occupied the nights. The Pope's table groaned with exotic dishes. One Venetian ambassador described a meal of 65 courses, each course consisting of three different dishes: pieces of nightingales breast followed by peacock's tongues with cloves and lamprey's fins cooked in a Cretan wine sauce...

Leo craved constant distraction. Dwarves and jesters proliferated; packs of French hounds and flights of Icelandic falcons were imported to fill the kennels and cages of the Pope's Campagna estates. But Leo's favourite distraction was undoubtedly his white elephant, a gift from the King of Portugal, which the Pope housed in the Belvedere Gardens. The present was such a success – and resulted in such valuable concessions to the Por-

The Pope's Rhinoceros

by Lawrence Norfolk

Sinclair-Stevenson, £16.99

tuguese Empire – that soon the Spanish and the Portuguese were competing to find a similar gift.

From this rich historical material Lawrence Norfolk has created one of the most ambitious and inventive historical novels to be written since the death of Robert Graves. The plot revolves around the search for the beast with which both the Spanish and the Portuguese hope to secure a Papal bull authorising the conquest of great tracts of the New World: as the Spanish Ambassador remarks early on in the book, "The Pope craves marvels and prodigies before allies and armies. I tell you a dragon, a gryphon and a centaur would secure Africa, the Indies, and the New World, all three." As with Norfolk's last novel-extravaganza, *Lemprière's Dictionary*, sub-plots mushroom unrestrictedly across the globe, with rhinoceros-related intrigues from a collapsing monastery on the Baltic Coast, the jun-



Norfolk: bawdy baroque-punk prose

gles of Benin, the ruins of the Tuscan city of Prato, and a besieged fort in Goa.

All this is brought to life in bawdy baroque-punk prose of marvellous fluency, overlaid with a gloss of heavy-weight erudition encompassing everything from obscure Renaissance sexual practices to the minutiae of canon law. Where else could you come across learned asides on the grafting of green-gages, the working of glaciers and the sacred symbolism of the chameleon?

The linking element in all this – apart from the elusive rhinoceros itself – is the sea. The book positively billows with

trade winds. Boats are a particular distraction: Viking freighters and byrdingers, dragon ships, scaphs and knarrs, the Papal barge and a Mocimbanq sambuq all sail in and out of the plot.

The Pope's Rhinoceros does have its faults. Norfolk's prose is so effusive, his descriptions so full and fluent, that at times the background is in danger of eclipsing the foreground: at one crucial moment in the plot, when the whole search for the papal rhino is in danger of losing itself in the rainforests of the Slave Coast, Norfolk suddenly heads off on a long discussion on fluvial hydraulics.

Lemprière's Dictionary was probably the most internationally acclaimed British first novel to be published for 20 years. If there is a slight sense of disappointment with its successor, that is perhaps inevitable. Norfolk's prodigious gifts are magnificently on display, but there is a severe lack of discipline in the editing: many long-winded or extraneous passages that should have been removed have been left in, and the book is too long by at least a hundred pages. Yet these are small quibbles. For all its faults *The Pope's Rhinoceros* is still an astonishing achievement, little short of a masterpiece.

Cold comfort in the country

Harriet Paterson is deflated by a tale of rural angst

This book marks Penelope Lively's return to novel writing after the autobiographical break of *Oleander and Jacaranda*. The cast have the usual bookish, middle-class occupations favoured in her novels: a writer, a copy-editor, a publisher, a seller of antiquarian volumes. The action is revealed through the eyes of Pauline, a highly independent, divorced woman in her mid-fifties who has retreated to the country for the summer, to be joined by her daughter with husband and child who live in the next-door cottage. Early indications suggest that son-in-law Maurice is already unsatisfactory or untrustworthy in some way: Pauline answers an innocuous question of his with a slight edge to her voice, for example – the kind of emotional hint Lively is so practised at creating.

Pauline is intimate with the processes of betrayal, thanks to her serially unfaithful ex-husband, and she relives her past in parallel with her daughter as Teresa heads towards a similar misery. Recognition prompts Pauline into a series of flashbacks, which reveal that mother and daughter have in turn married the same species of Mr Wrong. The book is partly about the pathology of jealousy, but more so, about how it feels to have to stand back and let your children make their own mistakes, even when they are exactly mirror your own.

Attractive men in Lively's work are often treated with mistrust: in *Heat Wave* the sexually adequate men are faithless schmoozers, whilst the nice man of the piece, Pauline's friend Hugh, is a comfortable old slipper with a negligible sex drive. You can't have it all, she seems to be warning us. The daughter's husband Maurice is a thoroughly recognisable type, superficial charm hiding vanity and manipulative skills, a man afraid of old age, given to making sweeping and largely empty remarks. "Idiot stuff, nature," he pontificates. "A process of weary repetition."

The characters in this book are essentially urban people, who travel to the country with all their city accoutrements. The cottages bristle with computers, fax machines and other technical props. This is in keeping with the satirical element of the book, which revolves around Pauline's assertion that "the cult of rural bliss is a myth."

Heat Wave
by Penelope Lively
Viking, £16

with computers, fax machines and other technical props. This is in keeping with the satirical element of the book, which revolves around Pauline's assertion that "the cult of rural bliss is a myth."

Penelope Lively is closely attentive to landscape and the countryside: but it is the prosaic commercial realities that are most present here. No sooner have we been lulled by the changing light over a rippling field of wheat than we are bluntly given the economic statistics of the farmland: 60 tons of wheat, worth £5000. It is a deliberate tactic of deflation. This is the modern, populated English countryside, land of car boot sales and Happy Eaters.

Expanding her theme of the rural myth, Penelope Lively has Maurice himself writing a book: a history of tourism. This is a plot device of dubious interest, necessitating much visiting of local sights which brought on a bad case of Museum Leg in this reader. More importantly, the author does not link this issue in any meaningful way to the central emotional thrust. On the contrary, the surroundings are a distraction from what is taking place between the various protagonists.

Heat Wave never quite attains the true sense of engagement one is used to from this author, the poignancy of everyday lives made interesting by suffering or love. Everything depends on the quality of the writing, for there is no *Sturm und Drang* to hold the attention, rarely any dramatic confrontations to stir the blood. The most one can muster in support of the wronged wives here is a dull sort of indignation: Teresa is little more than an outline waiting to become a victim. The denouement is also somewhat hurried and over-convenient as a solution. But for Lively's fans, the satirical eye and ear are still there, picking up contemporary mores with the same old skill.

The underwater world of the psyche

Maggie Gee reads a tale of mirrors, mothers and a dreaming Mimi

Jenny Diski is a writer whose half-dozen novels have been characterised by courage, a bleak intelligence and complete originality. The reverse side of that originality is a refusal to charm or comfort the reader, and an impatience with making things up, the novel's normal stock in trade.

In her seventh novel, *Mimi* (one of three interlinked and interchangeable characters whose names play on "me": Mimi, Miriam and Mel) is a middle-aged woman who habitually avoids intimacy by falling asleep. When she decides on impulse to fetch help for a comatose female tramp in a car park, the derelict stranger turns out to be, or echo, Mimi's appalling mother, Leah. So far it might be a parable of the neglected child forced to mother the neglecting parent, forced to give what she has never received. But

The Dream Mistress

by Jenny Diski

Weidenfeld, £15.99

nothing is simple in this book. While unconscious, Leah is re-named 'Bella' by paramedics, and when Bella next appears, she is a much younger victim of a terrorist bomb, left faceless by the explosion, involved in a strange relationship with a man who only loves her when she is completely vulnerable. Yet another version of Bella/Leah is an ex-aqua with a passion for solitude, like Mimi's. Sex, described with a lingering precision and intensity that Diski awards almost nothing else, periodically galvanises both Mimi's and

Bella's lives, and they are linked too by a recurrent theme of leaving and being left.

The narrative is startlingly discontinuous; once you have accepted that, the novel becomes easier to navigate. In the end a mirrored structure emerges, hinted at by a passage where Mimi lies in bed (characteristically) trying to form figures with her legs: "Later, she thought, she would reverse the position of her legs, just for symmetry's sake, even if the 4 it made would be no more than a mirror image of the written sign." It's a novel that is very aware of its own structure, never swept from its moorings by the story.

She's not really interested in individual characters either. The underwater world of the psyche is what she dives for, the deep, oblique structures that make us what we are rather than what we seem to be, the repetitive patterns we cannot

escape. The result for the reader is a mixture of excitement and frustration as one character fragments into another and the floor of the narrative world suddenly drops away beneath our feet.

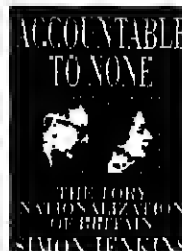
The Dream Mistress is energised by erotic obsession but rarely warmed by love. In some passages I suspect Diski was bored, and the language becomes ponderous and strained. An editor should have cut by half sentences like "The unknown distances trod between the tramp's conclusion and her absent story gave Mimi a vertiginous sense that she might, for all Mimi could fathom, have been someone she had known." But Diski's dry, cool wit holds chaos at bay, and an unexpected unfolding into profound and magical lyricism in the last pages – Mimi's dream of a loag sea-voyage – made me long for more.

Paperbacks

Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst

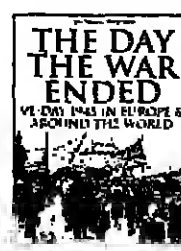
Accountable to None by Simon Jenkins (Penguin, £7.99)

In this cool, impartial analysis, Jenkins probes the real impact of Thatcherite government, which continues little changed under Major. Not only has the public sector "take" from GDP remained stable at 40 per cent since 1970, but government has also tightened its grasp on our public bodies, consistently to their detriment. Jenkins' catalogue of ineptitude and high-handedness in successive areas – education, police, NHS, poll tax, city government – will leave readers seething with indignation. The solution, he says, is a written constitution. Without it, any nation "will lapse into cynicism... the first step to anarchy."



The Day the War Ended by Martin Gilbert (HarperCollins, £8.99)

Hundreds of first-hand accounts of VE Day are expertly woven into a gripping narrative by our greatest historian of 20th century conflict. The tone is darker than might be expected, with the opening of concentration camp gates revealing the "wild nightmare" within. But there is also much joy: a POW thrills to hear Crosby singing "Blue Sides"; an American girl in Paris informs a soldier "Nope, not even on VE Day...". And on a Philippines island, Onoda Hiroo, left behind after the Japanese retreat continues his one-man campaign until ordered to surrender in 1974.



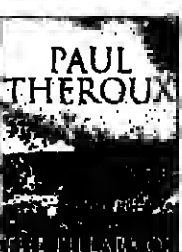
Career Girls by Louise Bagshawe (Orion, £5.99)

Rowena Gordon is blonde, cool, virginal and wants to get into the music business. Topaz Rossi, a red-headed Italian-American with attitude, has her eyes on the editor's chair at *Vanity Fair*. They meet (and fall out) at Oxford over coffee and chocolate hobnobs, and graduate from being screwed by posh English boys on the banks of the Chertwell, to being screwed by brash New Yorkers in 5th Avenue apartments. A blockbuster of the classiest kind – give it to your 14-year-old niece and she'll love you forever (though it may trigger a life-long aversion to post-coital bagels and cream cheese).



The Pillars of Hercules by Paul Theroux (Penguin, £6.99)

While no-one would accuse Theroux of excessive geniality, our acerbic hero's circuit of the Mcd (anti-clockwise from Gih to Tangier) generates less bile than his previous meandering in the South Pacific. Despite his grouchy reputation, Theroux talks to everyone and his vision remains astonishingly fresh. Just occasionally, you wonder where keen observation stops and padding begins but in general, it's superb entertainment. The low point comes not in shell-holed Dubrovnik but in Albania, a place so "filthy and deranged" that Theroux escapes as a stowaway.



Homebush Boy by Thomas Keneally (Sceptre, £5.99)

1952 was the "most succulent and the most dangerous" year of Thomas Keneally's life. This was the year he turned 17 and decided to cast himself in the role of Romantic poet and aesthete extraordinaire. School tie loosened into a cravat, an OUP edition of Gerard Manley Hopkins poetry bulging from his blazer pocket, he wandered the streets of Homebush (a non-descript suburb 15 miles west of Sydney) trying to look like a cross between Thomas Chatterton and Beethoven. What Australian boys were like before *Neighbours*.



At Eighty Two by May Sarton (Women's Press, £8.99)

In this, the last of her journals, poet and novelist May Sarton records her on-going battle with the creative act, and the growing impositions of "real old age". As ever, her diary entries are a seductive combination of domestic detail (anticipating a slice of lemon cake after a morning's work, or watching a Whoopi Goldberg video), and poetic reflections on the New England weather. Unsurprisingly, as she grows older, Sarton dwells increasingly on childhood memories – at one point noting that "even at eighty-one, when you are ill, you want your mother".

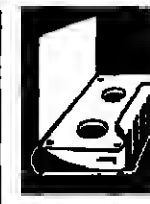


Who's reading whom

Colin Thubron finds a meditation on time, language, exile and identity in Eva Hoffman's *Lost in Translation* (Minerva)

Eva Hoffman's family left the small Jewish community in Krakow in 1959 to start a new life in Vancouver. Her struggle as a young woman to make sense of an alien culture while hanging on to the values of her formative community, is in a sense the dilemma of all exiles. But in the wild campus atmosphere of the 60s when an entire generation

was determined to lose its identity, her attempts to hold on to her roots made her even more isolated. There is a poignant and inevitable sense of something preserved and something lost as she battles to assimilate two worlds, finally accepting the state of "belonging and not belonging" – the lot of all who are forced to leave their homelands to resettle.



Audiobooks

Scoop read by Simon Cadell

Sons and Lovers read by Ian McKellen

Avoid at all costs HarperCollins's abridged audio of Geoffrey Archer's *The Fourth Estate*, a cruel revelation of the weaknesses of the original book. Evelyn Waugh's unabridged *Scoop* (Cover to Cover, 8hrs, £19.99) is infinitely funnier and much more perceptive on the workings of great newspapers. On the other hand,

the abridged D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* (Argo, 3hrs, £7.99) is remarkably good, almost improved by being pruned of purple passages. It is superbly interpreted by Ian McKellen, a reader with the magnetic charm of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Christina Hardymont

Krishnamurti in dialogue with
David Bohm, Bernard Levin,
Iris Murdoch, Chogyam Trungpa,
Jonas Salk and others.

Questioning Krishnamurti

"I feel the meaning of Krishnamurti for our time is that one has to think for oneself and not be swayed by any outside religious or spiritual authorities."

Thorsons Paperback £9.99

A happy blend of the familiar and the exotic

Chalk-white cliffs, calm monasteries, ancient mosaics: Martin Scudamore revelled in the appeal of southern Cyprus

ving through seemingly endless orange groves. If you don't want to hire a car, you should at least take a coach trip into the Troodos mountains, which seem amazingly Alpine, especially when contrasted with the scrubby coast you've left down below. Trips like this are not cheap, but can cover a good selection of places of interest: our Troodos day out included a visit to the famous Kykkos monastery and the tomb of Archbishop Makarios. From the tops of the mountain roads we enjoyed breathtaking views, including the distant misty sweep of a huge bay over the border in Northern Cyprus.



When you've tired of mountains, dip into the wealth of the island's past. The ancient ruins based at Kourion, the city destroyed in the earthquakes of 365 and 639, are in this tiny small area you can sample all sorts of historical treasures: the 2nd-century 3,500-seater amphitheatre, a semi-circle of stone tiers improbably high up, perched over the coastal plain and the sea; the excavated remains of the House of Eustolios, with its baths and mosaics; the nearby early Christian Basilica and the House of the Gladiators, with its own famous mosaic. There's even an early U-shaped stadium (the word derives from a Greek measure of length normally equivalent to 630 ft), where races, discus-throwing and ball games took place.

Another sporting connection: the Palaestra at the sanctuary of Apollo Hylates is less than half a mile away. Tucked in one corner of the site, it's a large sand-floored courtyard surrounded by colonnades. It was used for games and wrestling. There's even a stone pithos in the corner, which contained water for the athletes' refreshment. But the main delight here is the size

There's so much evidence of great human endeavour in the past, but today, despite the gleaming hotels on every promontory, there is a definite air of taking things a little more easy. There's lots of unfinished business, with many smaller buildings abandoned half-built, their concrete skeletons sprouting rusting reinforcing rods. That rather goes with the territory, though the lack of hurry: it's a the culture where people have time to stop and talk. Certainly a restful place to take a holiday - even if a financial shock awaits you when you get home.

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[illegible]



The great Roman site of Salamis, south of Famagusta should be crawling with tourists but even at the height of summer you'll probably have the place to yourself

Photo: Robert Harding

'Inaccessible due to the Turkish occupation.' Well, up to a point

By Simon Calder

If you knew nothing of the painful political wound ripping through the heart of Cyprus, it would not take long to realise that something is awry; just try reaching the self-styled Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus. Greek Cypriot maps are exaggerating when they want that the north of the island is "inaccessible due to the Turkish Occupation", but sometimes it feels as if it is.

There are plenty of reasons for a traveller, naïve or world-weary, to want to visit the last unspoiled shored of a Mediterranean island. Numbers first: 30 times more British visitors holiday in the official Republic in the south than in the north. So the traveller to North Cyprus can be awed by a spectacular crumple of mountain scenery, Roman remains and Crusader relics in splendid solitude – so long as he or she can get there. If you prefer the traditional sun, sea and sand, there are cliché-perfect beaches with barely a soul on them. When the Turks fought for the beaches in 1974, they took all the best ones. As Martin Scudamore reports (opposite), the Republic of Cyprus has done a remarkable job in creating seaside resorts where they really shouldn't be. One real impediment to any political solution for the island is that overnight the hotels in the south would empty as everyone shifted their towels to the far superior beaches of the north. But at the moment, you face a battle to get there.

Check the schedules, and you see no flights link Britain with the former RAF base at Ercan, which serves as the north's airport. (It turns out that there are daily flights, but to mask the real destination they all touch down en route in Turkey, where the passengers stay on board while the flight number changes.) The ferry schedule says there are boats from the ports of Tasucu and Mersin, on Turkey's Mediterranean coast. So you find a cheap charter to Antalya (mine cost £139, including a week's accommodation) and snake your way around the wild coast to Mersin.

Geo-politics become even more perverse here. In the eyes of the international community, North Cyprus does not exist. By definition, it is impossible to send mail to such a place. So the whole Turkish sector of Cyprus is merely a postal district in a dusty and dreary port. "Mersin 10" is the 38 per cent of the island occupied by Turkish

forces following the 1974 invasion. Letters sent there take almost as long as me to reach their destination.

When you try to buy a ticket for the ferry, you discover that an invasion of sorts is continuing. "All services have been taken over by the military for troop movements," I was told. Faced with the choice of signing up or waiting a week, I checked into the nearest gloomy hotel and, next day, tried Tasucu along the coast. Three days after leaving London, I finally arrived in north Cyprus.

It takes a good 10 minutes before you cheer up – the bus from the port into Kyrenia takes this long. Imagine a harbour that defines the word "picturesque", a graceful arc fringed by untamed stonework and protected by a giant sandstone fortress. The blue (oh, all right, oily black) water is filled with a graceful jostle of masts belonging to pastel-painted boats. Add a cast of suitably grizzled old sailors, canoodling couples and the odd tourist, and you have a picture of the Mediterranean that seemed lost to the traveller.

Mass tourism has not left its mark on north Cyprus, but everyone else has. One of the greatest Roman sites resides by the beach south of Famagusta. Salamis should be crawling with tourists, but on a bright and breezy day in May I shared it only with a party of Austrians. So the stern white pillars of the gymnasium, the labyrinthine plumbing of the bath house and the geometric simplicity of the arena were as empty as the builders never intended. This is the one place in the world where you can get from miraculously preserved Roman remains to pristine beach in 10 seconds. Famagusta itself was a largely Greek port until the ethnic exchanges that followed the 1974 invasion, and the conversion to Turkish town has left it feeling like a place in slow decline; only the plump cats appear prosperous, as they prowl and purr beneath the Levantine sun.

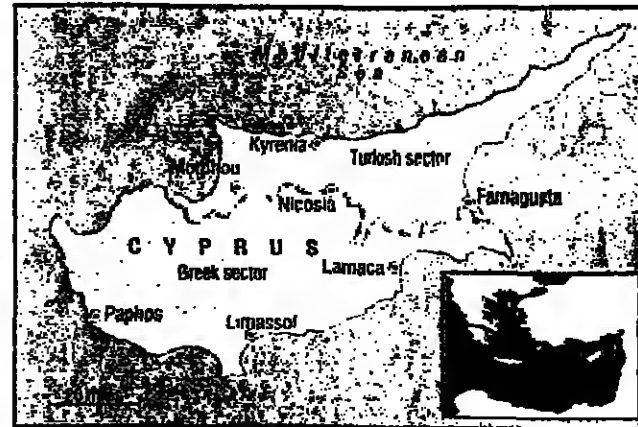
The same sense of having stumbled upon a community enjoying a general municipal siesta pervades the capital, Nicosia. The Green Line tears through the heart of the city, so every side-street seems to end in an ugly tangle of barbed wire. Across the frontier, Nicosia 1996 is thriving noisily and untidily, taking root in the barren hillsides around the city. This side, Nicosia 1974, reveals the

inevitable decay of a city shunned by the rest of the world. Practically speaking, this means that costs are locked into mid-Seventies mode, too. I paid less than £3 a night for a perfectly respectable room, and found it a struggle to spend more than that eating out. Travel around the portions of the island to which you are allowed access is similarly cheap. A ride to Famagusta aboard a battered old minibus imported straight from its duties in the suburbs of Tokyo (hieroglyphic livery intact) cost only 80 pence. Everything seems second-hand, from the trucks – this is where Addyman's Pies and Savouries of Leeds offloads old vehicles – to places of worship. The handsome old cathedral of St Sophia has become the Selimiye mosque, a Moslem altar installed within the Gothic nave and tweaked a bit towards Mecca.

One place where Christianity has been allowed to remain intact is Bellapais. An old abbey, 1,000ft above the glinting coastline, rests in perfect decay at the foot of the small village that Lawrence Durrell made his home in 1953. A serene, solitary proscenium survives somewhere in the heavens, while the cloisters slowly dissolve into the pale earth. Swallows sweep madly around the ruins, pigeons hen-peck each other and lizards laze. Inside the church, dusty old Bibles lie where they fell closed in 1974, when the "Turkish Peace Operation" drove the congregation to the south of the island. When Durrell wrote of the village "lumbering quietly among the foothills, with its ancient bemused courtesies and unworshipful kindnesses", this was an overwhelmingly Greek community; now it is Turkish, but the Tree of Idleness (a stumpy old mulberry) still presides over magnificent amounts of nothing.

It's a steep climb to Durrell's former home. Bitter Lemons, a white-washed, angular house clinging to an uncertain lane, shines out from derelict surroundings. Durrell had long abandoned the island by the time partition came, but his poem *Bitter Lemons* foretells of "beauty, darkness, vehemence". The face of an old man, twisted by time to match the tortured contours of the terrain, smiles thinly in welcome – and tired resignation. A cure for Cyprus's wounds no doubt rests with a generation yet to be born; we, for the present, can merely wonder at the past.

CYPRUS Survival guide



Place names

Throughout these pages, we use the term Republic of Cyprus to refer to the area controlled by the official government of the island. North Cyprus, or simply "the north", refers to the self-styled Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, recognised by no country other than Turkey.

Nicosia is regarded by both sides as the capital, and is named Lefkosa in the Republic and Lefkosa in the north. Famagusta has been renamed Ammochostos by the south and Gazimagusa in North Cyprus. Kyrenia is called, respectively, Kerynka and Girne. Limassol has become Lemesos. We have retained the more familiar original names.

Getting there

Nicosia airport has been closed since 1974. At present, all flights to the island use Larnaca and Paphos in the south and Ercan in the north; note that this is regarded by the authorities in the south as an illegal point of entry to Cyprus (see below).

Republic of Cyprus: Three scheduled airlines fly to the south of Cyprus: Air 2000 (0161-745 4644), British Airways (0345 222111) and Cyprus Airways (0171-388 5411). Fares are around £250 return from London, Birmingham or Manchester.

Numerous operators offer holidays to the Republic. North Cyprus: Relatively few companies offer holidays in North Cyprus. The main operators include Anatolian Sky (0121-633 4013), CTA Holidays (0171-930 4851) and President Holidays (0181-688 7555). Cyprus Turkish Airlines (0171-930 4851) and Istanbul Airlines (0181-759 1818) operate flights from London and Manchester to Ercan airport in North Cyprus. All services touch down in Turkey en route.

Boats depart from Mersin, Tasucu and (in summer) Antalya, subject to Turkish government action. Note that the internationally recognised government of the Republic of Cyprus has declared all the arrival ports in the north to be prohibited points of entry and exit. Prospective travellers to Greece or the Republic of Cyprus whose passports show evidence of a visit to North Cyprus may be refused entry. Accordingly, immigration officials in the north will use a loose sheet of paper for entry and exit stamps rather than marking your passport with incriminating evidence.

Currency

Republic of Cyprus: The Cyprus pound, as Martin Scudamore indicates, is one of the few currencies whose unitary value is higher than sterling. The present rate is £1.40. The limit on the amount of Cypriot currency you could import or export has been abolished.

North Cyprus: In contrast, there are an astonishing number of Turkish lire to the pound: 111,000 at the last count, meaning you can become a millionaire for £9. You are advised to take low-denomination sterling notes and to change only a little at a time, since the lira depreciates rapidly.

Getting around

Public transport on both sides of the line is excellent, comprising collective taxis (cheap and crowded) and buses (cheaper and more crowded). Car hire is around £25 per day.

Crossing the line

The Green Line between the Republic and the North can be crossed at the Ledra Palace checkpoint in Nicosia. You are permitted to make a day trip from south to north between 9am and 6pm. You are obliged to register at the Republic's frontier control on the way across, and pay CY£1 to the officials on the Turkish side.

Travellers originating in the north are not allowed to cross to the south.

Further information

Cyprus Tourism Organisation, 213 Regent Street, London W1R 8DA (0171-734 9822). Tourist offices in the Republic are excellent, especially the one at Larnaca airport which seems to be open all around the clock.

Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus Information Office, 28 Cockspur Street, London SW1 (0171-839 4577). The only tourist office is miles from the centre of Nicosia around the back of the Tourism Ministry and not worth the hassle.

The Travel Show on 30 May (BBC-2, 9pm) will include a report on North Cyprus

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In a few weeks' time the rain will be pouring down on the scarlet stone of the fort in Mandalay. Fat, tropical raindrops will cascade from the 1,200 steps that link the pretty pagodas stretching up the holy hill beyond. Not the ideal time to visit Burma.

By November, though, the military government will be welcoming thousands of tourists, assisted by dozens of British travel companies. The tour operator Steppes East, for example, urges travellers to visit soon. "For anyone contemplating a trip to Myanmar, or Burma as it is perhaps still better known, go now before it changes too dramatically... it will only be a few years before the charm of colonial Burma is replaced by the less attractive side of western investment." There is a downside, we learn, but nothing serious: "Some hotels outside the capital are a little tired".

Some of the Burmese people may be a little tired, too, as Vivien Morgan reported in the *Independent* last year: "This is the reality of life in Burma for hundreds and thousands of people – forced into unpaid work to polish and prettify the country for a tourist boom in 1996."

"In scenes reminiscent of a



SIMON CALDER

biblical Hollywood epic, they labour from dawn to dusk. The prisoners no longer wear leg-irons (though they still do in parts of the country off the tourist map)."

These pages carry travellers' tales from all around the world, but for the moment you will not read about Burma. This is not for lack of expertise; my colleague Harriet O'Brien, Travel Writer of the Year, was in Burma two months ago. She knows the country intimately and will, at some happier point, resume writing about this entrancing country. But while the murderous regime that this week arrested 200 pro-democracy supporters continues to oppress its people in the name of tourism, we will not publish editorial that implies this is a good country to visit.

Six years ago this weekend, the National League for Democracy won a clear election victory. The ruling junta, the State Law and Order Restoration Council,

refused to give up power. Faced with international outrage and a consequent loss of aid, the regime turned to tourism for economic salvation. Visit Myanmar Year 1996 is the traveller's chance to bankroll bankrupt totalitarians.

One powerful argument in favour of tourism rests with its power to spread ideas and thereby ease repression. Another is that visitors ease economic privation among ordinary people; Burma is one of the poorest countries in the world. But Aung San Suu Kyi, leader of the National League for Democracy, is urging tourists to shun "Visit Myanmar Year". And we respect her judgement.

So how can we possibly justify running travel stories on other countries where human rights abuses have taken place: Guatemala, China, and – on this very page – North Cyprus? There is no easy answer. We take seriously our responsibility to the people of the places we write about, and debate minutely the ethics of encouraging travel to particular nations. Mostly, we conclude that the human benefits of individual contacts outweigh the moral costs of supporting reprehensible regimes. But not in a nation where tourism is blatantly built upon human suffering.

PEST CONTROL



Bill Fitzhugh

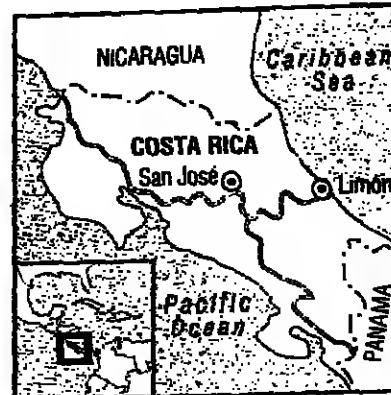
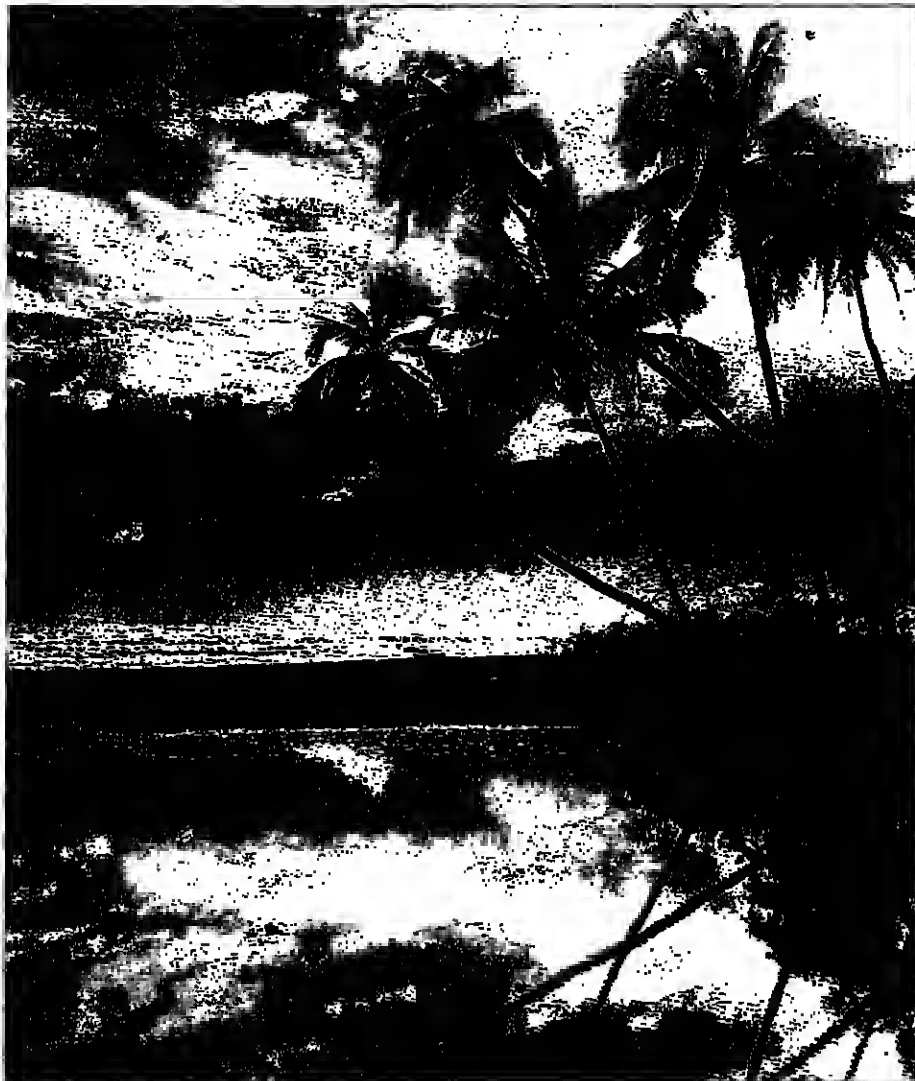
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travel

Face to face with an orange-kneed tarantula

Matthew Brace acquired a healthy respect for wildlife on a journey through the Costa Rican rainforest



How to get there

There are no direct scheduled flights from the UK to Costa Rica. Specialist agencies can offer cheap flights to San José on a variety of airlines; Viasa via Caracas is usually the cheapest. South American Experience (0171-976 6511) is selling a Heathrow-San José return for £508, increasing to £537 next month. Journey Latin America (0181-747 3108) has had a few special deals available on this route for as little as £427, though the company says prices this low are unlikely to be available until the autumn. Steamond (0171-730 8646) has a return London-San José fare of £545 on KLM from numerous UK airports until 19 June, with flights going via Amsterdam.

Who to ask

Send a stamped addressed envelope to the Embassy of Costa Rica, Flat 1, 14 Lancaster Gate, London W2 3LA (0171-706 8844) for a package of tourist information, including maps. Or call Valle Oorado Tours on 00 506 228 9933.

Driving in Costa Rica, my friend Jorge Montero warned me, is a game of chance. If the gaping potholes didn't swallow me, I would strike a tree in mist, misjudge a mountain hairpin bend or be run off the road by the truck driver from hell.

Yet I was on a mission to cross this small Central American country by road. I had planned to drive from its Pacific coast to its Caribbean shores through the diverse natural beauty its citizens call "pura vida", or pure life. Such is the staggering diversity of Costa Rica, that it is one of the world's top eco-tourism destinations, welcoming more than one million foreign visitors a year.

Almost all hire experienced tour-guides like Jorge who shepherd them from one natural wonder to another in convoys of plush 4-wheel-drive Jeeps. However, I wanted the independence of my own vehicle and ended up with a tiny rental car with no number plates and a boot that wouldn't shut.

Heading east from the sweeping beaches of Playa Hermosa on the Pacific coast, I learnt my first lesson with a jolt: keep your eyes on the road. As I watched the dazzling ocean retreat in my rear-view mirror, my tyres took a direct

hit from a pothole the size of a small swimming pool.

Things did not improve at Liberia, capital of the Guanacaste region and a hop, skip and a jump from the Nicaraguan border. Here traffic swings on to the notorious PanAmerican Highway, the world's longest motorable road which winds from Alaska down the west coast of the United States, through Central and South America, and peters out somewhere near Antarctica. The Costa Rican stretch is frantic.

But between near-death experiences, the scenery is stunning. The mountains that make up the central spine of Costa Rica are blanketed in emerald forest. Their peaks snag passing clouds, releasing their moisture.

Each forest is an ecological treasure chest harbouring a fantastic diversity of species. Costa Rica is home to 850 species of birds (including one fifth of the world's 330 species of hummingbird), 1,000 species of butterfly (a tenth of the world's total), and 220 reptiles. All this crammed into a land area two thirds the size of Scotland.

One of the most spectacular parts is the Monteverde Cloud Forest, which lies at the end of a tortuous rocky track high in the Tilaran mountains. The route winds through sugar and

coffee plantations and five-house hamlets with sweet-smelling log-fires and lazy dogs.

Monteverde is a 10,500 hectare biological reserve draped in eerie mist. Although popular, only 100 tourists are allowed into the reserve at a time, and then only into one corner of it. The rest is undisturbed save for the odd tip-toeing botanist.

A peaceful alternative to joining the crowds queuing to enter Monteverde is to head for the nearby but little known Los Angeles Cloud Forest. I found the forest's owner, the former President Rodrigo Carazo, sipping black coffee on the veranda of his lodge overlooking the treetops. He was stressing his concerns for wildlife and how important it was that a quarter of the country was now protected, when our talk was interrupted by the highly appropriate appearance an orange-kneed tarantula that had crawled out of the surrounding undergrowth.

Sr Carazo has employed some of the country's best guides at Los Angeles. Ivan Brenes Cambronero knows the forest so well he can conjure up troops of howler monkeys by imitating their calls and hold tenuous conversations with birds in the trees. From the depths of the Los Angeles forest, the thunderclaps of Arenal,

Costa Rica's most active volcano, can just be heard.

Another bone-crunching drive brings you within reach of it. Hollywood's most creative minds could not have dreamt up a more thrilling scenario than the hike to the base of this rumbling giant. I passed bubbling hot springs, sweated through rainforests infested with much-feared fer-de-lance snakes and clambering over a cooled lava flow. Above me Arenal boomed, sending rocks clattering down its grey cone.

I made my descent to the safety and pampered luxury of the Tabaco Hot Springs Resort down the valley. Here, in the evenings, well-heeled Americans lounge in outdoor jacuzzis, sip their Bahama Mamas and cheer when the volcano crashes and spits red juice from its crater.

But I couldn't linger. My quest for pura vida was only half-completed. I had been offered a "flight through the forest" on the world's first aerial rainforest cable car in the Braulio Carrillo National Park.

Here, Don Perry, an American scientist and pioneer of rainforest canopy research, has built his Rainforest Tram - a converted cable car which cruises through the uppermost branches, 100ft above the forest floor. Riders get breathtakingly close to the forest's inhabi-

tants - toucanettes flit by, eyelash vipers snooze on branches and coatis snuffle about in the undergrowth below.

From Braulio Carrillo, the forests of Costa Rica's eastern mountain slopes sweep down towards the Caribbean, giving way to vast banana plantations near the coast. With every few miles, the temperature and humidity increase. Reggae replaces salsa on the car radio and black faces outnumber Hispanic.

This is the English-speaking part of Costa Rica, where inhabitants are more likely to have their roots in Jamaica than Latin America. Although the people are poorer here, the wildlife is as rich as the rest of the country. Nearby lie the beaches of Tortuguero, a large stretch of virgin coastal rainforest.

The main Caribbean town of Limón, a key trading port, has still not recovered from the 1991 earthquake which damaged it badly. Such was the force of the quake (7.4 on the Richter scale) that the coral reef running off-shore was thrust up four feet above the waves.

Just before the beach, the road I had followed from the Pacific gave up in a whirl of dust. I had reached the end of my trek. The sun set, the Caribbean sea crashed on to the sand and a barman served me a cold beer. Pura vida.

This week in

THE INDEPENDENT

This week and every week, Section Two has a new look, with more pages, new features, a daily radio column and an expanded listings section providing Britain's most comprehensive daily guide to going out.



on Monday

A new regular section, Family Life, that deals with the interests and problems of parents and children. Julie Myerson's column also focuses on home life. Plus: a new series - Do we need? - which challenges the icons of modern Britain. And, every Monday unrivalled coverage of the expanding world of information technology in our Network pull-out section.

and in Sport

A 24-page tabloid section with all the action from the weekend's sporting action. Plus: the Monday interview in which a leading figure comes under the microscope, an unbeatable results service, gossip, speculation and fact from behind the scenes and the best in sports photography.

on Tuesday

How well are you? The first in a three-part series which examines healthy living in Britain in the

Nineties. Also on Tuesday, fashion, architecture, visual arts and media.

on Wednesday

Bridget Jones's diary continues to chronicle the encounters and exquisite embarrassments in the life of Britain's most-read spinster. Plus: the midweek travel section, your money, finance

and law. In our back pages, Martin Newell, Britain's leading rock poet, and Neil Kerber, one of the country's funniest cartoonists, present their views of the modern world.

on Thursday

All our regular features, including Virginia Ironside's Dilemmas, John Walsh's column, plus film, education

and graduate plus. In the back pages, William Hartston's history of the world in 10 1/2 inches

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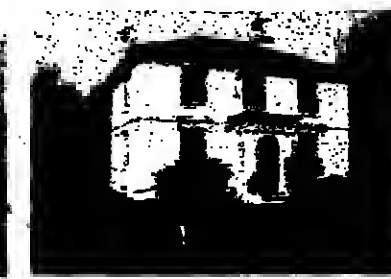
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Offers in the region of £235,000 for the freehold interest.



HASTINGS

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Offers in the region of £235,000 for the freehold interest.

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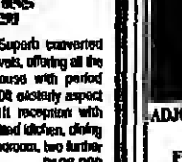


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They came to SW19

What do tennis stars look for in a Wimbledon rental? By Penny Jackson

In Wimbledon village, you are more likely to step in a dollop of horse manure than on a food carton. Riders from the Common bob along a parade of shops that is more market town than London suburb, while takeaway outlets, like ill-bred relatives, are banished down the hill to Wimbledon town. Once a year, though, all Wimbledon basks in the reflected glory of tennis. Differences narrow as everyone, downhill and uphill, finds a bonus in being the centre of the world's attention for two weeks.

Few benefit more than the owners of houses close to the All England Lawn Tennis Club who are willing to rent their homes. While most of us are familiarising ourselves with the performance of this year's top seeds, they are clearing out – often leaving Wimbledon altogether – so the players, television companies and journalists can move in. Their concerns are less likely to be whether Becker will make it to the finals, but more whether his wife will like the colour of the bedroom.

Susan Carstensen is one of those preparing to rent her house out for the first time. She and her husband and two young children are going away for four weeks while one of the world's top 10 players moves into their two-year-old Octagon home on Wimbledon Common. "It is a fantastic way to make easy money. We will earn £2,000 a week which will pay the mortgage for a few months. We go to Denmark every year anyway, but there are people who move to friends or cheap rented accommodation for the tennis weeks. It's certainly no trouble for us. The player renting our house has two

children the same age as ours, which is perfect. The only thing we have to do is to move our clothes into one room and give the house a good clean."

However, more people want to rent out their homes than there are takers. According to Joanna Doniger of the agency Tennis London, many people have unrealistically high expectations. "Even a top player is not going to pay more than £3,000 a week. That has to be a very smart house with at least five bedrooms close to the courts and in its own land for complete privacy. Players are not particularly fussed about pools, though. Our highest rental is £4,000 a week for a corporate letting."

The amount most players pay is about £1,500. The house has to be immaculate; they'll be an almighty row if it's not. And they don't like clutter. The one thing they all absolutely insist on is a power shower. They also want to be close to the village because they love the atmosphere there in the evening," says Ms Doniger.

"The fact is, tennis players have to be realistic, after all they may be knocked out in the first week. Players always feel they are being ripped off, and owners that they are not getting enough."

Although Tennis London, and other agencies, take 15 per cent commission, a private no-contract, no-deposit deal with unknown tenants can prove expensive. Wimbledon has its share of burnt fingers.

Serious money is not within the grasp of most residents. But the trickle down from the tennis honeypot spreads widely. A driveway rented out for parking contributes nicely to household funds. Some let their gar-

den and house for daytime functions while others turn their homes into B&Bs.

The congregation of St Mary's Church displays particular commercial enterprise. It turns its field into a car park with volunteer attendants, and sets up food stalls supplied by rotas of baking and sandwich-making parishioners. And at the end of two weeks they can expect to share out some £15,000 between three charities and the church.

It is just the sort of community effort which Robert Holmes, a Wimbledon estate agent, believes draws people to the area and keeps them there. "Most of the people buying and selling are within Wimbledon itself. It is not unusual to have a chain of four properties all within SW19. There is a great demand for period houses within the village and they are selling for the full asking price. A two-bedroom cottage on the Common will go for at least £300,000. We sold one recently for more than £400,000."

The advice of the agent John D Wood to those with more limited funds is to get a foothold in a good street closer to the town and station, where there are some small conservation areas. Buyers might be nearer Southfields or Raynes Park than the All England Club, but for those at the right end of the right road, it's still SW19 and it counts.

The chances are that such buyers will work their way up the housing ladder until they get to the Common at the top. And those who have paid a premium to be there will at least have the comfort of knowing that for a few weeks in June every year they call the shots.



Boris Becker leaves his rented Wimbledon house

Photo: Ken McKay

Net returns what's on the market



A Wimbledon house that would have no problem earning its keep for a few weeks of the year is on the market with a £1m price tag. Only a live-minute walk from the All England Club, the large, detached Thirties house (above) has its own grass tennis court in almost half an acre of grounds. This isn't the only feature that might appeal to an itinerant tennis star: its five bedrooms and bathrooms are likely to boast a power shower or two. It is being sold by Robert Holmes & Co (0181-947-9833). While closer to the village, the same agents have a two-bedroom early 19th-century cottage on their books at £165,000.

Between the village and Southfields, but close to Wimbledon Park and the Common, John D Wood (0181-944-7172) has a six-bedroom house and a garden stocked with rare plants. It was thought to be built for the manager of a local farm. Guide price is £550,000.

Meanwhile, for those with tennis on their minds north of the border, property here comes rather cheaper. An eight-bedroom house in Be'nness, 30 minutes from Edinburgh, has a court – overgrown though it is at present. The stone-built Candene House also has a cottage in the grounds. It is being sold by D12 Debenham Thorpe (0141 226 5241) for offers over £190,000.

bank holiday jumbo crossword

by phi

Cryptic

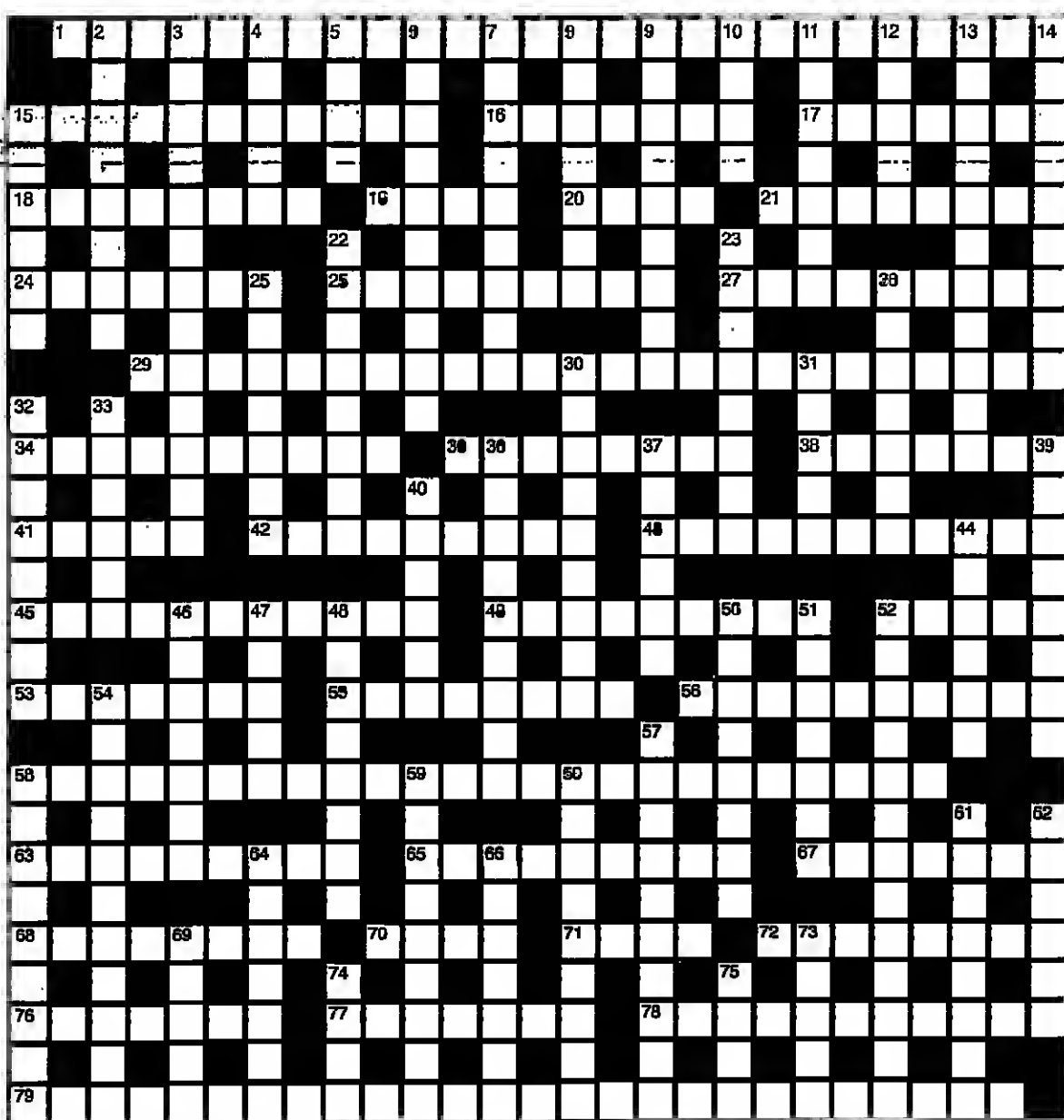
Across

- 1 'Such a stupendous flier etc' originating in later fancy by male in humorous short story (3,6,4,2,6,5)
- 15 Try carbine rounds before heading for cover in area where forces operate (11)
- 16 Ease always returning after priest's brought in (7)
- 17 Describing early electric work, see ring at length reversed in charge (7)
- 18 Is apary about deserted, being shattered? (8)
- 19 Spot associated with telepathy? (4)
- 20 Those against leader of entourage tucking into endless grub (4)
- 21 Particular clique mobbing monarch in county (8)
- 24 French city – one involved in various roles (7)
- 26 Attention given to point about British being of this planet? (9)
- 27 Fails to be busy about start of sales, showing lack of favour (9)
- 29 Father's advice to be in the second wave, expressed in song (2,3,4,6,3,3)
- 34 Chemist – drug he put in a carboy giving off unpleasant smell (10)
- 35 Artist in bed clutching a protective covering (8)
- 38 Item of jewellery forcing a way into hole in skin needing to be returned (3-4)
- 41 Cheat with power is a rascal (5)
- 42 Pirate etc. at work to produce small-scale explosions (9)
- 43 Ruined state left one inhabiting front of dodgy building (11)
- 45 Manage to take in a street giving various views (11)
- 49 Creature painter returning a bird to register (9)
- 52 A historical period recalled by amphitheatre (5)
- 53 Raise tax introduced in European sheltered zone (7)
- 55 Famous actor can attend grand opening (8)
- 56 Religious rebel – one shuns occasional wandering in front of entrance to temple (10)
- 58 Dog indicated by line in hymn? (3,5,2,1,0,3)
- 63 Affirm part of roof's letting in bit of blizzard? That can be avoided (9)
- 65 Group of lines: fish swallows end (9)
- 67 A majority will accept Romeo initially with one lover (7)
- 68 Huge ancient creature stood uncomfortably in middle of chap – (8)
- 70 ...chap that's a blockage... (4)
- 71 ...and one that's part of another, I conclude (4)
- 72 Playing polo, man and I? (8)
- 76 Shaping metal – as to lubrication, I declined (7)
- 77 Caribbean song – title incomplete – ring agent back (7)
- 78 Lax in morals? Elected Government setting standards! (11)
- 79 Never giving the location of the answer! (10, 3,2,3,8)

Down

- 2 Ghastly p-part of skeleton in pit (8)
- 3 Post on the board? Spy this career move (13)
- 4 Boat made of tin? Shell of one (5)
- 5 Merit attention with introduction of novelty (4)
- 6 See copper, Australian, living at Torrens? (10)
- 7 What's this plant for? It's hay when processed (9)
- 8 Fero (line) – King (or Queen) leading nation in circles (7)
- 9 Neuter who messily – and to what point? (9)
- 10 Heartless massive has an ugly look (4)
- 11 Underhand, ousting leader, installing new, wanting another's power? (7)
- 12 Fight? See me taking shelter (5)
- 13 Radio equipment providing volume in broadcast of recent airs (11)
- 14 My cat has changed, note – he's at home on water! (9)
- 15 Cry raised a lot in US city (6)
- 22 Appear again to give them a little work in endless rush (2-6)
- 23 1 party further into the night (my gods are strange!) (8)
- 25 Like some rocks I left in setting of faithfully reproduced diamonds mostly (7)
- 28 That woman appears in second picture of a ball (7)
- 30 Academic goes round one foodstore for common plant (9)

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- 31 Crucial invention from Welsh rogue (5)
- 32 Caught donkey rearing amidst horse killing (8)
- 33 Space to kill mother (6)
- 36 Notice a chap truly ignoring sport fixated (9)
- 37 Trial of French in language exam (6)
- 39 New worker in prisons flags (8)
- 40 Hollywood industry workers turning up in clutches of spy network (6)
- 44 Last one upset by O'Neill hero? (6)
- 46 Information on machine English notice during disastrous battle (4-3)
- 47 Bantrum, say, is noticed audibly (5)
- 48 Elected? Odds on one Communist being struck by an idea (8)
- 50 Travelling to China and Spain? Not determined (8)
- 51 Mediterranean country is one surrounded by fish (7)
- 52 Reinterpreting historical age? That's nothing for one – such as me? (13)
- 54 News seldom travels round capital of Russia – there's a mechanism for slowing things down (7,4)
- 57 Very high power sound from bird, one on top parts of tall hornbeam (10)
- 58 Greek – a male graduate's nervous reaction regarding linguistic structure (9)
- 59 Animal's limb not well placed in activity (9)
- 60 By implication, detail was less audible (6,3)
- 61 Asian resident getting half-hearted encouragement in love (8)
- 62 Powerful holy man taking on sin, not weak (6)
- 64 Fetched vandal to hack into telephone company? (7)
- 66 Bound to go round record tannery feature (7)
- 69 Window, round, that is situated between opposite sides (5)
- 73 A number of people who come to see a stone (5)
- 74 What could indicate a "Pass"? (4)
- 75 Question after polluted air is noted in the country (4)

Concise

Across

- 1 Song from The Tempest (5,3,3,5,5,4,1)
- 15 Put in concise form (11)
- 16 Canadian city (7)
- 17 Coastal town (3-4)
- 18 Glad it didn't happen (8)
- 19 Activity (4)
- 20 Oven (4)
- 21 Caviar fish (8)
- 24 Child minders (7)
- 26 Last day of four months (9)
- 27 Shoulderpiece (9)
- 29 Exuberant guest (3,4,3,4,2,3,5)
- 34 Showman (10)
- 35 The letter H? (8)
- 38 Wooden framework (7)
- 41 Lawful (5)
- 42 South American country (9)
- 43 Very upsetting (11)
- 45 Something wanted (11)
- 49 Travelling (9)
- 52 Stop (5)
- 53 Subsequent (7)
- 55 Saving (8)
- 56 Open to attack (10)
- 58 First line of nursery rhyme (7,7,6,4)
- 63 Consider (9)
- 65 Any evening (Mon-Fri) (4-5)
- 67 Irreligious (7)
- 68 Apportion (8)
- 70 In attendance (4)
- 71 Formerly (4)
- 72 Skin graze (8)
- 76 Inclined type (17)
- 77 Greek letter (7)
- 78 Sound expert (11)
- 79 Unlikely to prove profitable (3,4,2,3,5,3,6)

Down

- 2 Interrupting a speaker (8)
- 3 Filling again (13)
- 4 Agreement not to fight (5)
- 5 Brio (4)
- 6 Working from the mains (10)
- 7 Very wet (9)
- 8 Rust (7)
- 9 Steward (hist.) (9)
- 10 Owl sound (4)
- 11 Name of trilingual stone (7)
- 12 Part of flight (5)
- 13 Artery clogger? (11)
- 14 With great attention (9)
- 15 Mission (6)
- 22 Very bot (8)
- 23 Like many trees in winter (8)
- 25 Dried grape (7)
- 28 Withoin a rim (7)
- 30 Rusting (9)
- 31 One who detests (5)
- 32 Knock out of place (8)
- 33 Flavourings (6)
- 36 Religious song (9)
- 37 Rotten (6)
- 39 Joined metal (8)
- 40 Hatred (6)
- 44 Cooked in hazing alcohol? (6)
- 46 One who boozes (7)
- 47 Cad (5)
- 48 Giving a toss (8)
- 50 Complete (8)
- 51 Rips into pieces (5,2)
- 52 Working together (13)
- 54 Sparkle (11)
- 57 Horse-drawn carriage (10)
- 58 Health worker (9)
- 59 US state (3,6)
- 60 Possessor of an estate? (4-5)
- 61 Of kin (8)
- 62 Murdered Beetle (6)
- 64 Performer (7)
- 66 Facial feature (3-4)
- 69 Porcelain (5)
- 73 Fundamental (5)
- 74 Employer (4)
- 75 Ark builder (4)

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Who said that stockbrokers never produce any worthwhile investment research? Professional fund managers will quickly tell you that the tons of stockbroker research that pours into their offices every day is second-rate and worthless. The bulk of it ends up, unread and unwanted, in the wastepaper basket.

Is that fair? My impression is that brokers' research is actually now rather better than it was – certainly better edited and laid out, but also more rigorous and professional in its analysis.

There are occasional gems to be found amidst all the dross. For example, I have been poring over a fascinating piece of work from James Capel, one of the stronger research-led brokers still left in the City.

What Capel's set out to test was what use conventional market valuation measures are in assessing the likely future direction of the stock market. Most investors are familiar with the traditional value indicators, such as a dividend yield, the P/E (price/earnings) ratio and the gilt/equity ratio.

More sophisticated investors may also now be looking at other indicators such as discounted cash-flow models, advance/decline ratios and so on. There is really no shortage of candidates and everyone has their own favourite.

But do any of them really have any value? For comparing individual shares, the standard valuation measures such as yield and P/E ratios are clearly helpful. But when it comes to



JONATHAN DAVIS
INVESTMENTS

predicting the market's overall future direction, the answer – Capel's research confirms – is that they are of next to no use at all. In fact, they may be positively misleading!

Take Wall Street, for example. The dividend yield of the market is now, as has been pointed out here many times, lower than it was before either the 1929 or 1987 stock market crashes. But that has not stopped the market powering ahead. Those who failed to be fully invested in Wall Street last year have paid a high price in missed opportunity since.

The same goes for the market's P/E ratio, says Capel's. In 1992, this reached a near all-time high, with prices on average nearly 23 times current earnings, roughly double the long-run historical average. Yet those who took that as an unmistakable sell signal would have missed out on an even bigger advance than those who waited for the dividend yield to drop below 3 per cent.

The reason is that whatever signal the P/E ratio may have been giving, in the event it was drowned out by other, more powerful influences – notably, in the case of Wall Street, the start of a strong surge in company profits and the relentless decline in both short and long-term interest rates.

A similar story can be told for nearly every other traditional market indicator in all the world's main markets. One that has done quite well, Capel's finds, is the ratio between the yield on short-dated gilts and the average dividend yield on the FT All-Share Index.

Every time, bar once, that this ratio has risen above 2.5 times, it has marked a peak in American share prices.

But, alas, even this seemingly robust indicator has its flaws. It's been good at calling the top of the market, but has given absolutely no warning of any of the market's troughs during the same 23-year period.

The general conclusions of Capel's statistical analysis are:

• That no single indicator of market value has any real predictive power;

• That although all measures eventually revert to their long-term average level, you cannot safely assume that they will do so on any one or two-year time horizon;

• That the most powerful force at work in shaping equity values around the world is the level of interest rates, but even they only begin to have predictive powers if you already know where we are in the current invest-

ment cycle. In which case, of course, who actually needs them?

A blunter way of putting this conclusion is to say that "market timing" – trying to guess the future level of the stock market – simply does not work. Most investors, I suspect, are well aware of this, if only intuitively. The scientific evidence is certainly irrefutable. The Capel study is only the latest to underline this point.

But will it stop people trying to have a go at market timing, using whatever indicators they want? Of course not. Private investors do not have the inclination and professional fund managers have no freedom to stop trying to call the market's turns.

The latter are judged by and remunerated by their performance against the market as a whole and they have no choice but to try and beat it from year to year.

The reason I applaud James Capel for its outstanding latest piece of research – it is thoroughly analysed and full of fascinating historical detail – is the fact that the research has been produced by the broker's strategy team.

What is their job? To advise their professional institutional clients on where the market will be in six months to a year's time (for the record, the Capel's strategist Peter Oppenheimer and his team think that both Wall Street and the London market have further to go and are still in an earnings-driven phase).

It may be impossible, but at least the Capel boys are prepared to give this thanks, if not impossible, task their best shot.

Fun for the fundseeker

William Gleeson looks into investments with a touch of flair

Having fun while making money is the investor's idea of heaven. If you are looking for something more exciting than widget-makers, you could do worse than consider a punt on smaller companies such as pubs, football clubs and lingerie retailers.

Bear in mind that shares in small companies are notoriously volatile, and out for the risk-averse. But they are not as well researched as bigger companies, the managements are not well known, and the small investor can still spot growth stocks before they do their growing.

One good place to look is the Alternative Investment Market, the coliseum market set up by the Loo-doo Stock Exchange almost a year ago. Alternatively, buy into a smaller companies unit or investment trust. But then you don't get to choose your favourite sector.

Despite initial scepticism in some quarters AIM has fared well during its first year of life. It now has 142 companies listed on it with a combined market capitalisation of £3bn.

Andrew Griffiths edits the *AIM Newsletter*. He believes AIM provides immense opportunity for investment growth for those prepared to take the risks. "You can either lose your trousers or make loads of money," he says.

Celtic Football Club shares are an example of how smaller company shares can vastly outperform those of larger companies. Since the shares joined AIM in late 1995 they have leapt from a price of £66 each to £175 now. And football club shares can be fun to own if you are a football fan, anyway.

Another fun area which has had a good press recently is pubs and themed restaurants. Paul Slattery, an analyst at Kleinwort Benson, says: "Pubs and restaurants have had a strong run, but there are good opportunities left still."

For those who like their beer in traditional, warm surroundings rather than the chrome and neon of some modern pubs, the performance of the Old English Pub Company is cheering. One of the first companies to join the market in June last year at 54p, it now trades at 120p. The company's



Rising stars: Celtic Football Club's shares have almost trebled in less than a year

chief executive spends his time touring the country looking for run-down old pubs with potential. When he finds one he sets out to recreate the old-world atmosphere, with real logs in the fire grate. All serve up large helpings of home-made food. The company currently takes on a couple of pubs a month.

For those looking for a little more from a pub than just somewhere cosy to sit and drink beer, there is Surrey Free Inns. They joined the market at 85p and are now 225p. Based in the South of England the company is setting out to establish a new breed of pub, dubbed the superpub. They come with more space, more food and less music. The company's flagship is The Farmhouse in Portsmouth. As well as being a large pub it has a 73-bedroom hotel, an American themed restaurant and, oddly enough for a pub, sports facilities.

But it's not all necessarily good news among smaller companies. Like the Memory Corporation, which repairs faulty computer memory chips. Its shares had hit a 595p high in late 1995. But then the market for memory chips collapsed and the share price has since fallen to 147p.

Investing in any one company

always brings the risk that should that company not perform then you can lose much of your money. A safer way into the AIM market is through AIM-based investment trusts. "This way you don't put all your eggs in one basket," says Mr Griffiths. The only one to invest exclusively in AIM is run by Ivory and Sims Baronsmead. Other smaller companies unit and investment trusts spread their nets a little wider, into the main market as well.

Whispers about a potential bidder are often enough to send smaller share prices up. One such rumour currently doing the rounds concerns Pizza Express. Since flotation in January 1995 the company has hardly put a foot wrong. The word in the City is that with more than 100 outlets around the country the business might be ripe for the managers who own it to cash in their investment by selling to a brewer. Such a deal could see a substantial premium to the current share price of 372p.

And if you want something a little more exotic try La Senza, which retails lingerie on the high street. The company has just raised £20m on AIM to finance the opening of 152 new stores over five years. Issued at 150p the shares are trading at 155p.

StMichael

RESULTS FOR THE FINANCIAL YEAR 1995/96

GROUP PROFIT
BEFORE TAX
UP 7.2% AT
£994 MILLION.

(FROM CONTINUING OPERATIONS)

DIVIDEND PER SHARE UP 11%.
(4 YEAR GROWTH OF 61%)

PROFITS FROM OVERSEAS & FINANCIAL
ACTIVITIES NOW 12% OF TOTAL.

"We have maintained significant profits growth. With signs of improving consumer confidence we are well placed to benefit from the revival. I am confident we will continue growing the business solidly and profitably."

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE STATEMENT
BY THE CHAIRMAN
SIR RICHARD GREENBURY

MARKS & SPENCER

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Flemings Save & Prosper	Nil	11.5%	£115.71
NatWest Visa	£12	22.9%	£226.12
Midland Visa	£12	22.3%	£220.40
First Direct Visa	£10	19.5%	£195.62
MBNA	Nil	18.9%	£188.75



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Secure cover against outrageous fortune

Tom Tickell looks at how to protect a fete against cruel fate



No silver lining: Bad weather can turn a summer event into a heavy liability

Photograph: Emma Beam

Accidents do not just happen any more. In an increasingly writ-happy Britain, victims are ever more likely to find someone to sue. Ben Smoulders, wheelchair-bound after his injuries in a rugby scrum, recently won £1m from the referee in charge of the game, whom courts found liable. As the summer events season gets into its stride, organisers need to think about the hazards which can turn a dream day into a nightmare – and perhaps insure against them.

Sometimes fate just seems bloody minded – as in Dartmoor last weekend. More than 1,000 teenagers taking part in the Teo Tors trek had to be rescued, many of them by helicopter, after storm-force winds, driving rain and snow combined to produce the worst weather for 10 years. The Army, which had organised the event, had to call it off. No one could hold the organisers responsible for the weather – and the rescue itself was completely successful. But it is a reminder of how the best-run events can go sour.

People running charity barbecues, fetes or gymkhanas may be more concerned with heavy rain, which can cost them hundreds of pounds, than with insurance claims, which could run into hundreds of thousands. But they do happen. The marquee at one village fete collapsed recently, which brought in several claims for injuries and also damaged a couple of valuable roulette tables. Finally the insurers received three claims for psychological damage from people who had started to suffer from claustrophobia after being trapped.

"Name any type of event, and somewhere it has gone disastrously wrong," says Mark Bishop of Cornhill, one of the biggest insurers in the field. "We recently had to pay a claim after badly cooked food at a county fair caused a salmonella

outbreak. Carelessness often causes trouble. One woman who had gone to a gymkhana in stilettos heels hurt her foot badly after her high heel went through a cattle grid, covered by a sack."

Occasionally insurers get two disasters for the price of one. A bouncy castle was blown over in a strong wind last year, not only injuring a child but damaging a set of antique motor cycles next to it. So hills were considerable.

In the past most insurers offered events cover, but some pulled out in the early Nineties after a heavy series of claims on what is low premium business. Cornhill, Commercial Union and Sun Alliance are three big companies which still provide it and many Lloyd's syndicates will accept the risk.

How much will the insurance cost? That depends partly on the type of event. Cornhill wants a basic £70 for insurance up to £1m for barbecues, fetes or flower shows lasting less than two days – the cheapest available. Organisers who want to take the belt and braces approach need only spend £10 more to double the limit.

Gymkhanas, field events and donkey derbies cost slightly more. This time, insurance bills work out at £80 for £1m-worth of cover. Sponsored walks, fun runs and tractor engine rallies come top of the range. Even for one day events, the liability bill can work out at £100.

Liability claims have certainly risen since British solicitors were allowed to operate on a no-fault no-fee basis, where they are only paid if the action proves successful. Professional groups are taking note. After the damages were awarded against the rugby referee, the National Union of Teachers told members in any insurance doubt last week to stop supervising games until they had checked their employers had taken out liability cover for them.

Local education authorities do so automatically. But the NUT claims it may be a grey area in some grant-maintained schools or sixth form colleges.

Anyone with a house and contents policy has at least some liability insurance, normally up to £1m-£2m. But the buildings cover only applies to claims which arise from the property itself – if someone trips over badly fitting carpet and falls down the stairs breaking an arm, for instance. People injured by slates falling from a dilapidated roof will certainly have a claim, though insurers will not pay out if high winds in a storm happen to dislodge them.

The liability insurance is wider with contents policies and it will certainly pay for accidents in the house. One woman recently sued her husband, after he had failed to mend the defective lock on a window. Their baby had got through the window on to a flat roof. The woman had fallen off the roof in course of the rescue and was so badly hurt she has to live in a wheelchair – and sued her husband for negligence. She won her case and the couple's contents insurer has paid her a six-figure sum.

But the liability cover does not stop at the front door. It will apply if your carelessness in walking across a road leads a driver to crash into a lamp post. If motorists damage people, or damage property, third party insurance will always apply. A fall-back provision applies, even if the car is uninsured, for a trade body – the Motor Insurers' Bureau – will then pick up the bills.

The basic liability insurance, which applies to almost everyone, is distinctly compartmentalised. It certainly will not apply to jobs or charity events. In a world where people are more inclined to sue, taking liability insurance even on small risks allows you to be safe and not poverty-stricken.



LOOSE CHANGE

Lloyds Bank has increased the ceiling on its low-cost graduate loan scheme from £3,000 to £5,000 and extended the repayment period from three years to five. Up to £700 is interest-free in the first year and £350 in the second year. The overdraft rate is 1.14 per cent a month.

Derbyshire BS is offering a choice of cash-backs of up to £3,000 or 2.9 per cent off its variable-rate mortgages for two years for loans up to 75 per cent of valuation and 3.2 per cent off on loans under 75 per cent of the valuation. A commitment fee is refunded on completion and there is no valuation fee.

Standard variable rate is currently 6.99 per cent.

Black Horse Financial Services is launching a new Premier Distribution Bond providing monthly income and interest of 6 per cent escalating to 9 per cent over five years. Capital will be returned in full if the FT-SE 100 index grows by 4.6 per cent compound.

Premier Fund Management and John Govett (Jersey) are offering an Equity Protector which uses options to guarantee a maximum loss of 2 per cent if the stock market falls, combined with a return of 140 per cent to 190 per cent of any gains. The

bond is renewable every 90 days.

Mortgage Express is launching a Let and Buy mortgage to allow people in negative equity to let their property and borrow to buy somewhere else to live. Up to 75 per cent of the new loan to value is charged at 1.5 per cent over base rate, up to 95 per cent is charged at 1.75 per cent over base. A letting service is available and rental income is included in eligibility calculations.

Direct Line is marketing its Tracker FEP nationally. Minimum investments are £30 a month or £500. There

is no initial charge. The management charge is 1 per cent a year reducing to 0.75 per cent after five years, and a 0.5 per cent exit charge.

HSBC is launching a new PIPEP offering all growth in the FT-SE 100 index over five years plus a 33 per cent bonus.

Guinness Flight is offering a reduced initial charge of 3.5 per cent on investments over £2,000 in its Global Privatisation Trust before the end of June.

Travel agent Going Places will buy back any unused foreign currency notes sold by any of its 700 shops without charging commission.

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SCOTTISH WIDOWS



Doctor Who 8:30pm-BBC1. Paul McGann (above) steps into the seminal sci-fi role in natty Victorian threads for this American-produced movie, where the Tardis rematerialises in San Francisco on the eve of the millennium. Eric Roberts (yes, Julia's brother) takes over from Anthony Ainley as the Doctor's evil foe, The Master (5:00pm-4:00pm). An Evening In With Billy Connolly (7:30pm-BBC2: Big Yin gets to schedule a whole night's worth of delightful television, featuring himself being funny all over the world) (5:00pm).

Network First 10.40pm ITV. Meet the seventh Earl of Carrington, who needs to raise £2m annually to run his stately pile. He's tried medieval banquets, and opening his home to the public; but at the moment only the stud farm is turning a profit (24/9/94).

Public Property 7.30pm BBC2 (above). A new six-part series which aims to test whether famous sites of architecture can be transformed. Inner-city buildings in Britain. Today: Piers Gough tackles a Birmingham café (6/4/95).

Secrets of Lost Empires 9pm **BBC2** (above). First of an intriguing series trying to unravel the archaeological mysteries of famous old structures such as, tonight, Stonehenge. Last summer, a team of experts and volunteers got together in Wiltshire to try to build one of the stone arches using only ropes and levers... (280436).

Bad Boys 9.30pm **BBC1**. Jan Patterson, creator of *Ruby K. Nesbitt*, has come up with this new six-part comedy drama about Cockney ex-con Karl Howman trying to go straight. (274436)

SAS — the *Soldiers' Story* spin ITV (above). Cashing in on the Andy McNab-generated enthusiasm on the public's (and Michael Portillo's) behalf for all things SAS, this new series has ex-members discussing missions in detail. Tonight, the 1980 Iranian Embassy siege (3363).
Witness Spin C4. Melissa Stewart, who killed her violent husband and was imprisoned for manslaughter, is one of those interviewed in tonight's film which asks whether abused women who retaliate are treated too harshly (7905).

Jack and Jeremy's Real Lives 10.30pm C4. First in a pleasant-looking new series, wherein Jack Dee and Jeremy Hardy (*above*) play a different pair of characters in whimsical but sort-of-political playlets each week. Tonight they are rather surreal blue-blooded brothers, who decide to visit a housing estate's great unwashed (941054). **Film:** *Respecting Henry* (Mike Nichols 1991 US) 10.20pm BBC1. Harrison Ford and Annette Bening in an affecting fable of psychological trauma (464144).

Radio

by Robert Hanks

Brussels Goes Bananas 11:30am R4. Two Belgian hipsters improvise their way around London, testing British reactions to the European Union, and generally testing xenophobia wherever they go. Weird stuff, and no mistake.

All Who Sail in Her 9pm R2: The 60th anniversary of the Queen Mary's maiden voyage celebrated by Prince Michael of Kent, with memories from such celebrities as Larry Adler. This one has "unmissable" stamped all over it.

Voices from a French Village 8.15pm R4.
Gillian Tindall presents a portrait of life in rural France in the 19th century, drawn from love letters found in a deserted house in the village of Chessignoles, in Berry.

Hitting the Jackpot 7.20pm R4. First of three programmes, to be spread over the next year, following the lives of six lottery winners.
The 1996 Analysis Lecture 8pm R4. Paul Kennedy on the problems of the global market.

Was That Teenager 10am R4 FM. Hunter Davies persuades notable people to look back at their adolescence, starting with Lady Longford, who remembers growing up in the Twenties, when children were children until they were 18.

Sunday television and radio

BBC 1

- 7.05 **REEL** *Harlow's Point* (Jack B Hively 1968 US).
Leslie's last studio work, a 90-minute shot
Jim Henson's *Animal Show* (S) (4576862).
- 8.25 **PLAYDAYS** (R) (S) (6345997).
- 9.10 **News, Weather** (8710591).
- 9.15 **Italianissimo** (R) (9475607).
- 9.30 **This Multimedia Business** (R) (S) (5233268).
- 9.45 **See Heart** (R) (S) (5221423).
- 10.00 **Local Heroes**. Pioneers of invention from Northern Ireland (R) (S) (31404).
- 10.30 **Gardening**. Gardening Advice on hanging baskets (R) (S) (14268).
- 11.00 **Moving on the Waters**. Pentecostal celebration from Bristol, including a service from the Church of St Mary, Redcliffe (S) (37794).
- 12.00 **Countryside** (S) (98220).
- 12.30 **On the Record** (17046).
- 1.30 **EastEnders Omnibus** (R) (S) (5253862). *
- 2.55 **Bristol 96**. The International Festival of the Sea. Jill Jarr, Sandi Totipot and Peter Snow roam the water (S) (S) (90902S72).
- 4.45 **Tom and Jerry** (8920201).
- 5.00 **Lifeline** (S) (7892626).
- 5.10 **Masterchef 1996**. Loyd Grossman is joined by actor Nigel Havers and Irish TV babe Darina Allen (S) (2987997).
- 5.45 **News, Weather** (677442).
- 6.05 **Local News** (337846).
- 6.10 **Songs of Praise**. Bristol (S) (395713). *
- 6.45 **Antiques Roadshow** (S) (603404).
- 7.30 **No Bananas**. Christmas 1993, and Mary meets the husband (S) (32185).
- 8.00 **The Liver Birds** (S) (664133).
- 8.05 **News, Weather** (244539).
- 9.50 **REEL** *A Fish Called Wanda* (Charles Crichton 1988 UK). Sub-Python but still fun comedy with John Cleese as a stuffed-shirt London barister falling for Jamie Lee Curtis and still annoying her psycho boyfriend, Kevin Kline (80699317) * See the Big Picture, p28.
- 10.50 **Everyman**, ancient, mysterious crystal skulls examined. See Preview, p28 (S) (783937). *
- 11.40 **REEL** *The Legend of Hong Kong Golden Select* (S) (955631).
- 12.30 **The Sky at Night**. Patrick Moore investigates the lives of the galaxies (S) (2716973).
- 12.50 **REEL** *Just the Way You Are* (Eduardo Molinaro 1984 US). Crippled young musician Kristy McNichol falls for Michael Ontkean on a skiing holiday. Bland tear-jerker (2651973).
- 2.20 **Weather** (3855244). To 2.25am.
- REGIONS**. Wales: 12.00pm Homeland. 1.40 Answering Back. 12.10pm The Legend of the Day. 1.00 The Sky at Night. 1.20 Film: Just the Way You Are. 2.50 Weather.

BBC2

- 6.15 **Open University: Pure Mathematics (7745423).**
6.40 Maths Methods (5763084). 7.05 Hamlet
Written (5721216). 7.40 The Breath of Life
(4395153). 7.55 Scenes from *Dr Faustus* by
Christopher Marlowe (5664404). 8.20 British
Car Transplants (4575133). 8.45 Jewish
Enigma: Pride and Prejudice (8376688).
- 9.10 **Children's BBC2: Rumpel (8718133).** 9.15 **The
Littest Pet Shop (4058404).** 9.35 **X-Men
(6758794).** 10.00 **Polly Booked (33811).**
- 12.00 **Open University: The Glories and
Highlights of Hong Kong v England, England's last match
before the start of the European Championship
in two weeks' time. 12.35 Rugby Union - highlights
from Twickenham of the second match in the Save
and Prosper Rugby Challenge between Wigan
and Bath. 1.05 Hockey - action from today's men's
International between Great Britain and Germany,
from Milton Keynes. 2.40 Golf - third round of the
New PCA Championship from Wentworth. 4.05
Rugby the Irish 2.00 News - business, live from the
Curragh. 4.15 Golf. 6.20 News Round-Up (S)**
(4269249).
- 6.35 **Inura the Dinga.** Cute nature documentary set
in the awesomely inhospitable central desert of
Australia, as our dinga heroine fights off massive
lizards and snapping centipedes, while forming an
extraordinary pact with the wedge-tailed eagles to
share their food (R) (S) (614510).
- 7.15 **A History of British Art.** Andrew Graham-Dixon's
final fascinating look at the art of the 20th century
before the likes of Warhol, Picasso, Bacon, Freud
and Barbara Hepworth, and the new *avant
garde* trembles, unearthing a surprising commonality
between Francis Bacon, Henry Moore and
Damien Hirst (S) (780152).
- 8.05 **Cricket One Day International: England v India in
the last match for the Testa Trophy (S). See the
Big Match. 2.28 (785339).**
- 9.05 **A Very Social Democrat: A Portrait of Roy
Jenkins.** Snobbish class socialist, or the best
Prime Minister Britain never had? Michael
Cove is excellent portrait will help you decide
(236367).
- 10.00 **Passion Fish (John Sayles 1992 US).**
Troubled nurse Alfre Woodard gives disabled soap
star Mary McDonnell a reason to live. Detailed
domesticity, but little to stir the senses
(28466387).
- 12.10 **Belle de Jour (Louis Buñuel 1967 Fv).**
Absolutely bewitching continental classic of
impassioned sensuality, with Catherine Deneuve as the
dominant housewife who decides to become a
prostitute in the long, sultry afternoon (287060).

ITV/London

- 6.00 **GMTV** (56794).
- 8.00 **Disney Adventures** (7324084).
- 9.25 **The Adventures of Grady Greenspace** (7169607).
- 9.50 **James Bond Jr** (2180075).
- 10.15 **Sunday Heroes**. Award-winning animated series this week tells the story of Bernadette Soubirous, the girl who had a vision of the Madonna at Lourdes (S 6684442).
- 10.25 **Sunday**. Gloria Hunniford chats to the Duke of Edinburgh (S) (62331305).
- 12.10 **Lin**. Dishevelled people and Christianity (S) (4194775).
- 12.30 **An invitation to Remember**. The late Gordon Jackson recalls his acting career (R) (28959).
- 1.00 **News, Weather** (4012065).
- 1.10 **Crime and Punishment**. Trevor McDonald hosts a dramatic-looking new series examining the state of law and order in Britain. Today, the Chief Constable of Sussex, Dr Glenn Wilson of the Institute of Psychiatry, and Paul Whitehouse debates the causes of criminality and get a grilling from two barristers (4871133).
- 2.00 **Murder, She Wrote** (87201).
- 3.00 **Robin West Side Story** (Robert Wise and Jerome Robbins 1961 US), Natalie Wood and Richard Beymer sizzle in this joyous filming of the Bernstein/Sondheim musical (41001997).
- 4.00 **Local News, Weather** (946084).
- 5.45 **News, Weather** (578133).
- 6.00 **Sunset Sunset** (S) (5070733).
- 7.15 **Emile's Times**. Meet a Little Lady (Emile Ardolino 1990 US). Emilee scribe to *Thy Men and a Baby*, with Ted Danson, Steve Guttenberg and Tom Selleck now looking after a five-year-old girl (S) (30075171).
- 9.10 **The Knock**. Booledding danger in the Customs drama (S) (330997).
- 10.10 **News, Weather** (364713).
- 10.25 **The Clive James Show**. Stephen Fry pops his head up over the parapet (S) (681950).
- 11.10 **Pop**. The *Top Gun* culteur. Gles Oldenburg, 1960s Pop artist renowned for his huge hamburgers and furry ice lollies, profiled as he prepares a retrospective for the Hayward Gallery (S) (164012).
- 12.10 **Theatreland** (4370305).
- 12.20 **Sledge Hammer** (3018553).
- 1.10 **SWT** **The Swarms** (Irwin Allen 1978 US). Eric prae concluded from last Sunday (S) (2623640).
- 2.40 **The Smart Set** (R) (5523447).
- 3.40 **The Endings**. How the AIDS-scripated Aids drama (S) (7619640). To 4.35am.
- 4.30 **Shift** (R) (9209621).
- 4.35 **News** (82718).

Channel 4

- 6.10 *Trans World Sport* (R) (5769997).
- 7.10 *Tales 5* (S) (7331084).
- 7.35 *The Magic School Bus* (S) (4300065).
- 8.05 *Sonic the Hedgehog* (7892884).
- 8.30 *The Tap Doo* (S) (5659572).
- 8.35 *Blast Off!* (S) (7606775).
- 8.45 *The Bird* (S) (6340444).
- 9.00 *Biker Mice from Mars* (R) (93274).
- 9.30 *Saved by the Bell* (R) (6771591).
- * 9.55 *Dumb and Dumber* (S) (7487256).
- 10.15 *Star Trek: Voyager* (S) (7292822).
- 10.40 *Rocket's Modern Life* (S) (8386249).
- 11.05 *Insektors* (9970201).
- 11.20 *NBA Row* (4072171).
- 12.15 *The Waltons* (R) (524775). *
- 1.15 ~~1994~~ *Love Me or Leave Me* (Charles Vidor 1955 US). Searing musical biopic of famed 1920s torch singer, Ruth Etting (Doris Day), with James Cagney as her gangster love (51371404). *
- 3.30 *Love Me, Loves Me Not*. Plasticine animation (202797).
- 3.40 *An Interview with Dennis Potter*. His legendary last appearance with Melvyn Bragg, repeated as a curtain-raiser for *Cold Lazarus*, the second of the two four-part dramas he polished off before his death (R) (S) (2299355).
- 5.05 *Zig and Zag's Dirty Deeds* (S) (9393978). *
- 5.35 *Hyloarks* (R) (8551331). *
- 6.05 *Babylon 5*. *Parasite* grin (S) (295752). *
- 7.00 *Hidden Kingdoms*. "Wo!ff! The Spanish Outlaw." Britain's last wolf was shot dead more than two centuries ago, but he left behind 2,000 of them roaming free in Spain, evading the guns of scared villagers. Film-makers Richard and Julia Kemp rescued five Spanish wolf cubs, and here examine the animal's misunderstood life (5391). *
- 8.00 *Encounters: Elephant Men*. A look at the crisis in rural northern India, where villagers are having their entire harvests destroyed by marauding elephants driven by hunger (9539).
- 9.00 *Cold Lazarus*. Albert Finney returns. Well, a bit of his. *Encounters* p28 (S) (7875572).
- 10.05 ~~1994~~ *The Commitments* (Alan Parker 1991 UK). This lovely Irish musical based on Roddy Doyle's novel, is full of great jokes and performances, but if you don't like stodge, unimaginative white soul, you won't like half the film. Stars Andrew Strong, who won a five-year EMI record contract on the strength of this film. Where is he now? (S) (38511256). *
- 12.15 *The Gabry Rustin Show* (R) (572060).
- 12.45 *Patented* (S) (7292822). 1955 ind. Ray's haunting first feature (of Bengali village life, told through the eyes of the son of a would-be writer (Subtitles) (27751805). *to 3.00am*.

ITV/Regions

- ANIMAL**
As London except 2.00pm The Road Show (3881)
2.30 Cartoon (7273978) 2.45 Films After: The Conquest (541027713) 4.50 The Village People (39242)
5.20 There's a Girl (7629065) 12.10am Film
Shamus (561592) 2.00am Hotel Babylon (1073398)
Best of Britton Movie (3745345) 3.40am
3.10am Funny Business (6137455) 3.40am Shift
T1619540 4.35-5.30am The Crime Hour (1905261)
- THE WESTCOAST**
As London except 12.30am Time Newsweek (413635)
10.15am News: The Powers That Be (413635) 5.55 Barman
(1905261) 6.35 Film After: The Village People (39242)
or Story (9534005) 4.40 3pm The Time Newsweek (413635)
- Winkley School (933071) 7.40-7.50am Film After: The Village
People (39242) 8.10-8.20am News: The Powers That Be
(413635) 8.25-8.35am News: The Village People (39242)
Your Mouth - Winkley School (7453088) 11.00am
Odds - By 4.40-5.30am Shift (1215151) Film After: Prayer
(744283) 5.40-5.45am Johnnie Walker (2033379)
- CENTRAL**
As London except 12.30am Central Newsweek (1736355)
2.00 The Joy (4881) 2.30 Highway to Hell (6162932)
3.10am News: The Powers That Be (413635) 11.00
on (88862355) 5.25 On Film (7448336) 11.10
Central Newsweek (1736355) 12.30am The Village
People (39242) 2.00am Film After: The Village People
(39242) 3.40am Shift (1215151) 4.35-5.30am
The Crime Hour (1905261)
- ITV**
As London except 12.25pm Hell, Dogs and Dinah
(76893249) 7.50-8.00am News: The Village People (39242)
(76893249) 7.50-8.00am News: The Village People (39242)
10.15 Film City Centre (76893249) 12.30am
soQuest (59171035) 5.25 News: The International
Centre of the Sea (1073398) 7.40-7.50am Film After:
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11.35-11.40am News: The Village People (39242)
11.45-11.50am News: The Village People (39242)
11.55-12.00am News: The Village People (39242)
- MERIDIAN**
As London except 12.30am Swan Cartoons (7123877) 2.00
The Pier (73395423) 2.35 Warner Cartoon (4103317)
3.10 Film Journey to the Center of the Earth (51423)
Highway to Hell (6162932) 3.40am News: The Village
People (39242) 4.40 3pm The Time Newsweek (413635)
Shamus (561592) 2.00am Hotel Babylon (1073398)
Best of Britton Movie (3745345) 3.40am Shift
(1215151) 4.35-5.30am The Crime Hour (1905261)
- WESTCOUNTRY**
As London except 12.30pm Westcountry Newsweek (561592)
2.00am News: The Village People (39242) 2.35
Film: Norfolk And (13735827) 5.00 Dr Quinn, Me
Movie (7673130) 3.30 12.10am Film Shamus
(561592) 2.00am Hotel Babylon (1073398) 2.40am
Best of Britton Movie (3745345) 3.40am Shift
(1215151) 4.35-5.30am The Crime Hour (1905261)
- SAT**
As C4 except 6.10am Transworld Sport (765999) 7.10
Time Life (7271018) 10.10am The Village People (39242)
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10.40 Sadder Soldier (8686249) 7.15pm Babylon S
(561592) 2.10 Film Babylon (1073398) 2.40 Film
(1674607) 3.40 An Interview with Dennis Pate
(3838189) 5.00 Zieg and Zieg's Dirty Deeds (2775)
with Axel Vonn (226161) 5.30am News: The Village
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Radio

- Radio 1**
17.55 BBC News
7.00am Kevin Greening 10.00 Dave Pearce 1.00 Radio 1 Roadshow 2.00 Trevor Nunn's Bryn Terfen 4.00 UK Top 40 7.00 The Rhythm Frenzy
Story of the Week 11.00 Andy Kershaw with Bruce Springsteen 4.00-6.30am Charlie Jordan
- Radio 2**
9.30-10.25am BBC
10.00am Paul Rhodes 9.05 Steve Wright's Sunday Love Songs 11.00 Parkinson's Sunday Supplement
1.00 Desmond Carrington 3.00 Bill Oddie 4.00 Radio 2 Young Musician 1995 4.30 Sing Something Simple 5.00 Paul Ayres 7.00 Angela Ripston 8.30 Sunday Hall Hour 9.00 Alan Ketts 10.00 Radio 2's Big Band
11.00 Light Music 12.05 Steve Maudsen 3.00-6.00am Alex Lester
- Radio 3**
9.00-10.00am BBC
7.00am Sacred and Profane. B.55 Choice of Three. 9.00 Brian Kay's Sunday Morning. 12.15 Music Matters. 1.20 Music Matters. 2.00 BBC Radio 3. Galileo. (4/5). 1.15 The BBC Orchestra's BBC National Orchestra of Wales/Gregg Llewellyn. Shostakovich: Festival Overture. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 2. Mendelssohn: Baritone: Recital for Orchestra. 2.55 *Spring of the Age*. George Pratt explores Bach's use of colour in his cantatas. 3.55 Horowitz's at the Wigmore Hall. 5.45 The Sunday Feature: Dollars, Conifers, Spum Banks and the Eagle. A report on the history of Dartington Hall which, in the Twenties, became a centre for revival as well as the young gentry's in agriculture, forestry and the arts. 6.30 Schubert. String Quartet in G. 7.30 The Sunday Play: *The Sisterhood*. An adaptation by Ranjit Bhat of Mendelssohn's assault on feminism: *Les Femmes savantes*. See *Choice*, above. 8.45 *Choir Works*. *Elegy: The King of the Mountains*. Symphonic Choir and Orchestra/Adrian Polak. 11.15 Music from the Mountains. Traditional songs and dances recorded in northern Pakistan. 11.45 Record Review. 1.00 *Through the Night*. 1.15 *Allegretto*. A new CD by Fagor. 4.00 *Beethoven's Solos*. 5.00-6.00am Sequence.

Choice

A cast to kill for in Molière's *The Sisterhood* (7.30pm R3) – Judy Parfitt, Benjamin Whitrow, Jean Boht (all shown left), Brenda Blethyn, Simon Russell Beale... A more physical sort of comedy in *Foreign Bodies* (9pm R4 FM), two features on sexual experiences in foreign climes.

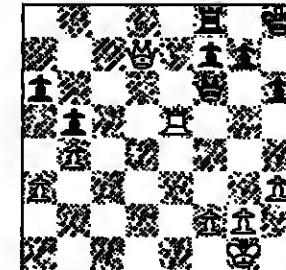


Satellite

- ONE HOUR**
6.00M Hour of Power (5/26/82)
6.00M (5/29/82) (5/29/82) 7.00
6.00M (5/29/82) (5/29/82) 7.00
The Hit Mix (8/1/42), 1.00 Star Trek
(5/78/82), 2.00 The World at War
(4/52/49), 3.00 Star Trek: Deep
Space Nine (6/20/1), 4.00 WWF
(6/33/86), 5.00 Great Teacher
(5/88/1), 5.30 Mystery Morphing
Paw Rangers (7/9/4), 6.00 The
Simpsons (8/9/4), 6.30 The Simps-
ons (6/9/4), 7.00 Star Trek: Deep
Space Nine (2/89/1), 8.00 Melrose
Place (6/11/7), 9.00 Murder One
- The Verdict (7/6/08), 12.00 60
Minutes (9/2/71), 1.00 Sunday
Night (5/2/71), 2.00 60 Minutes Hit
Mix Long Play (5/76/93) 3.00
- SIX MOVIES**
6.00M Carusel (1956)
(63/06/42/23), 8.10 Ivanhoe
(1952) (58/36/40/46), 10.00 The
Waltzes: An Easter Story (1950)
(63/36/40), 10.00 Coring Con-
tinua (1994) (42/15/2), 2.00 Clarence,
the Cross-Eyed Lion (1965)
(11/62/0), 4.00 Pumping Iron II:
The Women (1/55/88) (5/5/88)
The Great American Dream (1991)
(21/08/4), 8.00 Highlander II
(1994) (9/32/01), 10.00 Ski
School 2 (1994) (5/49/59), 11.35
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Pastimes

Chess William Hartston



Here's a good test of your technique. You're Black in the diagram position against Garry Kasparov, and he plays 1.Qe7, offering an exchange of queens. What do you do?

The position comes from Kasparov-Kamsky, played in the first round of the current tournament in Seville. Despite its apparent simplicity, Black must tread very carefully. After 1.Qe7 Qxe7, he would be in some difficulty: 2...Kf8 is met by 3.Ra7, and 2...e5

3.Reel Ra8 (his pawns are too weak to take f4, d4, Rxd6 g6f5, 5.Kf1) 4.Rb6 Kg8 5.Rh7 leaves Black completely passive while the white king can prepare to invade on either wing.

Kamsky solved his problems with 1...Rd8! 2.Qxd6 g6f6 (the pawns may look weak, but as long as rooks stay on the board there is no way White can do them any damage) 3.R7e7 4.Ra7 Rd7.

Now with the rook defending the pawn's landing, it can leave White's king at bay from c6. Kamsky played 5.g4, hoping to squeeze his king to f5, then apply pressure with f4, b4 and g5, but Kamsky steered the game to a comfortable draw after ...f5! 6.gxf5 Rf5! 7.Rxa6 Rb5 8.Ra5 Rf6 9.g2 Rb5 10.Rb5 Rxa3 11.f3 Rb3 12.Kg3 Kg5. In such endgames, rook and king mobility is paramount.

Perplexity

Triples all round:
Allows gentleman to tie accountable totem

The above sentence hides the ingredients of two well-known thesomes. To find them, all you have to do is divide the six words into two groups of three, theco rearrange the letters within each group.

A Larousse *Desk Reference Encyclopedia* awaits the first correct disentanglement opened on 5 June. Answers to: Saturday Pastimes, the *Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

Bridge Alan Hiron

Game all: dealer South

North	
♠A J 10	
♥J 9 8 6 3	
♦K J 4	
♣K 5	

West	East
♠9 7 5 2	♠Q 8
♥4	♥A 2
♦9 6 5	♦A Q 10 8 3
♣Q J 10 9 6	♣8 4 3 2

South	
♠K 6 4 3	
♥K Q 10 7 5	
♦7 2	
♣A 7	

South opened 1♠. North raised directly to game to end the auction, and West made his natural lead of the ♠Q against the contract of 4♠.

Declarer made an intelligent start by winning to hand and crossing to the ♠K before starting trumps with the lead of the jack. The club suit had been eliminated and, if East had started with the singleton ♠A, he would have been end-played and forced to lead either a spade or a diamond to South's advantage.

Furthermore, East might play low with the ace and another trump, after which a

11 May answers:
Tory Blair (Albion try); Stephen Hendry (hymens tender); Roy Hattersley (earthy story).
Winner: Hilary Marsh (Hinckley).

second round of trumps catches him as before.

East passed the test who he went in with the ace of trumps and made the safe trump exit. This left South still needing a winning guess: in either spades or diamonds. It looked tempting to try the diamonds first, but a wrong view (and there was no right one) would still leave him with the spade problem.

Instead, declarer played off the ♠ K, and followed by finessing the jack. If this lost, he could still try the diamonds and – here was his extra edge – although East won with the ♠ Q, he had no spades left and had either to lead a diamond or to concede a ruff and discard.



The big picture

A Fish Called Wanda

Sun 9.05pm BBC1

John Cleese's projects seem to have an interminable gestation period, but they are always worth the wait. *A Fish Called Wanda* is a case in point, a marvelously vibrant comedy about an uptight English barrister (Cleese), who falls in love with American crook Jamie Lee Curtis. Despite lapses of taste - jokes at the expense of Michael Palin's stuttering did not please everyone - Charles Crichton's film harks back to the glories of his earlier classics, such as *The Lavender Hill Mob*. *Fierce Creatures*, Cleese's eagerly-awaited sequel, has a lot to live up to.

A laboratory video-screen fizzles lazily into life, and from it start to float blobs of a strange ectoplasmic or seminal ooze. An unfortunate actor is made to cry. "My God, it's coming!" Such is the inauspicious beginning of *Cold Lazarus* (Sun C4). Dennis Potter's four-part sequel to *Karneke* - things, as Howard Jones so fervently hoped in an entirely different context, can only get better.

They do, after a fashion. What is "coming" is the screen representation of Daniel Feeld's memories, extracted from his brain by scientists in the year 2368. Feeld, the hero of *Karneke* (played by Albert Finney), is now nothing more than a cryogenically frozen head wired up to some hi-tech gizmos. The neuroscientists, headed by Frances de la Tour, hope that Feeld's memories might provide an escape from their sci-fi dystopia, in which all the buildings are shaped like giant mushrooms.

The real star of the show is the enormous budget, which gives designer Christopher Hobbs his head to create a gorgeous, retro-decadent future. The actors try very hard, but their lines are quite often sunnily

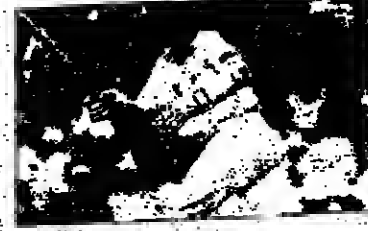
banal, and injecting excessive melodramatic weight into a stinker like "You have filled it up into an over-spend" doesn't help. Still, after the boring mess of *Karneke*, *Cold Lazarus* at least has a story worth the name, and as a triumph of money and style over content is weirdly compelling. "Muck fee!" exclaims boffin Fyodor (Clare Hinds on a ripe mutton-Europe accent trip) at one point, borrowing the puerile Spoonerisms of *Karneke*. Muck fee, indeed.

Disembodied heads are something of a theme this weekend: *Everyman* (Sun BBC1) gets in on the act with a fun film about "The Mystery of the Crystal Skulls". Said skulls, carved from quartz crystal, are artefacts, thought to be Mayan, which, when all 13 are returned to their place of origin, will reveal the mysteries of the universe and save mankind. They are apparently gifts from spacemen (from the Pleiades constellation, if you want to know), which were passed on to the Mayans and thence to the denizens of Atlantis. *Everyman* - and here's the hook - has tracked down four of these fascinating objects to be tested for authenticity at the British Museum.

Stars in Their Eyes Live Final Sat 8.15pm ITV

Cold Lazarus Sun 9pm C4

Everyman Sun 10.50pm BBC1



The big match

England v India

Sat & Sun 10.30am Sky Sports, Sat & Sun 8.05pm BBC2

What with all the fuss over Illegitimate comments about Devon Malcolm, it has sometimes been hard to focus on the fact that England are playing some one-day international this week. After the lamentable winter in South Africa and at the World Cup, Michael Atherton (above), the England captain, will need all his fortitude to rouse his team against India this summer. Still, there were promising signs in the first one-day, and enough youthful faces in the squad to give grounds for hope.

Saturday television and radio

BBC1

- 7.25 **News, Weather** (2650458).
- 7.30 **Children's BBC:** The Busy World of Richard Scarry. 7.55 Robinson Crusoe. 8.15 The Raccons. 8.45 Marvel Action Hour. 9.45 Grange Hill. 10.15 Sweet Valley High. 10.40 The 0 Zone. 11.00 Harry and the Hendersons. 11.25 Bugs Bunny. 11.30 Camp Wilder.
- 11.57 **Weather** (5726125).
- 12.00 **Grandstand:** 12.05 Touring Cars - Highlights from rounds seven and eight of the Auto Trader RAC British Touring Car Championship from Silverstone. 12.35 **Crick Focus:** a look back at Thursday's Texaco Trophy one-day match between England and India at the Oval. 1.00 **News:** 1.05 Tennis - action from the Women's World Doubles Cup in Craiglockhart, Edinburgh, featuring Gigi Fernandez and Natasha Zvereva. 1.55 **Racing:** From Haydock: 2.00 Be Friendly Handicap Stakes. 2.10 Tennis. 2.25 **Racing:** 2.30 Sandy Lane Rated Stakes. 2.40 Tennis. 2.55 **Racing:** 3.00 Tote Credit Silver Bowl (H'cap). 3.10 Golf - second round of the Volvo PGA Championship from Wentworth. 5.00 **News Round-Up:** (S) (5559565).
- 5.10 **News, Weather** (7954038).
- 5.20 **Local News:** (S) (553212).
- 5.25 **Dad's Army** (7) (6859495).
- 5.55 **The Full Swing:** Jimmy Tarbuck arrives with a new golfing quiz show extravaganza, with Ronnie Corbett, Tim Brooke-Taylor (S) (326187).
- 6.25 **The New Adventures of Superman:** Marriage grief (S) (208729).
- 7.10 **Confessions:** Including the story of a man who ran naked round a Cheltenham racecourse. He must have felt a bit hoarse after that (S) (335632).
- 7.50 **The National Lottery Live** (S) (662632).
- 8.05 **Bugs:** This week's episode of the great gadget-strewn adventure series is called "Schrodinger's Bomb". Sounds promising, no? (S) (714831).
- 8.55 **News and Sport, Weather** (428545).
- 9.15 **Private Benjamin** (Howard Ziehl 1980 US). Slapstick comedy, along the lines of *Police Academy*. Goldie Hawn is widowed on her wedding night, so she joins the army, determined to prove herself the equal of those sweating male recruits. This is slightly funny for about 15 minutes (S) (8092729).
- 11.00 **The Last Boys** (Joel Schumacher 1987 US). Great urban-vampire flick, not as good as Kathryn Bigelow's *Near Dark* but boasting a nicely over-the-top performance from Kiefer Sutherland as chief hedonistic bloodsucker in a seaside gang stumbled upon by two teenage boys. (S) (25380).
- 12.30 **Incense for the Damned** (Michael Burrows 1970 UK). Black magic, drugs - all part of the average Greek holiday for Foreign Secretary's son Patrick Mower, when he gets caught up with fruit Patrick Macnee and Peter Cushing in this delicious slab of devil-worship nonsense (2854133).
- 1.50 **Weather** (3771268). To 1.55am.

BBC2

- 6.00 **Open University:** Computing (7853496). 6.25 **Catastrophe Theory** (7832903). 6.50 **Why Care?** (5865496). 7.15 **Time for You** (3818187). 7.40 **Energy and Rockets** (4497455). 8.05 **Victorian Ways of Death** (7903941). 8.30 **The End of Empire** (8477361). 8.55 **Personnel Selection** (8494461). 9.20 **Extraterrestrial: A Curious Kind of Ritual** (7293038). 9.45 **Understanding Music** (6887106). 10.10 **A Level Playing Field?** (6444293). 10.35 **Population Transition in Italy** (8490496). 11.00 **A Hard Act to Follow** (4446941). 11.25 **Animated English** (3493361). 11.50 **The True Geometry of Nature** (8299545). 12.15 **Watch Out** (6986222). 12.25 **Canter's Caribbean** (6973458).
- 12.40 **Vivien Leigh: Scarlett and Beyond:** Jessica Lange hosts a tribute to Vivien Leigh (R) (2247699).
- 1.25 **Gone with the Wind** (Victor Fleming 1939 US). What else are you going to do but stay in bed and peep out from under a warm duvet at Clark Gable in the definitive plush movie epic? The witty *Time Out* noted that *GWTV* is "perhaps the key plantation movie", but you can safely forget the politics and just concentrate on the dresses. Let's also hear it for Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland, and Max Steiner's preposterously yeasty score (62874125).
- 5.00 **Golf:** From Wentworth (S) (8842835).
- 5.55 **The Car's the Star:** The Ford Zephyr. 1950s icon of affordable gift (R) (867019).
- 6.15 **Chelsea Flower Show 1996:** Alan Titchmarsh is blooming lovely (S) (776545).
- 7.05 **News and Sport, Weather** (880551).
- 7.20 **Correspondent:** Jonathan Miller investigates the illegal logging trade between the Khmer Rouge and Thailand, which is decimating Cambodia's rainforests (S) (589880).
- 8.05 **Crickets: One-Day International:** Highlights of England v India at Headingley (S) (7697702). See the big match, above.
- 9.15 **Have I Got News for You:** Repeat of Friday's edition, with Mystic Meg guesting (S) (588854).
- 9.45 **The Cement Garden** (Andrew Birkin 1992 UK). Fine adaptation of Ian McEwan's novel. Teenage brother and sister Andrew Robertson and Charlotte Gainsbourg are suddenly orphaned, and have to play mother and father to their younger siblings to avoid them being taken into care. Things get difficult when sexual attraction rears its ugly head. Flawless, fresh performances and beautifully pellucid visuals (S) (375583).
- 11.30 **Later with Jools Holland:** With the godlike Ice-T, Ocean Colour Scene, and Cowboy Junkies bringing up the rear (S) (293380).
- 12.35 **Break of Dawn** (Isaac Arsenstein 1987 US). The true story of Pedro J. Gonzalez, 1930s folk hero and political scapegoat. Starring Oscar Chavez (S) (207978). To 2.25am.
- REGION 5, Scot: 12.35am Film: *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me*.

ITV/London

- 6.00 **GMTV** (5719598).
- 9.25 **Scratchy & Co** (S) (18952922).
- 11.30 **The Chart Show:** Featuring the Indie chart (S) (78651).
- 12.30 **The Basement** (S) (55670).
- 1.00 **News, Weather** (58000496).
- 1.05 **Local News, Weather** (58009767).
- 1.10 **Movies, Games and Videos:** Looks at *Muppet Treasure Island*, starring Tim Curry, while Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy grace the studio with their presence (S) (510274).
- 1.45 **A World of Wonder** (22729).
- 2.15 **Time Trek:** Time-travelling cop Darien Lambert gets all mixed up with a future star of country music (S) (728699).
- 3.00 **Airwolf:** Volcano grief forces Ian Michael Vincent to land his chopper on an enchanted island (R) (9186748).
- 3.55 **RoboCop** (S) (6719106).
- 4.50 **News, Weather** (6716477).
- 5.05 **Local News, Weather** (5134187).
- 5.10 **International Gladiators:** The semi-finals, with Britain, Australia, the USA and Russia still in the running (7022309).
- 6.10 **The Kids from Alright on the Night:** Denis Norden presents kiddie bloopers (R) (691800).
- 7.00 **Man O' Man:** Anthropologically fascinating game show, hosted by a desperate Chris Tarrant. Bring back *Blind Date* on the double (S) (7632).
- 8.00 **News, National Lottery Update, Weather** (273922).
- 8.15 **Stars in Their Eyes Live Final:** Beardmeister Matthew Kelly hosts the singing impersonators extravaganza. See Preview, above (S) (945670).
- 9.45 **The Distinguished Gentleman** (Jonathan Lynn 1992 US). No-brain comedy with Eddie Murphy assuming the identity of a dead politician, conning his way into Congress and enjoying a life of debauchery. Until, that is, the scales fall from his eyes after a cute encounter with a little girl. Good grief (S) (541583).
- 10.45 **Stars in Their Eyes Live Final Result** (S) (74293).
- 11.05 **The Distinguished Gentleman:** The conclusion of (S) (253485).
- 12.10 **Funny Business** Victoria Wood, Bernard Manning, Caroline Hock and other comics from the North West discuss their peculiar styles of comedy (S) (4310978).
- 12.40 **Pajama Party:** The delicious Katie Puckrik welcomes former Brookside actor Simon O'Brien (S) (2869065).
- 2.05 **Tropical Heat** (S) (7287959).
- 2.55 **Ed's News Review** (7126201).
- 3.45 **Ed's Gift** (R) (3303959).
- 4.35 **TV Sport Classics II** (87140423).
- 5.00 **Coach** (R) (5558201).
- 5.30 **News** (13201). To 6.00am.

Channel 4

- 6.05 **Sesame Street** (R) (5845361).
- 7.00 **Little Dracula** (R) (8741477).
- 7.30 **World League Football** (R) (4312800).
- 8.00 **Gaelic Games** (32090).
- 9.00 **The Morning Line** (S) (34361).
- 10.00 **The Greatest:** Flyweight Jimmy Wilde v footballer George Best. How on earth do you compare them? (S) (28125).
- 10.30 **NBA 24/7** (R) (43201).
- 11.00 **Trans World Sport** (S) (31187).
- 12.00 **Sign On:** The Great Outdoors (S) (25941).
- 12.30 **The Great Muppet Caper** (S) (3212).
- 1.00 **FILM:** Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie (Henry King 1952 US). Jean Peters, missus of a content small-town barber (David Wayne) yearns for the big city. Cue marital problems. With Jean Peters and David Wayne (46390).
- 3.00 **Racing:** From Kempton, Doncaster and the Curragh. (O) 3.05 Crawley Warren H'cap Stakes (2m); (D) 3.20 Merlin Lane Rover Stakes (H'cap) (7h); (O) 3.35 Barking H'cap Stakes (1m 2h); (D) 3.50 Rosshall H'cap (1m 4h); 3.55 (C) 4.05 Crawley Warren H'cap Stakes (1m); (O) 4.20 Crawley Warren H'cap Stakes (1m 2f 60y); (O) 4.35 Underwriting H'cap Stakes (6h); 4.50 (D) 5.00 H'cap Stakes (H'cap) (2m 110y) (S) (92267019).
- 5.05 **Brookside Omnibus** (S) (7990361).
- 5.30 **Right to Reply** (S) (449).
- 7.00 **A Week in Politics** (S) (5274).
- 8.00 **Cutting Edge:** Navy Blues. Part two of the repeated portrait of the Royal Navy's police force goes on patrol with the Naval Provosts, the shore patrol affectionately nicknamed the "crushers", as they encounter drunken brawling on the streets of Portsmouth. Meanwhile, the Special Investigation Branch probes allegations of drug use aboard HMS Nelson, the Navy's Portsmouth barracks (R) (4922).
- 9.00 **The Gabby Roslin Show:** You've got to feel sorry for the fabby-blonde babe - or maybe you haven't. She's a useless interviewee-tough, Montserrat Caballé (S) (458).
- 10.00 **Drop the Dead Donkey** (R) (S) (26670).
- 10.30 **Prisoner:** Use Darius (1978 US). Bradford Dillman in fun, no-nonsense laws rip-off, wherein a school of man-eating fish is inadvertently released into a local river. Ouch (93218729).
- 12.15 **Horridle - Life on the Street:** US TV in excess (R) (S) (81371).
- 1.15 **The Devil Doll** (Tod Browning 1936 US). Weird, stylish fantasy featuring Lionel Barrymore, a Devil's Island escapee in drag, who exacts revenge upon his enemies by injecting them with a serum that shrinks them to the size of dolls. Where can I get some of that stuff? (S) (735201).
- 2.40 **Pet Shop Boys - Discovery:** The camp one and the sultry one play Rio de Janeiro (R) (S) (5654317). To 3.40am.

ITV/Regions

- NEWS**
As London except: 12.30pm *Movies, Games and Videos* (55670). 1.10 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 2.05 *News* (55670). 2.10 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 2.15 *News* (55670). 2.20 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 2.25 *News* (55670). 2.30 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 2.35 *News* (55670). 2.40 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 2.45 *News* (55670). 2.50 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 2.55 *News* (55670). 3.00 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 3.05 *News* (55670). 3.10 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 3.15 *News* (55670). 3.20 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 3.25 *News* (55670). 3.30 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 3.35 *News* (55670). 3.40 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 3.45 *News* (55670). 3.50 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 3.55 *News* (55670). 4.00 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 4.05 *News* (55670). 4.10 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 4.15 *News* (55670). 4.20 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 4.25 *News* (55670). 4.30 *The Muppet Caper* (S) (3212). 4.35 *News* (55670). 4.40 *The Muppet Caper* 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Births, Marriages & Deaths

DEATHS

BANNERMAN: Geraldine Jane, much-loved mother and grandmother, died peacefully in Aylesbury, 23 May.

HAYCRAFT: John Stacpoole, founder of International House, died suddenly at home on 23 May, aged 69. Beloved husband of Beita and much loved father of Katrina, Richard, and Jimmy, and loving grandfather of Verity, Benjie, Barney, Timothy, Bella, and Lily. Will be sadly missed by family and friends, colleagues and affiliates in the world of ELI. Funeral service will take place at St Michael's Church, Blackheath Park, London SE3 on Thursday 30 May at 4pm. Memorial service to be announced. Flowers to Francis Chappell, 402 High Street, Lewisham, London SE13. Donations to the British Heart Foundation, 14 Fitzhardinge Street, London W1S 4DH, or the International House Ben Warren Trust, 106 Piccadilly, London W1V 9EL.

WOOD: On 21 May, peacefully at home, Eric Stuart Wood, the dearly loved husband of Pam, a beloved father of Audrey and the late John. Please contact H.C. Patrick & Co (01252 714884) for funeral arrangements.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In Memoriam) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 3DL, telephoned on 0171-293 2011 or faxed to 0171-292 2018. And are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra).

Birthdays

TODAY: Lord Alington, barrister, 82; Mr Alistair Burt MP, Minister of State, Social Security, 41; Mr Julian Clary, actor and comedian, 37; Miss Joanne Crain, film actress, 71; Mr Eric Deacon, actor, 36; Dr Caryl de Wet, former South African ambassador, 73; The Right Rev Brian Foley, former Roman Catholic Bishop of Lancaster, 86; Miss Margaret Foster, novelist and biographer, 58; Mr Peter Foster, former ambassador to West Germany, 72; Miss Livia Gollancz, publisher, 76; Sir Eileen Griffiths, former MP, 71; Baroness Hooper, solicitor and former government minister, 57; Mr Ralph Howell MP, 73; Sir Malcolm James of Edingburgh, Lord Lyon King of Arms, 58; Sir Ian McKellen, actor, 57; The Right Rev Michael Mann, former Dean of Windsor, 72; Mr Dillwyn Miles, the Herald Bard, 80; Lord Plummer of St Marylebone, president, Furman Building Society, 82; Mr Geoffrey Robinson MP, 58; Mr Alastair Sharp QC, former circuit judge, 85; Miss Beverley Sills, operatic soprano and former director, New York City Opera, 67; Mr Dave Lee Travis, disc jockey, 51; Professor Sir Frances Vella QC, Emeritus Professor of International Law, London University, 84; Mr David Wynne, sculptor, 70.

TOMORROW: Mr James Arness, film actor, 73; Mr Michael Bates MP, Assistant Government Whip, 35; M Jacques Bergman, actor, 69; Miss Helena Bonham-Carter, actress, 30; Miss Zola Budd, athlete, 30; Mr Jeremy Corbyn MP, 47; Mr Roy Dotrice, actor, 71; Sir David English, Editor-in-Chief and Chairman, Associated Newspapers, 65; Sir Peter Fry MP, 65; Mrs Judith Goodland, Headmistress, Wycombe Abbey School, 58; Mr Anthony Gormer, chief executive and chairman, Guinness plc, 56; Lord Goldie, former overseas administrator, 90; Sir Douglas Hardie, chairman, Edward Parker & Co, 73; Sir Kenneth Jones, former High Court judge, 75; Sir Patrick Knapley, former Keeper of the Records, Duchy of Cornwall, 88; Miss Peggy Lee, singer, 76; Mr Alec McCowen, actor, 71; Professor William McHardy, Regius Professor of Hebrew, Oxford University, 85; Lord Mayfield, former Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, 75; Mr Michael Portillo MP, Secretary of State for Defence, 43; Mr David Prichard, Headmaster, Wyldcliffe College, 62; Mr Anthony Quick, former Headmaster, Bradford College, 72; Sir Colin Sampson, former HM Chief Inspector of Constabulary for Scotland, 67; Lord Stevens of Ludgate, chairman, United Newspapers, 60; Wing Commander Sir Kenneth Stoddart, former Lord Lieutenant of Merseyside, 82; Mr Glenn Turner, cricketer, 49; Air Marshal Sir John Walker, 80; Mr Roger Westbrook, ambassador to Portugal, 55.

Anniversaries

TODAY: Birth: Carlo Dole, painter, 1616; Alexis Foodorovich Lora, composer, 1799; Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet and essayist, 1803; Edward George Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, first Baron Lytton, novelist, 1803; Jakob Christopher Burckhardt, art historian, 1818; Tom Sayers, bare-knuckle pugilist, 1826; William

Maxwell Aitken, first Baron Beaverbrook, newspaper proprietor, 1879; Miles Mallett, actor and director, 1888; Igor Ivan Sikorsky, inventor of the helicopter, 1889; Theodore Roethke, poet, 1908; Deaths: Gaspard (Doughes) Poussin, painter, 1675; Pedro Calderón de la Barca, playwright and poet, 1681; William Paley, philosopher, 1805; John Joseph William Moleworth Gales, explorer of Australia, 1823; Gustav Theodore Holst, composer, 1934; Henry Ossawa Tanner, negro painter, 1937; Joseph, first Baron Duveen of Millbank, art dealer, 1939; Sir Frank Watson Dyson, astronomer, 1939; Jacques Feyder, film director, 1948; Robert Capa, war photographer, killed in Vietnam 1954; Sydney Box, film producer, 1983. On this day: Captain Cook sailed on his first voyage, 1768; the people of Buenos Aires deposed the Spanish viceroy, 1810; Lloyd's insurance society received a Royal Charter, 1871; the House of Commons passed the Bank Holiday Act, 1871; Gilbert and Sullivan's opera *HMS Pinafore* was first produced, 1878; the British House of Commons passed the Irish Home Rule Act, 1914; the Second Battle of Ypres ended, 1915; Transjordan became independent, 1923; Jesse Owens, a black athlete, broke five world records at the Olympic Games in Berlin, 1936; the Battle of Azzio ended, 1944; a British expedition team climbed Kanchenjunga, 1955; the new Coventry Cathedral, designed by Sir Basil Spence, was consecrated, 1962; an America Airlines DC-10 crashed on take-off at Chicago, killing 275 people, 1979. Today is the Feast Day of St Bede, St Dionysius of Milan, St Geminus of Astorga, St Gregory VII, Pope, St Leo or Lye of Mantenay, St Madeleine Sophie Barat, St Mary Magdalen dei Pazzi and St Zenobius.

TOMORROW: Births: Charles, Duc d'Orléans, poet, 1391; Jacopo da (Caracci) Pontormo, painter, 1494; Sir Harry Vane, statesman, 1613; John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, military commander, 1650; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, writer, 1689; Edmond Louis-Antoine Huot de Gencourt, novelist, 1822; Sir Herbert von Herkomer, painter, 1849; Princess Mary of Teck (Queen Mary, consort of King George V), 1867; Al Jolson (Asa Yoelson), singer and entertainer, 1886; Sir Eugene Aynsley Goossens, composer and conductor, 1893; John Wayne (Marion Michael Morrison), actor, 1907; Robert Morley, actor and playwright, 1908; Sir Matt (Matthew) Busby, football manager and president, 1909. Deaths: St Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, 604; Samuel Pepys, diarist, 1703; Thomas Southey, banker and politician, 1844; Jean-Joseph Benjamin Constant, painter, 1902; Wilbur Daniel Steele, short story writer, 1970; Jacques Lipchitz, sculptor and poet, 1973; George Brent (George Brendan Nolan), film actor, 1979. On this day: Napoleon Bonaparte was crowned King of Italy in Milan Cathedral, 1805; the wild boy Kaspar Hauser was discovered in the marketplace of Nuremberg, 1828; the Russian army defeated the Poles following their revolt, Ostrolenka 1831; the Confederate Army surrendered in Texas, so ending the American Civil War, 1865; in the United States, President

Johnson proclaimed an amnesty to all Confederate States, 1865; Michael Barrett, a Fenian terrorist, was hanged for causing an explosion and 13 deaths - Britain's last public execution, 1868; Mount Etna in Sicily started a series of violent eruptions, 1870; Ismailia was annexed to Egypt, 1871; Vauxhall Bridge, London, was opened, 1906; Emily Duncan, the first woman magistrate in Britain, was appointed a Justice of the Peace, 1913; in South Africa, a Nationalist government was elected with apartheid policies, 1948; Guyana became independent, 1966; an Icelandic gunboat shelled and holed a British trawler, 1973. Tomorrow is Pentecost (Whit Sunday) and the Feast Day of St Dyfan, St Lambert of Venice, St Marikan of Quito, St Philip Neri, St Francis of Assisi and St Quadratus of Athens.

Lectures

TODAY

National Portrait Gallery, David Livingstone Lecture Series: Dan Jacobson, "Livingstone as a Writer", 3pm.

British Museum: George Hart, "Temples of Lebanon", 1.15pm. National Gallery: Mari Griffiths, "May Flowers (iv): Monet Water-Lilies", 12 noon.

Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Art and Divinity", 1pm.

TOMORROW National Portrait Gallery: Toby Mann, "Vita Sackville-West", 3pm. Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Facing Perfection: Picasso, Painting and Palettes", 2.30pm.

A prophecy of modernity faith & reason

Michelangelo's *Creation of Adam* is a fitting emblem of Pentecost. It splendidly depicts the ambiguity that lies between the human spirit and the Holy Spirit, argues the Rev John Kennedy, a Secretary of the Methodist Church's Division of Social Responsibility.

One of the most compelling of all human images is Michelangelo's *Creation of Adam* on the Sistine Chapel ceiling - that one with the index fingers of God and his creature almost touching, as the creative impulse follows between them. It is the most fitting of images for Pentecost. Since 1989, it has been gloriously restored, thanks to Japanese funding. And you can now get the whole thing on video, courtesy of the National Gallery. Best of all, George Bull's recent biography of Michelangelo is about to burst into paperback.

The *Creation* was designed to fit into a great complex pattern of the Christian tradition. But the figure of Adam is stunning, even if you don't like naked men that much. (Michelangelo, of course, did.) That figure is so vital that it seems to leap out of its context. So striking is the image that the thought arises: which way does the creative impulse flow? Who is inspiring whom?

Michelangelo seems to be creating two things here. First he offers a splendid depiction of a central theme in the Christian tradition. That tradition has always been fascinated by the ambiguity that lies between divine inspiration and the human imagination, the human spirit and the Holy Spirit. At times the human spirit is more subdued, at times more assertive. As George Bull so wonderfully shows, that complexity is supremely present in Michelangelo himself.

But, second, Michelangelo suggests that something new is happening in his own time. He offers a prophecy of modernity, as man begins, ever more consciously, to imagine a world not given by the past. We have fulfilled Michelangelo's prophecy in the way that we have wrenched Adam from the tradition whose images lie all around him in the Sistine. And once Adam breaks out of those bounds, he looks rather threatening. His gaze no longer adores the creator; it calculates the succession. In another touch of prophetic perception, Michelangelo couches the soul of Eve in the crook of God's arm. She looks worried - as if something terrible is going to happen, and she is going to get the blame for it.

This creator of modernity denies his finitude. He has, so to say, unfallen himself. His imagination and his activity are unbounded. You wouldn't trust Michelangelo's Adam as far as you could throw his David, and the creature is on the loose; his beauty and power, and especially his ridiculous vanity, have shaped our world. What we have here is not man come of age. What we have is a perpetual adolescent, now nearly five centuries old.

Christians are clearly anxious that Western culture is simply not sustainable outside its given traditions. It once seemed different. Once we were confident in our freedom to remake the world according to the exercise of individual conscience. We were mistaken. That was just the old Adam with a small, moralising towel round him. What we have witnessed is the collapse of the claims

of individual conscience into chatter about life-style choices.

Some Christian responses to that uncongenial modernity are familiar, and unhelpful. One is to retreat into a crabbed, abusive reaction - to be more Catholic than the Pope, so to speak. The other refuge is an ecstatic religiosity - to fall over giggling in the poorest parts of Kensington. This may be harmless, but it's hard to tell whether it is a form of therapy or an experience of God.

The tradition provides better insights into contemporary Christian anxieties, most forcibly in St Paul's reflections on what then passed for modernity. He speaks with an astonishingly contemporary voice. One of his great themes is the refusal to lose his nerve in the face of overweening human arrogance. He insists that we should not find refuge in reaction or hysteria. He is astonishingly tactful in talking the Corinthians down from the ceiling. Paul would contemplate Michelangelo's Adam with a familiar eye. He would note the continuing gentle tendency to lounge about mother-naked; indeed he might be glad of such clear evidence that he had won on the circumcised issue.

Most importantly, Paul points to a feature of creation which makes sense to all but the totally depraved. He expounds it in the 13th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. There he describes all the things that love is, and does. It is not arrogant, but self-effacing. It is not domineering, but shared. It is mutual, or it is nothing. Above all, it is grown-up.

Paul's insight helps us to reflect on the interaction between the Spirit of God and human creativity. If Paul is right about love, then the transaction between the human and the divine is mutual, or it is nothing. Between those outstretched hands the creative impulse flows in both directions. Having first been loved, we imagine how to love. Paul even suggests, at least on this occasion, that love transcends the specifics of Christian dogma: everything has its time, but this never passes away. It is that spirit which Christians invoke at Pentecost - the Spirit that reveals the shared divine and human nature, and which invites us to a shared and fulfilling life.

But there is a sharper edge to such reflection. The *Creation of Adam* seen in its whole context insists that the human appropriation of divine love is not a life-style option, at least for Western culture. For immediately below the *Creation* is a less familiar masterpiece, but one dominates the Sistine Chapel. It is Michelangelo's *Last Judgement*. Only the most crabbed reactionary takes this literally. And you have to be a particular kind of spiritual bigot to imagine that humanity can be frightened into a proper condition of mutual regard. But its terrifying images do chime with contemporary anxieties. They insist that careless, modern, adolescent humanity has to grow up sometime, and that sooner might be wiser.

Luncheons

Lord High Commissioner

The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Princess Royal, gave a luncheon yesterday at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Among those present were:

Sir Raymond and Lady Johnstone; Mr Donald and Lady Cecil Cameron; Mr Ian Clouston; The Rev Suzanne Hammill; Dr and Mrs Chris Masson; Mrs Geraldine Pennock; Professor Chris Roper; Lt Col Robert Scott Bowden; Mr and Mrs John Ward; Mr and Mrs Gerry Watson; Brigadier Roy White.

Sherborne School

Mr Michael McCrum, former Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University,

and a former pupil of the house, will open the refurbished and recently extended Abbey House of Sherborne School today at 12 noon.

Wills

Professor Ellyn John Richard, of Ramsey, Hampshire, aeronautical engineer, Vice-Chancellor of Loughborough University 1967-73, left estate valued at £110,952 net.

Mr Samuel Gerley Pitt, of Cambridge, former Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, left estate valued at £1,007,297 net. The proceeds of this literary estate were to be divided equally between the Royal Society of Literature and the English Association.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

TODAY: Prince Michael of Kent attends a dinner for the Queen Mary Foundation at Sandringham. **TOMORROW:** Prince Michael of Kent, President, RAC Motor Sports Association, takes part in the Warwick Union Classic Run.

Changing of the Guard **TODAY:** The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life

Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; F Company Scots Guards mounts the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Irish Guards. **TOMORROW:** The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; the Battalion Irish Guards mounts the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Irish Guards.

COLD LAZARUS

Premieres on Channel 4 - Tuesday 6th June 8.30pm. Watch it on Sky TV. Repeated on BBC1 - 11.30pm.

4

the saturday story

End of our love affair with the car?

Road rage is on the increase. Concern about driver violence reflects a growing disillusionment with the vehicle that was once the symbol of our freedom. Rebecca Fowler reports

I started as simple journey on a spring Sunday morning, in the age of the motor car. Stephen Cameron, 21, and Danielle Cable, 17, his girlfriend, decided on a whim to pick up some friends in their van near his home in Kent. Minutes later he lay bleeding to death near the M25, stabbed twice by the driver of another vehicle with Ms Cable helpless at his side. Mr Cameron had become victim of one of the worst incidents of road rage in Britain since the phrase was coined little more than a decade ago.

But last weekend's killing is by no means isolated. In 1995, the Lex Report on Motoring said that up to three-quarters of drivers had been victims of some form of road rage. Among the 1.8 million people forced to swerve or pull off the road, 250,000 had been physically attacked, 800,000 were threatened and 500,000 had their cars deliberately driven into.

Doug Scott, the first Englishman to conquer Everest was attacked after beeping his horn in a car park; a 24-year-old man in Hampshire was jailed for four months after attacking two motorists in the space of 15 minutes; a 78-year-old man died in Wakefield when he was punched by a driver half his age in a dispute at traffic lights.

Last weekend's killing shows yet again how easily tragedy can strike. Ms Cable was, she says, driving the van. As the couple approached a roundabout, a Discovery Land Rover appeared from nowhere and she was forced to brake suddenly. Her boyfriend shook his head at the other driver, a man with greying hair, and mouthed the word "idiot". When they stopped at traffic lights, the other driver approached them. As Mr Cameron went to speak to him, the man stabbed him twice. "I saw his knife and I was pleading with him not to hurt Steve," she said. "He looked at me as if I was dirt."

The whole incident will horrify road users. After all, the section of the M25 near where the killing took place is not a crime black spot, hardly a drug-

ridden neighbourhood. It is just part of that no-man's-land through which thousands of ordinary commuters travel obliviously every day.

The killing - and the general concern about road rage - seems symptomatic of a relationship that is going terribly wrong. The love affair with the automobile, which promised to bring unprecedented freedom, seems to be turning into a nightmare. Pollution, traffic congestion, accidents and the future over the road-building programme all point to an increasing ambivalence about the car. And now, you can even be murdered while doing little more than going about your daily business on the road.

Our preoccupation with road rage seems undoubtedly linked with an escalation in incidents - the statistics demonstrate that the problem is growing. But the importance we attach to it also reflects a general disillusionment about the private car. For violence on the road is, in fact, not entirely new.

There are newspaper reports from the 1920s that recall frenzied drivers leaping out of cars and bashing each other's headlights. Perhaps the earliest example of road rage was in 1817, when Lord Byron referred in a letter to an unfortunate encounter with "a fellow in a carriage" who was "impudent to his horse".

He wrote: "I gave him a swinging box on the ear, which sent him to the police, who dismissed his complaint... He first shouted, in an unbecomingly way, to frighten my palfrey. I wheeled round, rode up to the window and asked him what he meant. He grinned, and said some foolery, which produced him an immediate slap in the face."

What is special about road rage today is, of course, the increasing number of incidents, but also the fact that we are so keen to describe the phenomenon, measure it, dwell upon it, and reflect upon it as emblematic of something going wrong with roads and society in general.

The phrase "road rage" was invented in 1988 by a Californian newspaper when a truck driver



It's tough on the streets: the key to road rage remains our complex and increasingly ambivalent relationship with the car

Geraint Lewis

was shut dead by a Cadillac driver whom he cut up on the freeway. In 1992 the phrase was taken up by British newspapers, and although it was a label for a pattern of behaviour already in existence, there is no doubt among road experts that it is on the increase.

One indication of how seriously the problem is now being taken is that ministers are considering recommendations by the Royal Automobile Club for official courses of counselling. The RAC is also anxious that research should be undertaken to assess the exact levels and causes of road rage.

Richard Woods, RAC campaigns manager, reckons that the causes of the problem are becoming apparent: "We've been tracking it since the early 1980s, everything from the two-finger sign to the minority cases of extreme violence at the other end. The combination of modern lifestyles with today's congestion and the fact that our psychology can change completely when we get behind

a wheel is proving a powerful combination on the roads."

He added: "It's been on the increase as motorists experience more cones, chaos and congestion, and as they see yet more roadworks. That's the background noise of the problem. In the foreground you have the catalyst that can bubble up and increase the level of aggression in individuals, like hogging the middle lane or cutting someone up in roadworks. You have that on top of the fast pace of life, the sales rep who has to get to the next meeting who becomes convinced that 'you're blocking my way and stopping me getting to where I want to go'."

The picture is so different from early images of motoring. In the 1950s, there were only 4 million cars on the road and even in 1970 there were about half as many as today's 25 million vehicles. In those days, it was part of driving culture that the family would make a day of it, stop off, enjoy the view. Speed was not important. In

the 1970s when we were piled into the car for holidays to Wales the journey would take seven hours or longer and include a picnic. Now on a clear run, it takes less than three. Driving is quick, private and selfish in the 1990s.

So is there a cure for the behaviour, that reportedly claimed the lives of 1,200 people in America in the late 1980s? According to the RAC, counselling is effective. Its suggestion that magistrates should have powers to refer road rage bullies for counselling (much like drink drivers) has been taken seriously by the Transport Ministry, although the Home Office has been less enthusiastic about following up the recommendations.

The key to road rage remains our complex and increasingly ambivalent relationship with cars. Research by Conrad King, a psychologist and consultant to the RAC, shows that stress, paranoia and aggression all rise when we take the driving seat, but so does our sense of our own power.

Mr King says: "Undoubtedly the most significant thing is the increase in the number of violent incidents among people who would not in any other situation, bar a war, behave in this way. We feel powerful in a car, but we also feel like everybody is out to get us. There are also a lot more people on the road, so there are a lot more people making mistakes, to add to this perception."

He added: "Then you have the improved designs of cars which makes them easier to drive and more comfortable. This slows down the cognitive processes. They become very simple and the person is reduced to following the instinct, 'I must protect myself, I'll keep a hammer in the car'. Then when incidents happen they can escalate."

The highest level of violent crimes is among young men - some evidence suggests it is the thrusting white collar workers who are overbearing the most. But Mr King says cases among women are also becoming more

common. "The physical difference is no longer important; the car gives an artificial sense of security. Quite often you get women sticking up two fingers in a way they would never think of outside a car."

The advice from the RAC on avoiding road rage makes grim reading: "Avoid eye contact... do not be fooled by age, older people in suits are just as likely to be violent as younger drivers in jeans... Don't be tempted to carry a weapon in your vehicle... If you are being followed drive to a police station." It also lists some of the most provocative actions on the road to avoid: "Middle lane monopolisers, overtakers on the inside, parking space stealers, red light jumpers."

There is no sign of road rage disappearing. Yesterday brought news of yet another road rage victim: Ronald Francis, a 73-year-old pensioner was attacked in Portsmouth after two men mistook his courtesy wave, when he passed

them, for a two-fingered salute. Mr Francis, who was driving home from an ex-servicemen's club on Tuesday night, described how one of the men stopped punching him when he saw his Normandy badge and asked him if he was a veteran. He said: "I told him yes I am, and I didn't fight in the war to be treated like this son."

Ultimately Mr King says it is a rage that is not just a problem of the roads, but the modern age, and until drivers come to terms with that, they won't come to terms with their cars. "What we're getting is this relatively new technology, that is very powerful, and taking it for granted, without considering the hidden cost. We're not asking ourselves 'what do I have to learn about myself to use it?'"

But for Ms Cable it remains a simple human tragedy. "I was pleading with him not to kill the person I loved more than anything," she said. "This man has destroyed my life because Steve was my life. He was everything to me."

The Prime Minister is... Anthony Seldon... says...

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Jo Brand's week

It seems that gangs of Greek Cypriots are making vicious and unprovoked attacks on off-duty British troops who are serving with the United Nations in Nicosia. This is thought to be happening because of the case involving the three soldiers who were sentenced to life following the killing of a young Danish woman. Reaction in these attacks by the Army appears to be a mixture of surprise and concern.

It isn't a surprise to me, it's quite understandable and it may well be time for senior figures in the British Army to admit that many young soldiers are out of control. I accept that many young blokes in the army are lawful, well-behaved individuals, but that's not the point. The point is that an institution like the Army cannot afford to ignore the behaviour of a handful of psychopaths who have led them to acquire such a thuggish image. Perhaps if the people of Cyprus felt the upper echelons weren't turning a blind eye, things would be better. A hit of positive PR wouldn't go amiss. Obviously, it's a bit of a frightening thought having soldiers doing shopping for old ladies or a spot of babysitting, but permitting soldiers to behave like drunken morons when they're off-duty ain't going to endear them to the locals.

It looks as if Tuffy is in danger of being squashed under the wheels of progress. Plans are afoot to kill off this road-safety squirrel and replace him with a slightly more hip representative. The director of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, Dave Fenemore, thinks that Tuffy lacks credibility with the kids, because he is too puritanical and goody-goody. Yep, that figures... the church seems to be having the same problem.

Tuffy's replacement will be a boy called Willy who sports a baseball cap and is accompanied by a dragon called Watchit. Apparently, faith has been lost in small animals teaching road safety, given that a hedgehog is part of Tuffy's entourage and as we know they are not the most skilled creatures at crossing the road.

I think a lot of fun could be had with future slogans. "Don't run over a Willy," I fear, is a message that many five-year-old feminists may well ignore.

What a shame that an event as genteel and respectable as the Chelsea Flower Show spawns the petty jealousies and resentments normally reserved for less grand

occasions. But the gardeners are not happy and cannot bring themselves to congratulate the winner of the best garden award. Apparently, only those gardeners who are sponsored by the posh nobles ever seem to win the prizes. The losers have even considered asking a gang of Joe Publics to follow the judges round next year and give their own verdict



Flower power: what about equality?



on the gardens. Whatever happened to flower power?

What a joy it must have been for Dennis Skinner to discover that children in Jamaica are saving their money to send to children at a school in Derbyshire to buy pencils. Even better perhaps, that some schools in Derbyshire use local firms to sponsor toilet paper in schools. The Labour left must have relished the opportunity to accuse the Government of scrimping on education to such an extent that parts of a child's education are being sponsored by a Third World country.

In these cases, I like to stop reading and try to work out what the Government's response is going to be... because there always is one. Predictably, it would accuse the education authority (Labour, of course) of spending its money on pointless exercises such as creating nuclear-free zones. This sounds rather hollow. Perhaps Jamaican children could save a bit more and sort out the dreadful state of repair of our schools.

Libraries in Glasgow have had their budget cut by 15 per cent, thus forcing the tragic decision that no more Mills and Boon novels (if you can call them that) will be bought in. I wonder how they came to this decision.

Well, I imagine some granite-jawed hero with smoky grey eyes forcefully made his case, as he pounded his fist on the table and his chest rose and fell in a very manly way. On the other hand, one should spare a thought for the women whose lives are going to be left empty and desolate by the absence of heroes like this.

Julia Ormond, the near-perfect looking actress, who played Guinevere in the recent Connery/Gere bash, *First Knight*, has been bemoaning the fact that she cannot find her ideal man. It is always distressing for us lower mortals who look like we've just got up... all day... to discover that a flower as delightful as Julia with the pick of the crop at her feet is having problems in the search for a partner. If she cannot find the ideal man with her assets, it leads one sadly to the conclusion that he does not exist.

Still, what would I know, man-hating feminist that I am?



Poor Julia: will no man claim her?

is Friday... skulls of the clown

كتاب الال

comment

The basketball hero returns humbler, wiser

Rupert Cornwell admires Michael Jordan at the height of his powers

Their names are a band-aid. Bradman the cricketer, Pele the footballer, Jack Nicklaus the nearest thing yet to a perfect golfer, perhaps Muhammad Ali in his prime – all are performers who for a spell have not so much dominated, as transcended their chosen sport. In this list of legend must now be inscribed the name of Michael Jordan.

For the casual watcher, like myself, basketball even at its highest levels can be strangely unsatisfying. The athleticism is unarguable, but scoring is too easy, as many as 100 times in a 60-minute game. The players seem to grow taller every season, apparently bred for no other purpose than to lob a round orange ball through a netted hoop fixed 10 feet above the ground. Reduced to their barest functions, most sports are faintly absurd – how is it that half the male population of the US is obsessed by whacking a small white ball with a piece of metal across otherwise attractive tracts of countryside, before attempting to roll it into a tiny hole? But basketball is more absurd than most. That is, until you witness the Chicago Bulls and Michael Jordan.

This year's Bulls may be the greatest NBA team ever, basketball's equivalent of the 1970 World Cup-winning Brazilians, or the pulverizing West Indian cricket teams of recent memory. In the regular season they won a phenomenal 72 of 82 games. Screaming Lord Sutch has as good a chance of becoming prime minister as has another team of denying the Bulls the 1996 NBA championship. And in a team of gods, Michael Jordan is Zeus.

This has been his *annus mirabilis*, a record eighth year as NBA top scorer, a fourth Most Valuable Player Award, a season imprinted with the image of Jordan – leaping, twisting in midair, swooping, soaring, sometimes all of the above at once. Above all, he can raise his game to whatever level the moment requires. Take the second playoff game this week against the Orlando Magic, the Bulls' closest challengers in terms of ability. The first had been a 121-83 Bulls blow-out, basketball's version of a 6-1 victory at football. The second was another story. Orlando led by 18 points at one stage in the second half – at which point Jordan had seen enough. From then on he scored at will, and the Bulls

emerged winners by 93 to 88. Now he is demanding a \$36m (£24m) two-year contract in stay in Chicago, and such is the infatuation of the Windy City with Jordan that he almost certainly will get it. Indeed Jordan's colossal commercial pulling power means that even at \$18m a year, he is a steal.

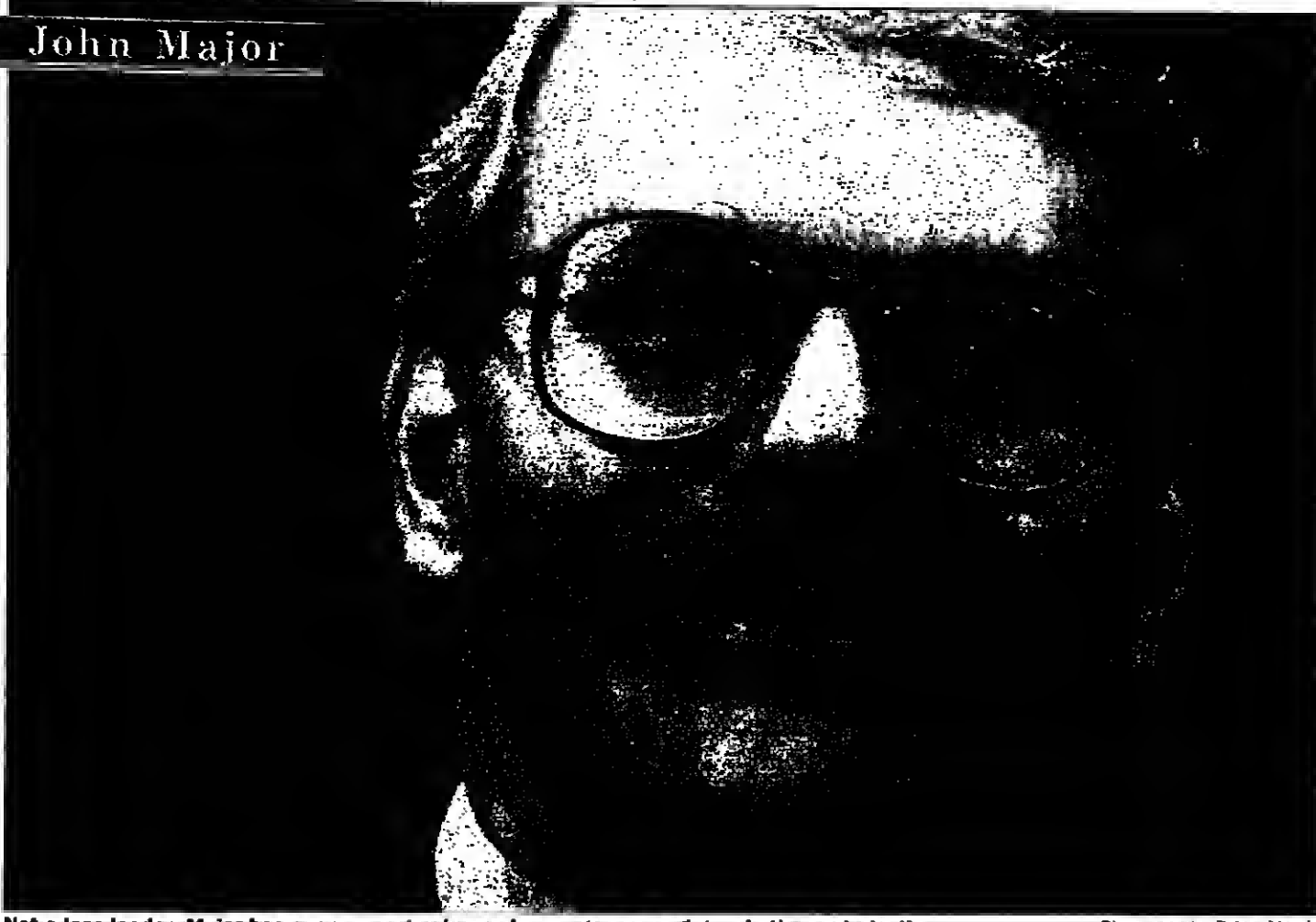
Yet money is hardly the issue for Jordan. How many sportsmen voluntarily climb down from Olympus in the mudswamp? Michael Jordan did, in 1994, forswearing the Bulls for an apprentice's job in minor league baseball, on a farm team for the Chicago White Sox. I went to see him nnc, playing outfield for the Birmingham Barons one steamy mid-summer night in Alabama. The place was packed, of course, with every eye on the loping figure wearing No 42. But the spectacle was dreadful to behold. In the field he dropped a couple of easy fly balls and muffed a simple relay throw. At bat, he flailed in vain. That Jordan has come back to basketball a more human and appealing figure should not surprise. A sport in which even the best hitters fail seven times out of 10 has a way of teaching humility.

In retrospect the decision, astounding at the time, was utterly explicable. Filial guilt undoubtedly played a part. James Jordan, whose ambition always was that his athletic genius of a son should play major league baseball, had been murdered the previous July. Burdened with personal tragedy, hounded by pseudo-scandals, winner of three NBA championships already – and three times voted its most valuable player, Michael Jordan was also bored of basketball. Thus the flight of baseball fancy.

He has returned mentally recharged, and a better player than ever. A fraction slower, some say, but wiser and tactically more astute and, when necessary – just like Bradman, Pele, or Nicklaus – still capable of lifting his game to a plateau of sustained excellence no other can reach.

PROFILE: John Major

The Prime Minister is Britain's own comeback kid. Anthony Seldon explains the secrets of his survival



Not a loss leader: Major has enormous stamina and courage – enough to win the next election

Photograph: Brian Harris

Not lucky, just good

John Major's tough stance on the beef crisis brings him back to centre-stage in the nation's political drama, but it also reminds the onlooking electorate how little it knows or understands him. The media, and through it the country, knew much more about his predecessors. Harold Wilson had his well-advertised interests, holidays, friends. Even Edward Heath, with his stoical face to the world, revealed himself through his music and sailing. And Margaret Thatcher evoked powerful personal responses from everyone; even if people did not know who she was, they thought they did. They knew where she stood, and that was what mattered.

But Major? What associations does he produce in the popular mind – warm beer and village greens? He does not care particularly for either. Someone rather overwhelmed by it all who is not really on top of his job? Not true. A pleasant, decent sort of chap, but not very effective? This at least gets closer to the mark, though the latter judgement is open to debate.

Major is certainly a private man; few of his ministers would say they know him well. His family, too, has escaped the attention granted to the Thatchers and the Blairs, the Reagans and Clintons. Little is known of his relationship with them beyond the fact that he is happiest when with them in his Huntingdon home, behind closed doors.

He has become, moreover, an increasingly private figure through-out his premiership, as he has retreated into himself under unprecedentedly bitter assault from sections of the press and from his own party. We hear less of his true enthusiasms – cricket, for example – or even his dreams of building the classless society, where there is opportunity to rise for everyone, whatever their social class, gender or racial background. Whatever happened to Major's

dream of building a Britain at ease with itself, and his especial concern for the disadvantaged?

A common view is that Major has been a lucky Prime Minister, lucky to have won three elections against initial starting odds – the party leadership in November 1990 against Michael Heseltine and Douglas Hurd, a general election in April 1992 in the midst of a recession, and leadership again in the summer of 1995, after his credibility and morale had been pounded for two

conspicuously lucky Prime Minister is to misjudge him, and further contributes to the fog that surrounds a proper understanding of his premiership.

First, it assumes that he is a poor leader blessed by periodic good luck, rather than a good leader dogged by bad luck. And he has been unlucky in so many ways. Unlike Mrs Thatcher, he had no time to prepare for being Prime Minister, or think through his party-leader election agenda of opportu-

unlucky to have had to ride out the Thatcher-Lawson recession, and the biggest schism in the party for 70 years – over Europe. Unlucky, too, in many other ways: to have come to office after the party had been in power continually for 11 years, with all the tensions that longevity produces, not to mention boredom; to have the lowest initial Tory majority for 40 years and see it dwindle to the point where tackling became a strategy rather than an occasional tactic; to face the most hostile Tory press of any Conservative leader in history; and to have a lost leader, with a seeping wound, making destabilising noises.

But Major's "lucky" tag is inadequate for a second reason – it underestimates Major the man. He is in truth different from the public perception of him. For one, there is his powerful ambition and stubbornness, he possesses more of both than almost anyone at the top of politics today. He has exceptional stamina and courage, both physical and mental. Crises and threats to his life are faced with a calm resolve that produces deep respect in those who work with him. He is rated far more highly by international leaders, and by senior officials in London, than the public realises. His interpersonal and diplomatic skills are world class.

Bring the driven ego together with the misfortunes that have

beset his government and you have the Major dilemma. Even though he professes to have little self-knowledge, he must know deep down that he has been knocked powerfully and repeatedly off-course from accomplishing much of what he came into politics to achieve. The countless misfortunes and crises have hit him where he is most vulnerable – his security. More than most, he thrives on and needs success. In stark contrast to the sparkling extroversion and self-confidence that were evident in the Eighties and early Nineties, the reversals and criticisms since 1992 have closed him down and pushed him into boats of introversion, short temper and isolation from which he will suddenly burst out. But the reversals have made him even more determined to hold on to power and hope against hope, that the wheel will turn.

Going over the top on beef may prove to be the successful 1918 summer counter-offensive rather than the battle of the Somme. Meanwhile, he has this overwhelming sense of confidence that he will win the next general election. Only a fool would write off that possibility.

The writer's biography of John Major will be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson in June 1997.

The reversals have made him even more determined to hold on to power

years as badly as the Iraqi military emplacements in Kuwait.

He is seen as lucky – even now, with beef – to have finessed a response to the EU that might just result in double victory: resolution of the problem and restoration of government standing. There is something in this critique. There are certainly elements of Major as the "JR Premier", who, like JR Ewing in Dallas, keeps making comebacks no matter how often he is struck down. But to see him as a

nity and education. One day he was Chancellor, grappling with interest rate cuts, the next Prime Minister, with a war in the Gulf to fight. He was unlucky not to find a pivotal figure who could do the detailed thinking for him and translate his valid but essentially inchoate beliefs – and he holds them strongly – into a programme of legislation and policy that would have formed a distinctive Majorite agenda and avoided his premiership being seen as a mere coda to Thatcherism. He has been

It's Friday, so where's the leaving do?

As the ranks of the downsized swell by the week, one new industry is booming, writes Jim White

There used to be a tradition in Fleet Street newspapers called "banging out". It involved an employee, on the day he retired after a life-time's stalwart service to his chosen rag, being walked by his colleagues through the presses in the print room. As he wandered towards his rendezvous with a carriage clock, the printers serenaded him by whacking the metal benches with their hammers, beating out a ceremonial slow-march to mark his departure.

"Banging out" is a practice that has long since disappeared. Few reach retirement age anymore. It's the same story in other walks of life: financial services, banking, retail, everywhere a white collar is worn, jobs are being shed, desks emptied, belongings bundled into bin bags.

But just as every cloud has a silver lining, so every personal crisis offers an entrepreneurial opportunity. As jobs-for-life decline, so, exponentially, the leaving industry is on the march. The signs are everywhere in many of Britain's business districts. Take Canary Wharf in London's Docklands, for example. In this centre of managerial, financial and service business, the shops are there to furnish special occasions. The florist's shop, the chocolate shop, the dress hire agency, the greetings card shop: these are places packed at Christmas, Valentine's Day, Mother's Day with anxious executives panic-buying at the last minute. But through the rest of the year, these businesses rely for making their money on the core trade: departures.

In the card shop, a whole rack displays items to celebrate another leaving: "Sorry you're off", "We'll miss you", "Don't forget us" extort oversized cards, big enough for everyone in the office to write their witty thoughts. In the fancy chocolate shop next door you can buy a departing friend a cake with a candle for each year's service. In the

florist's over the way, they do a lovely bouquet to brighten a departure (£25 for a formal bunch; £27 for a hand-tied).

But it is in the bars that the real by-bye business is done. There is held the leaving do. Five years ago, leaving dos happened only occasionally, when someone was moving off to better things, and a few friends might gather to wish them well on their journey. Now every time you slip down for a quick sharpener on the way home, a section of the bar will have been roped off, and behind it a little bubble will have gathered around a couple of bowls of crudites, roaring with forced bonhomie. At a wearisome in-joke. One bar has hosted at least three such occasions a week since Christmas and recently things have got so busy that they have been doubling up with two a night.

"To be perfectly honest," explained one bar man, "at the moment leaving dos are a pretty tidy proportion of our takings."

Like all English social gatherings, a rigorously observed social etiquette has developed around the

leaving do, most of it concerning alcohol. The principal purpose of the event is for the departing ex-employee to pour a good proportion of their pay-off down the throats of erstwhile colleagues. Thus they are expected to organise the venue, issue the invitations and buy a large quantity of

drink, a task best performed by leaving their credit card behind the bar. From the outside, this may seem an unbalanced obligation; the leaver, after all, may not find any new employment immediately and could do without spending a chunk of severance to lubricate the throats of

those with a regular income. But there is always a double-edge to a leaving do. The departing employee will almost certainly be leaving behind essential work which will have to be done by someone else left to toil even harder than before. These are people, according to the custom of the Nineties, who deserve a little drink for their pain. Leaving dos invariably ring to the sound of mirthless gags about escape commitments, tunnels and wooden horses.

Once the party is under way, when a critical mass of guests has been achieved, a couple of speeches will be made and then the presents and cards will be handed over. These have been bought from the proceeds of a desperate whip-round, which will invariably feature someone finding it very amusing to seek change from a

pound. The present will have been bought at the last second, and without thought; indeed the leaving gift has almost single-handedly been responsible for a revival in the book and record token market.

After the presentation, most of the guests will drift homeward, leaving as soon as someone has asked the awkward "so, what are you going to do then?" question. Only the die-hards remain, those who have not yet succumbed to the leaving-do fatigue which has gripped so many employees (there are only so many goodbyes you can say, only so much booze you can drink, even if it is free).

Like scrap metal merchants prospering after the shipyards closed down, this leaving business has the air of a gold rush, a bubble industry, one that will dissipate the moment directors realise they need someone to do the work and call a halt to the downsizing.

But then there is always another opportunity. A new market is already emerging: next to the leaving cards on the shop racks are the divorce cards. There is a growing business in celebrating divorces: it is now possible even to have a religious ceremony marking the final split, the downsizing of couples. And it is increasingly fashionable to hold a party to celebrate the moment when that decree absolute drops through the door. It evidently seems such a shame to many people that, having spent so much on the marriage, they should not fork out a few quid on marking the break-up.

Ironically – and fortuitously for many businesses – the fashion for job-cutting may well have done its bit to help create this market niche, which could involve hundreds of thousands of customers. Those left behind, working twice as hard to cover their departed colleagues, may well find themselves divorcing in record numbers.



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Cost of policies surges in spite of new rules

NIC CICUTTI

The cost of mortgage-related endowment policies and pensions sold in hundreds of thousands of people rose by up to 17 per cent last year, despite new rules forcing insurers to disclose their charges to investors in full, a survey showed yesterday.

Some of Britain's biggest household name companies, including Prudential, Guardian Royal Exchange (GRE) and Sun Alliance, strip away between 4 and 8 per cent each year in charges on 10-year pension policies. The average figure is 5.9 per cent.

The results contradict claims two years ago by the Securities and Investments Board, the industry's leading regulator, that a new disclosure regime of company charges and expenses would deliver savings of £1bn a year to investors. At least £500m of that amount would come through reductions in commissions paid to salespeople, the SIB suggested.

Heavy charging structures mean that, taking today's 2.9 per cent underlying inflation levels into account, investment returns on these funds would have to reach at least 7 per cent each year simply to stand still in real value terms.

The figures were revealed yesterday by a survey by Money

Marketing, a financial services magazine, of with-profits policies sold by 35 of Britain's top insurance companies.

John Jenkins, an actuary and principal consultant at KPMG, the chartered accountancy firm which carried out the survey, said yesterday that the averages published yesterday may be even higher.

This was because in a number of cases, companies did not supply their 1994 figures and KPMG had to use lower ones in force the previous year. Mr Jenkins also predicted that a survey of more popular unit-linked policies, due later this year, was likely to show the same upward trend.

He said: "I can only think that what some offices have found is that their sales have been falling in the past year. If they have fixed costs, the effect is likely to push prices up for new policyholders."

"It is getting to the stage where the amount of charges on a policy are higher than the yield from equities."

"If that is the case, it cannot

be best advice for financial advisers to recommend that their clients buy some of these policies, particularly those with heavy charges. They should be addressed towards cheaper unit trusts, 'Reserve' and personal equity plans."

One financial adviser, who refused to be named, said yesterday: "The fact is that commissions have risen massively in the past few years. Large national brokers and networks use their financial muscle with life companies to force up commission rates by up to 30 or 40 per cent over the standard rate by promising to sell in volume."

Money Marketing's survey shows that the Reduction in Yield - or average annual charges - on 10-year endowments sold last year was 3.2 per cent, up from 3 per cent in 1994.

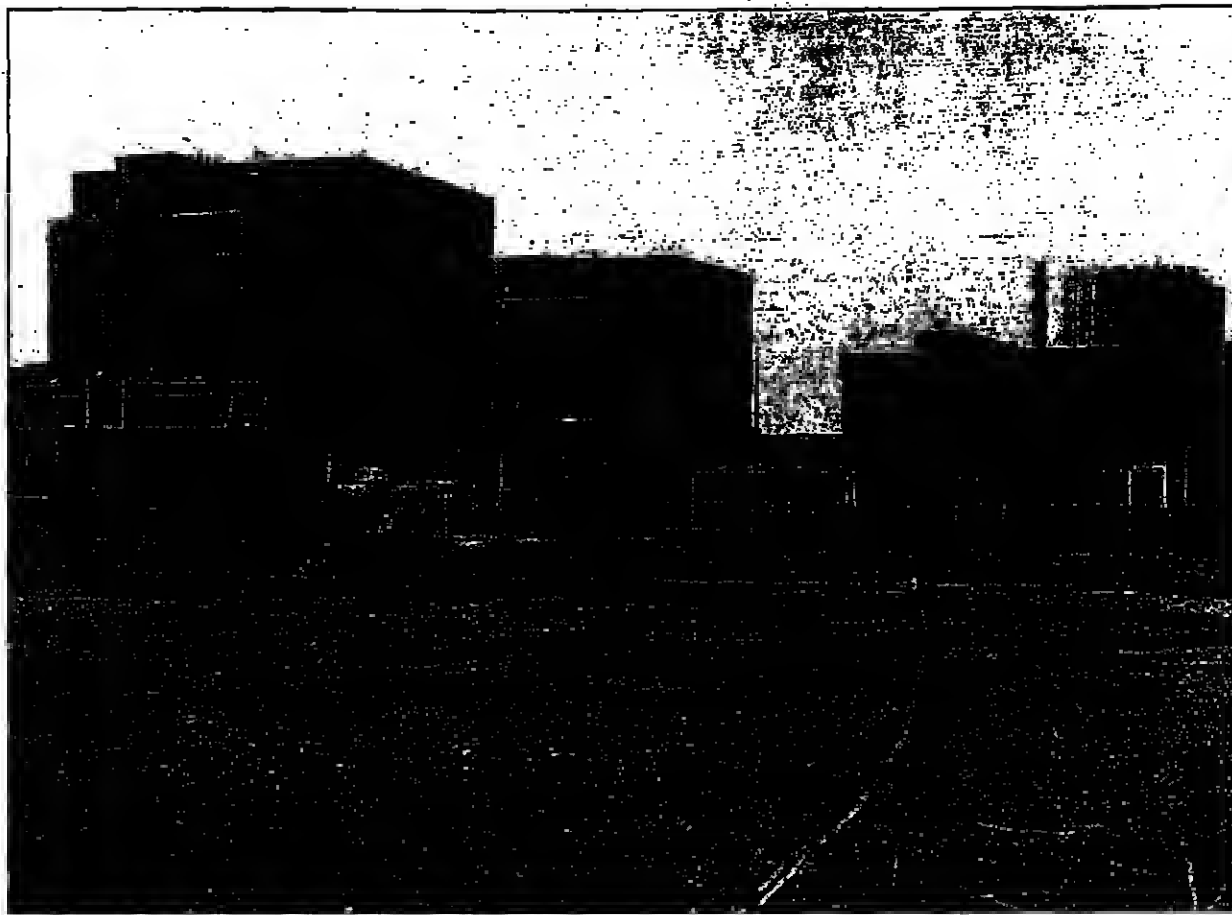
For 25-year pensions, annual charges ranged between the 0.8 per cent charged by Equitable Life and Guardian Financial's 8.1 per cent. Royal Insurance levied an annual charge of 4.8 per cent on policyholders' funds, while Sun Alliance with which it is about to merge, charged 5 per cent.

For 25-year pensions, the average charge dropped to 1.8 per cent. But Guardian Financial levied an annual fee of 4.7 per cent, while the Pru took 2.5 per cent, like the Royal.

The Securities and Investments Board said it remained convinced that the benefits to policyholders of product disclosure will express themselves over the next 10 years.

Comment, page 19

Profits endowment new business		Personal pensions	
Annual charge %	Annual charge %	Annual charge %	Annual charge %
Company	Term 10 years	Company	Term 10 years
Average	3.2	Average	1.8
Prudential	2.2	Prudential	1.4
Guardian	1.4	Guardian	3.9
Sun Alliance	3.9	Sun Alliance	1.8
Equitable Life	8.1	Equitable Life	1.7
Guardian Financial	8.1	Guardian Financial	1.7
Royal Insurance	4.8	Royal Insurance	1.6
Sun Alliance	4.8	Sun Alliance	1.5
Prudential	2.5	Prudential	1.4
Guardian	2.5	Guardian	1.4



Critical issues: Nuclear reactors at Dungeness, Kent

Row over Magnox intensifies

MICHAEL HARRISON

The row over whether nuclear privatisation will raise enough money to pay for the liabilities of the ageing Magnox reactors being left in public hands deepened last night even though the Government claimed to have found another £1bn to cover closure costs.

Ian Lang, President of the Board of Trade, wrote to his Labour opposite number Margaret Beckett saying Magnox Electric had cash and investments in its balance sheet of £3bn.

This compares with a figure of £2bn used by the Government a year ago when it announced the nuclear sell-off and split the industry into two - British Energy, which owns the

modern AGR and PWR stations and is being sold off this July, and Magnox Electric, which will remain in public ownership.

At that time, the Government put the Magnox liabilities at £8.5bn even though the cost was shown as £9.8bn in the company's own accounts, and said that the flotation of British Energy would need to raise £2.6bn to cover the shortfall.

A report due out from ABN Amro Hoare Govett, British Energy's brokers, next Tuesday, is expected to cast doubt on whether the sale will raise that much.

Mr Lang said in his letter to Mrs Beckett that she had shown a "complete misunderstanding" of the position with the Magnox reactors. But he declined to re-

peat the pledge that the money raised from the British Energy sale together with existing and future funds from Magnox generation would be enough to cover liabilities being left for the taxpayer to pick up.

Mrs Beckett said: "The Government's answer reveals very little. It is increasingly clear that the Government can neither reassure the taxpayer that they won't be picking up the bill for nuclear privatisation nor reassure shareholders that they won't be taking on more than the Government is presently making clear."

The break-down of the Magnox liability figures given a year ago showed that in addition to the £2bn of cash, the Government expected to raise £1bn

from the future operation of the stations, £1.4bn from the nuclear levy, and a further £1.4bn through savings in liability costs and more effective decommissioning strategy.

This totalled £5.9bn - leaving another £2.6bn to be found from the sale of British Energy. The best estimates now are that the sale will raise £2.3bn to £2.4bn, including the £700m of debt being left in British Energy.

A spokeswoman for the Department of Trade and Industry said that the figures used a year ago were "illustrative" and that £8.5bn for liabilities was on the high side.

The DTI also said the cash in the balance sheet had increased because of extra money from generating and from the nuclear levy.

Profits at Pace hot up as TV's digital revolution takes off

MATTHEW HORSMAN
Media Editor

Television's digital revolution has sent profits soaring at Pace Micro Technology, the soon-to-be-quoted maker of new-generation set-top boxes.

In its pathfinder prospectus published yesterday, the Shipley-based manufacturer promised pre-tax profits in the year to 31 May of at least £18.1m, up from just £3.4m last time.

Barry Rubery, joint chief executive, said the booming markets for digital services in Australia, Thailand and South Africa helped the company shift 250,000 set-top boxes in the year.

"We are now looking forward to the launch of digital in the UK," Mr Rubery said. BSkyB, the satellite broadcaster owned

40 per cent by Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation, has said it would launch digital satellite services from autumn next year. Digital terrestrial television, available "through the air", is planned for introduction in 1998 if the Government's proposals succeed. Viewers will need special equipment to unscramble the digital signals, creating a demand for Pace's range of set-top boxes and other receiving equipment.

The devices currently cost as much as £700, but it is expected that broadcasters launching digital services will seek ways of subsidising set-top boxes to encourage take-up. BSkyB, for example, claims it can lower the cost to about £200, by working with manufacturers, retailers and other partners.

In its profit forecasts, Pace has

not relied on income from digital satellite in the UK. "More than 80 per cent of our digital business comes from outside the UK," Mr Rubery said. "Anything that comes from the home market will be a welcome addition."

Analysts said the company would achieve a market capitalisation in excess of £250m, once the shares are admitted for trading on the London Stock Exchange.

Established by David Hood, the joint chief executive, in 1982, Pace launched its first low-cost modem in 1985 and its first analogue receiver for satellite television in 1987. It developed a receiver-decoder for use in subscription television in 1990, and has benefited from the rapid growth of Sky Television, particularly since 1992.

Through a joint venture with

NTL, the television transmission company, it developed a range of MPEG2 digital products, providing high-quality transmission.

The company is one of a handful of UK companies that stands to benefit from the transition from analogue to digital television. Digital television is already available in several countries, with the UK and continental Europe considered to be among the biggest potential markets for Pace.

The company decided against developing its own "conditional access" technology, by which transmissions are blocked unless the viewer has paid a subscription fee. As a consequence, Pace expects to be able to supply set-top boxes whatever the outcome of ongoing battles between suppliers of the technology.

Lloyd's names 'likely to vote for settlement'

JOHN EISENHAMMER
Financial Editor

The significant improvement in the financial terms offered to names - or members - has produced a surge in support for the Lloyd's of London settlement proposals, a poll revealed yesterday.

Some 79 per cent of names said they are likely to support the settlement when they vote on it in July. Six months ago, a similar Mori poll showed that about 58 per cent felt likely to back the ambitious plans to free Lloyd's of its old loss-making policies and to enable names to draw a line under their affairs with the insurance market.

Since then, Lloyd's has reduced dramatically the cost to names of the final premium for reinsuring all their old loss-

making policies in a special company, Equitas.

The amount of Equitas premiums to be divided between the 34,000 names has been cut from an expected £1.9bn to less than £1bn, and the terms improved of credits to help payment.

The poll was conducted by Mori in mid-May, after the improvements were announced, among a representative sample of 500 names. The results were compared with those of a similar telephone survey, covering 100 people, conducted in November 1995.

Significantly, support for the plan is strong, at 73 per cent, among those members who have stopped underwriting at Lloyd's because of the burden of their losses. Among active names 89 per cent expressed

backing for the terms of the plan.

According to the Mori research, 65 per cent of names have a clear view of the plan and its alternative, while 77 per cent agreed with a statement that the plan is the only viable solution if Lloyd's is to continue to operate successfully.

Some 59 per cent of members agreed with the statement that no other plan provides a fairer outcome for all parties concerned. The survey only covered UK names.

Lloyd's top executives have been engaged in an effort to win support among American names, who account for about 9 per cent of the total. Lloyd's has conceded that American names are the greatest obstacle to achieving a global settlement by August.

Lucas nearer Varsity merger

PETER RODGERS
Business Editor

Lucas yesterday moved a step closer to a £2bn merger with Varsity Corporation of the US, after a board meeting gave its blessing to the next stage of negotiations on the financial details.

Lucas said in an upbeat statement - put out to prevent a false market in the shares after rumours of an imminent announcement - that talks with Varsity were "proceeding well".

The car components and aerospace company confirmed reports that the state of play would be discussed at the board meeting but played down speculation about an early announcement and said the meeting was not a make-or-break affair.

A spokesman said an announcement was unlikely before early June, which puts a deal at least a week away.

However, it is clear that the boards of Lucas and Varsity have reached broad agreement on the basic industrial logic of a merger, which would produce one of the world's biggest brake suppliers.

Lucas's brakes division would be combined with Kelsey-Hayes, Varsity's brakes subsidiary, which recently built a plant in the Netherlands to gain a foothold in the European market. Lucas's aerospace division would remain in the enlarged group, ending the company's previous search for a buyer, and so would Perkins, the diesel engine manufacturer owned by Varsity.

The two sides are also thought to have agreed that Sir Brian Pearce, the chairman of Lucas and former chairman of Midland Bank, would remain as chairman after the merger, and that Victor Rice, the British born chairman and chief executive of Varsity, would be chief executive, replacing George Simpson, who is leaving to run GEC.

A key issue to settle is the terms of the share swap for the all paper deal, which is expected to exclude any cash for shareholders, disappointing City institutions.

Lucas plans to sell the merger on the basis of the benefits of bringing two complementary companies together, giving Lucas greater access to the US and Varsity a better platform in Europe.

There were suggestions that Lucas was holding out for a 65:35 split, giving Lucas shareholders the more powerful stake in the new company, but Mr Rice is certain to demand a better deal to give Varsity shareholders greater weight.

After speculation in the stock market that an offer was imminent, investors were unimpressed with Lucas's promise of silence for at least a week, and the shares slipped 2p to 235p.

Another disappointment was the absence of any sign of other suitors for Lucas, including the rumoured TI, Siemens, GKN or General Motors.



Feeling the chill: Mark Boleat blames bad weather

Property insurance claims rocket by 58%

NIC CICUTTI

Domestic property insurance claims rocketed by £118m in the first three months of this year against the same period in 1995, a rise of 58 per cent, according to figures from the Association of British Insurers yesterday.

The increase in the value of claims raises fears of rising premiums for millions of policyholders. A number of large insurers have said that the long-running price war far home and contents cover may be drawing to a close.

Sandy Dunn, managing director at Touchline Insurance, part of GAN, one of Europe's largest insurance groups, said: "The rise we are seeing demonstrates that the market is beginning to adjust to a more realistic level."

"It is anticipated that this trend will apply to buildings insurance in the near future, with contents insurance following later in the year."

The ABI's survey showed that although theft claims dropped slightly over the first three months of this year, weather damage increased by

155 per cent, to £308m. The value of subsidence claims doubled in the first three months of 1996, costing insurance companies £68m.

Commercial property insurance also saw a substantial increase. Five claims cost £118m, a rise of 13 per cent over the first three months of 1995. Business interruption claims, many of which were made in the wake of the new year cold snap, rose 14 per cent, to £48m.

The overall figure for weather damage in relation to commercial property insurance rose by 208 per cent, up to £111m.

Mark Boleat, director general at the ABI, the industry's trade body, said: "The main factor in these disappointing results is the freezing conditions in the early days of 1996, with the effect of last year's hot summer still coming through in the form of subsidence claims."

"The overall rise in the cost of commercial property claims is disturbing, particularly as three of the four main categories of business have shown marked increases, with the new year having a marked impact."

The ABI's figures also showed domestic theft claims,

at £160m, down 3 per cent on the same period last year. Although the average cost of a claim at £1,010, rose by 5 per cent on the first three months of 1995, the number dropped 9 per cent to 158,000.

Commercial property claims were down by 25 per cent to £40m.

Mr Boleat added: "The only encouraging news is the reduction in theft claims, but even here, theft of computers and associated equipment continues to rise and too many of the traditional targets are still receiving the attention of thieves."

Pirc to savage utility perks

NIGEL COPE

A leading City investment consultancy is planning a summer assault on privatised utility bonus schemes as it gears up for attacks on similar incentive plans being tabled by the Prudential and Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation next week.

Pirc, the Pensions and Investment Research Consultancy which advises many of the largest City fund managers, is set to take the water and electricity companies to task over plans to reward their directors with long-term bonus and share schemes it regards as unacceptable under the terms of the Greenbury Report.

Many of the privatised utilities are set to hold their annual meetings in July when they will propose schemes that will result in windfall bonuses for performances Pirc sees as only average.

Pirc has already campaigned against 16 such schemes proposed by companies such as Shell and Incheape, though shareholders have still voted in favour of them.

Pirc will call for polls to vote down the Pru and HSBC schemes when they hold their annual meetings on Wednesday and Friday respectively.

Pirc issued a statement yesterday criticising the HSBC scheme which it sees as the most outrageous in date.

Under the terms of the proposals directors could qualify for shares to the value of four times salary which would cost the company £10m-£15m if certain performance targets are met.

Pirc said the scheme included a "jackpot effect" rather than a graduated scheme. "If you meet the criteria the whole lot falls into your lap," Pirc's Anne Simpson said.

Pirc is holding a seminar next month to discuss more acceptable methods of rewarding directors. It wants to see arrangements that enable all staff, not only the directors to participate.

It criticised companies such as Grand Metropolitan and BOC for operating several share option and bonus schemes that are difficult for shareholders to understand.

Pirc was set up in 1986 and offers investment advice to 32 pension funds which include Sainsbury and British Gas, as well as six investment managers which control £120bn of funds between them. Its income is derived from the fees for this advice.

STOCK MARKETS					
FT-SE 100	Dow Jones	Nikkei	Hang Seng	Hong Kong	Frankfurt
3752.10	+5.10	+0.1	3857.10	3629.50	4.02
3750.00	-11.40	-0.3	4988.80	4015.30	3.35
3740.00	+0.90	+0.0	1945.40	1918.60	3.67
3730.00	-3.08	-0.1	2241.97	1954.06	2.91
3720.00	+0.83	+0.0	1924.17	1791.95	3.79
3710.00	-5.17	-0.1	5778.00	5032.94	2.17
3700.00	+74.35	+0.3	2292.05	1973.70	0.731
3690.00	-11.88	-0.1	11584.89	18204.87	3.311
3680.00	-13.22	-0.7	2570.78	2284.86	1.651

INTEREST RATES					
Short sterling	UK medium gilt	US long bond	Money Market Rates	Bond Yields	
1 Month	1 Year	Medium Term	1 Month	1 Year	Long Term
5.94	6.38	6.05	5.94	6.38	6.14
5.91	5.81	5.58	5.91	5.81	5.84
5.90	5.91	5.24	5.90	5.91	5.24
5.84	5.38	6.40	5.84	5.38	6.71

CURRENCIES					
£/\$	£/DM	£/¥	£/HK\$	£/A\$	£/NZ\$
1.5129	+0.03	1.8059	1.5129	+0.03	1.8059
1.5120	-0.15	1.8059	1.5120	-0.15	1.8059
2.3319	+0.19	2.2221	2.3319	+0.19	2.2221
162.896	+1.38	131.569	162.896	+1.38	131.569
107.875	+10.9	83.1200	107.875	+10.9	83.1200
84.9	+0.1	84.0	84.9	+0.1	84.0



COMMENT

'Far from a savings bonanza for policyholders, the first year of the disclosure regime has seen increases of up to 18 per cent'

Large claims make little impact in life industry

Regulators took nearly 10 years from the enacting of the Financial Services Act to achieve the holy grail of life insurance commission disclosure. Persuading the industry to agree both the principle and the method was like pulling teeth. But eventually it was done and great benefits were expected to flow from it.

According to Sir Andrew Large, chairman of the Securities and Investments Board, customers could expect to benefit by up to £1bn as a result of the greater competition among product providers that disclosure would bring about. At least half of that amount would come from lower commissions paid to financial advisers and insurance salesmen, he imprudently claimed.

One year into the new, SIB-inspired changes, and the truth is rather different, according to an in-depth survey of charges by Money Marketing. Far from a savings bonanza for policyholders, the first year of the disclosure regime has seen increases of up to 18 per cent, on average, in the annual charges paid by policyholders on some products.

The reasons for this increase are open to debate. One is that the collapse of public confidence in the insurance industry in the wake of the personal pensions mis-selling scandal has meant far fewer sales of the industry's products. As with any company facing fixed costs and diminishing sales, prices have been forced up.

As for commissions, the SIB's assertion

that the amounts paid would fall has also proved to be a delusion. If anything, they have gone up, as companies chase business by paying their procurers more and more money. Claims in January by the Personal Investment Authority, the SIB's junior sibling, to the effect that disclosure was working seem to have been no more than self-serving hot air.

Given time, it is possible that the new transparency will indeed lower charges and commissions. For the time being, however, the industry's response to a shrinking market has been to raise its prices. Greater transparency has not led to a more competitive environment. How odd, Sir Andrew might legitimately say. But it will certainly teach him not to make exaggerated claims.

A loophole for every occasion

Predictably, the Greenbury Report on top pay, has a loophole for every occasion. When it tackled the performance criteria for long-term incentive schemes, the hard-pressed committee said they should be "challenging". But with six months to write the report, the members understandably chickened out of specifying in any detail what challenging actually meant.

Is it the 2 per cent a year earnings per share growth that triggers HSBC's boardroom incentives, or the 10-15 per cent that

Asda sets for its senior people? The HSBC benchmark is too easy to achieve. The Asda numbers, most would agree, are genuinely demanding. Both companies claim to be acting in the spirit of Sir Richard's report.

The report said company performance should be measured relative to a group of comparator companies "in some variable, or set of variables, reflecting the company's objectives, such as total shareholder return. However, there are a range of possible measures." You can make what you will of this and most companies do.

EPS is a popular performance benchmark, but by itself is flawed, because it is so easy to massage in the short term. All you need to do is sack a few thousand workers and cut back on investment to get the incentive payout up. Asda combines EPS with share price growth, which has the virtue of being easy to understand. Others look to complex calculations of total shareholder return or return on capital, or combinations of measures.

The Prudential includes relative dividend and share price performance in the FTSE 100—a useful measure—but spoils it by triggering payments if the company ranks a lowly 50th or better. Many companies are also deliberately taking the Greenbury recommendation of a minimum performance period of three years as a maximum. Five years would be much better.

It will take several years for a consensus to emerge on what constitutes a challenge-

ing set of performance criteria. In the meantime some boards of directors will make just as much hay as they did in the good old days of share options. When the new schemes begin to mature in three years time, the first payouts could make the last fat cat scandal look modest.

However, there is one tremendous but little recognised benefit that makes these toothless troubles worthwhile. As part of the process, the Greenbury rules require boards of directors to set out the performance levels at which they are aiming, for scrutiny, debate and approval by shareholders. This really is an important new discipline for it forces companies to set targets for themselves. The modest will soon be sorted from the ambitious.

It's tickets for secrecy on the buses

There was good reason why until yesterday nobody in the London market knew that both Stagecoach and Firstbus were in the bidding for Swedbus, the soon to be privatised Swedish bus company. The whole thing was meant to be confidential. Confidentiality never works for very long, however, and yesterday the Swedish press plastered the British interest all over its business pages. For both companies, Swedbus would be quite a bite. The reserve price is said to be around £100m, about a quarter of First-

bus's market value and a seventh of Stagecoach's.

Both companies have been acquiring like topsy in recent years, and the idea of yet another takeover, an overseas one to boot, must be a cause of some concern among investors. When small to medium sized companies go shopping overseas, it generally means one thing—that executives prefer globetrotting to working. Such forays as often as not end in grief. It is, furthermore, hard to imagine a more ridiculous concept than that of the global bus corporation—London to Stockholm by deregulated bus, freely transferable tickets provided.

Joking apart, the problem for both Stagecoach and Firstbus is that both of them have run out of room to grow. With around 80 per cent of the domestic bus market now effectively sown up by the big players, it is hard to know where other than overseas they can turn. The rail franchises offer one avenue of expansion but one not without its risks. Furthermore Stagecoach has already achieved some success overseas in Africa, Portugal and Hong Kong. The same cannot be said of the unfortunately named Firstbus, which has yet to dip a toe in overseas waters.

Who knows? It may work. In nearly all respects, privatisation of the buses has proved a big success. A moribund industry on its last legs has been revived and in investment terms it has proved a real winner. Stagecoach, or even Firstbus, may be able to do the same with Swedbus.

Stagecoach books a ticket for Sweden

MAGNUS GRIMOND

Stagecoach, the Perth-based bus group, is understood to have registered an interest in bidding for Swedbus, one of the largest bus operators in Scandinavia which is being sold by Swedish Railways in a SKr1bn (£96.5m) privatisation.

However, contrary to reports yesterday, Firstbus, now Britain's biggest bus group since its £110m takeover of Strathclyde Buses earlier this month, is not taking part in the auction for the Swedish group.

Stagecoach has mushroomed in size on the back of acquisitions of UK bus groups and although its attentions have recently focused on privatised railway companies, it has long had overseas ambitions. Currently it has operations stretching from Africa, to Hong Kong and New Zealand. The addition of an operator in Sweden would

be the group's second foothold on the Continent, where it already owns a bus group in Portugal. Its shares were unchanged at 442p yesterday.

Seven potential bidders are said to have signed letters on Thursday registering their interest in Swedbus, currently part of Swedish Railways. The bus operator has around 30 per cent of the Swedish market and also has operations in Denmark, Norway and Finland.

An article in the business newspaper *Dagens Industri* said the interested parties included Stagecoach and Firstbus.

Stagecoach yesterday refused to comment on the report, but it is understood that it has been prevented from discussing the sale by confidentiality rules imposed by the seller. A source confirmed that the company had signed a letter of interest on Thursday night and it was now one of the preferred bidders.

It was stressed yesterday that it is very early days and no due diligence has yet been done on Swedbus.

By contrast, a spokesman for Firstbus said they were not in the running at the moment. "I can state quite categorically that we have not made a bid," he added that the company had not registered an interest either, although he refused to be drawn on whether it would attempt to enter the bidding process at a later date.

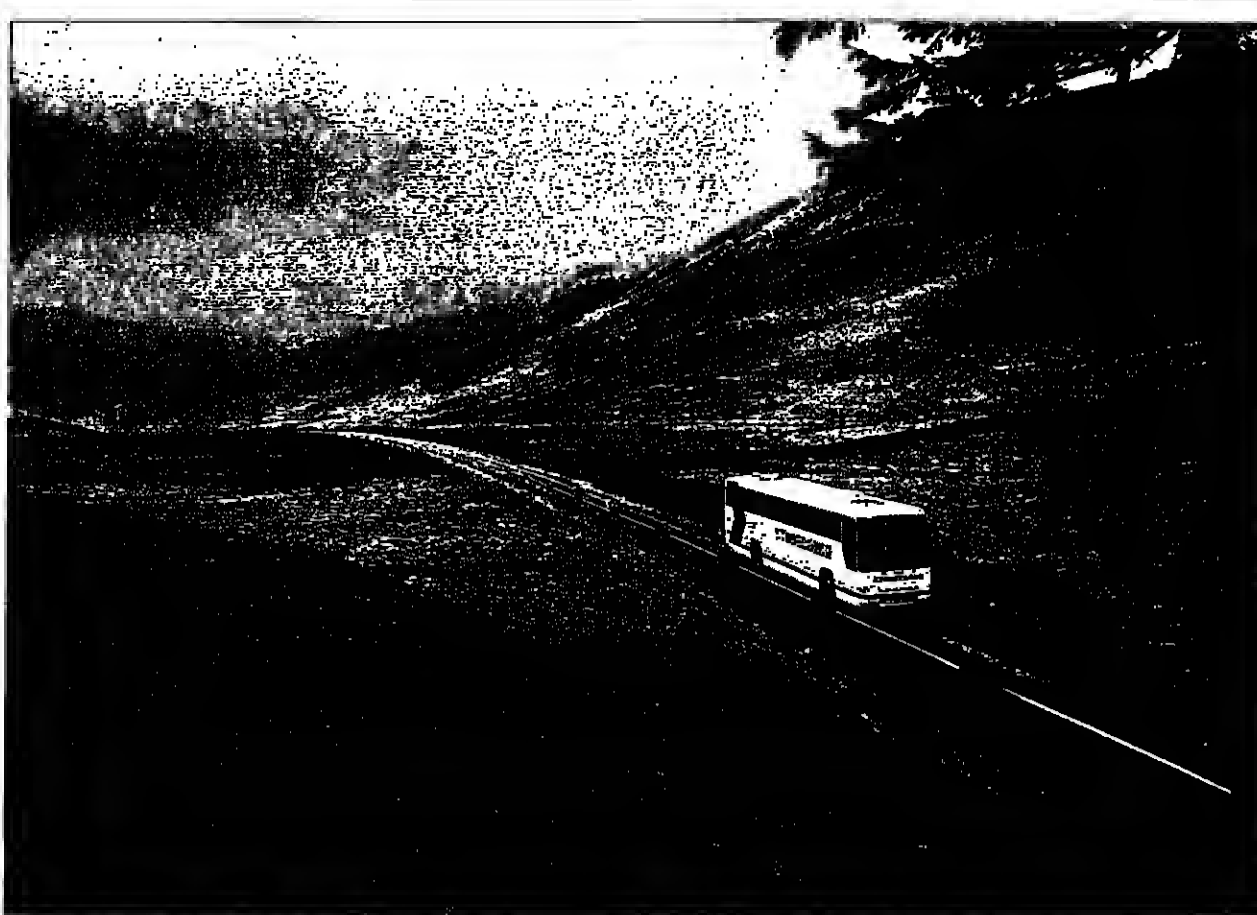
Profits after financial charges at the Swedish group were SKr111m (£10.7m) in 1995, on turnover of SKr3.5bn (£338m). That compares unfavourably with margins achieved by Stagecoach which also had sales of £338m in the year to April 1995, but saw its profits soar from £18.9m to £32.6m.

The acquisition of Swedbus would transform the contribution of overseas operations to

the group. Last year, its African and Pacific Rim businesses made operating profits of £6.42m, last year, up from £5.19m before, out of a total of £39.8m.

In February, it bought out the management's remaining 10 per cent interest in its New Zealand operator, but most of its recent acquisitions have been concentrated elsewhere. In December it became the first private sector operator to run trains again in the UK for half a century when it won the franchise for South West Trains. That was quickly followed in January by Stagecoach clinching its biggest-ever bus deal with the £40.7m purchase of Greater Manchester Buses South.

Despite predictions that the pace of acquisitions in the bus industry would slow after a heady few years, there has been little sign of any let up this year.



Out of the glens: Stagecoach may be operating in foreign climes after registering an interest in bidding for Swedbus

IN BRIEF

• Don Cruickshank, director general of telephone regulator Ofcom, has lifted some constraints on the mobile telephone networks. The proposals include a move towards relying on general competition rules, rather than detailed regulation, to deliver a fair trading environment for independent mobile retailers. "There is relatively strong competition between four network operators in the mobile market," Mr. Cruickshank said. "Against that background Ofcom's detailed involvement in the market, particularly in regulating the ways in which the networks can distribute their products, now looks increasingly artificial and out of date." Newer networks—Mercury One-2-One and Orange—should not be subject to the rules on unfair cross-subsidy while their market power is still relatively small, he added.

• Manufacturing investment fell by 2 per cent in the first quarter of this year, although it remained 1 per cent higher than the same period a year earlier. Official statistics yesterday also showed that earlier estimates of investment in 1995 have been revised up. Manufacturers increased investment spending by 7.6 per cent in real terms last year, up from the initial estimate of 6.5 per cent. Analysts said further upward revisions were likely. Manufacturers' stockbuilding more than halved between the last quarter of 1995 and the first quarter of this year. However, the ratio of stocks to output increased, suggesting there is not much chance of strong growth in manufacturing output in the near future. Retailers more than doubled their stockbuilding in the first quarter.

• Orders for durable goods in the US fell 1.9 per cent in April, although their March rise was revised up to 2.6 per cent, the Commerce Department said. Last month's drop was twice as big as expected, and suggested that manufacturing industry is finding it hard to regain momentum. Excluding the defence sector, orders were unchanged in April. A 12.6 per cent drop in transportation equipment orders—the biggest since July 1994—depressed the total. As expected, a drop in aircraft orders, which exhibited surprising strength in March, more than offset a recovery in motor vehicle and auto parts orders.

• Granada bosses Gerry Robinson and Alex Bernstein have been appointed to the board of the Savoy Hotel. Last week the Savoy said Sir Rocco Forte and Sir Anthony Tennant were resigning as directors following Granada's £3.9bn takeover of hotel and catering group Forte in January, when it acquired Forte's 68 per cent stake in the Savoy Group. But the Savoy's complicated ownership structure means Granada controls only 42 per cent of voting rights.

• Germany's Commerzbank said operating profit before risk provisions rose 37.8 per cent to DM874m (£375m) in the three months to March from a year earlier. "The figures for April confirm the pleasing trend seen in the first three months," the bank added. "We've had a good start to the year." Net interest income climbed 7.9 per cent to DM1.3bn and net commission income rose 35.4 per cent to DM612m. Own-account trading income more than doubled to DM299m, due partly to the placement of a 15 per cent stake in steel group Thyssen.

• NTT Japan's telephone monopoly, saw its pre-tax profits more than double last year to ¥328.92bn (£2.04bn). The Japanese government will decide by next January on whether to break up NTT.

COMPANY RESULTS				
	Turnover £	Pre-tax £	EPS	Dividend
Castings (F)	50.3m (50.2m)	9.43m (7.53m)	15.01p (12.36p)	4.31p (3.27p)
Chamberlain & Hill (F)	27.5m (25.4m)	1.73m (1.52m)	15.5p (14.14p)	7.5p (7p)
Chaparral (F)	2.7m (0.52m)	-0.12m (-0.80m)	-0.32p (-0.34p)	- (-)
Deutsche Holdings (F)	28.7m (25.1m)	14.5m (12.7m)	218.0p (145p)	12p (10p)
Fenchurch (F)	10.0m (16.1m)	2.3m (3.83m)	3.5p (5.6p)	2.75p (2.75p)
Gal Group (F)	18.7m (19.4m)	0.53m (1.43m)	2.16p (7.8p)	0.5p (-)
GrpVestment (F)	512.1m (29.4m)	80.13m (-\$3.72m) 1.0c (-46c)	n/a (n/a)	n/a (n/a)
Radcom (F)	- (-)	\$5.08m (-\$2.0m)	3.1c (-1.5c)	n/a (-)
Wells & Dudley (F)	119m (117m)	18.2m (18.0m)	18.8p (18.1p)	6p (5.4p)

(F) = Fiscal (F) = Interim (F) = Latest 12 months, comparatives 9 months

THE INVESTMENT COLUMN

EDITED BY TOM STEVENSON

Wolves falls behind the pack

Yesterday's 30p fall to 654p was a harsh reaction to disappointing figures from Wolverhampton & Dudley, but it did prove the dangers of investing in under-researched businesses. Despite having a market value of around £500m, analysts spend much less time on the company than the brewing majors; when expectations are not met it shows.

That sort of cursory coverage, of course, provides opportunities as well. When the shares were trading at little over 500p last autumn, they were valued only about four-fifths as highly as the rest of the market. For a solidly run business, with a reasonably strong regional franchise, that was an anomaly and when investors finally woke up to it the shares outperformed sharply.

Analysts rightly took the view that with the company earning three quarters of its profits from managed pubs, the favoured asset in a highly fashion-conscious business, it should not trade at such a marked discount to companies like Grosvenor Inns and Wetherspoon which, thanks to their perception as pure managed pub groups, enjoy price-earnings multiples in the 20s.

But yesterday's share price movement, reflected the other strong message to emerge from half-year figures to March—the fact that there is a huge range of quality within the managed sector.

Wolves invested heavily in its estate in the first half to March but failed to see anything like the return it might have. With 90 per cent of the benefit of a refurbishment to show through within four weeks, some at least of the capex should have borne fruit. The cynical conclusion is that the suburban, community pub that

predominates in Wolves' portfolio does not lead itself well to being tarted up. The managed pub groups doing well tend to have focused on city centre pubs with big drink turnovers or edge-of-town sites that sell a lot of food. The overall market is not growing fast so it is not unreasonable to assume the share they are taking is coming from the sort of pubs Wolverhampton has so many of.

During the half, turnover rose 6 per cent to £118m and, with less to show from property disposals than last year, pre-tax profits of £18.2m were only 1.3 per cent better, a poor performance that confirmed the squeeze being placed on the company in its Midlands and North-east homebases by Bass and Scottish Courage. The only bright spot after last year's disappointment was an 11 per cent dividend rise to 6p, fuelled by impressive cash flow per share of 23.2p, usefully ahead of earnings of 18.7p and always a sign of financial strength.

On the basis of forecast profits of £42.6m, giving earnings per share of 44.5p, the shares stand on a prospective price-earnings ratio of 15. With a yield of only about 3.2 per cent offering support, that is high enough.

Graham caught in a bind

There is a growing dichotomy between the optimism evident amongst housebuilders and the increasing signs of gloom emanating from builders' merchants. Yesterday's profits warning from Graham, the

UK's second-biggest group, came bot on the heels of cautious words from Harrisons & Crossfield about its Harcross builders' merchant division. But there are clearly circumstances specifically related to Graham which means that the damage may be more limited elsewhere in the sector.

The group warned in March, when it reported a mere 3 per cent rise in 1995 profits to £19.3m, that there was no sign of recovery after a hefty drop in housing starts in the second half. The group is now saying that in fact first-half profits will be "significantly" lower than last year, prompting SBC Warburg to slash its full-year forecast from £23.5m to £15.5m.

As it happened, the crucial April and May period, when the housing groups are normally building feverishly in anticipation of the traditional spring buying season, have proved much worse than expected. While March sales were ahead of last year, Graham now reports that the two most recent months were slightly lower. The 1.5 per cent volume decline said to have taken place in March appears to have continued, reflecting the poor state of the market.

That has bitten hard into margins at a time when, if anything, Graham has had to concede ground on prices. Ian Mills, chief executive, points to the drop in industry input costs from 5.5 per cent six months ago to virtually nothing now as evidence of the pressure on prices.

But while the market is no help, Graham is also caught in its own bind. Having embarked on a large investment programme following years of under-investment as part of BTR, it has been building its cost base. Refurbished depots, more staff and better systems will be fine if sales do take off, but as it is the increased costs mean Graham's margins, already sub-par against a sector which is cutting back, are going to be hit harder than most.

Meanwhile, questions are going to be asked about last July's £55.4m acquisition of Erith, which catapulted the group into second place in the league table of builders' merchants.

The word yesterday was that rationalisation and bigger buying clout with the addition of Erith had helped the heavy side, blocks to cement, part of the combined business, with the light side, bathrooms to fittings, operation bearing more of the pain. But the timing of the Erith buy is now looking a little wonky.

After yesterday's 15p fall to 164p, the shares stand 19p below their flotation price just over two years ago, but are still worth around 23 times Warburg's forecast earnings for this year. The recovery potential remains, but Graham has a lot to prove. High enough.

Granada dishes up a bigger TV menu

MATHEW HORSMAN
Media Editor

Granada Gold, the "golden oldies" pay-TV channel developed by Granada and BSkyB, will be available to 100 per cent of satellite homes when it launches in October, following the signing of a new satellite deal this week.

The agreement could also pave the way for new channels on BSkyB, Rupert Murdoch's satellite broadcaster, insiders confirmed yesterday. A formal announcement is due next Tuesday.

The Granada Gold concept, part of a multi-channel package that features programmes from the Granada and LWT libraries, will be broadcast on Astra 1A, which offers full coverage in the UK. The channel had originally been earmarked for 1D, which can only be received by one-third of satellite dishes.

Granada and BSkyB acquired the extra transponder capacity from Kinnevik, the Scandinavian broadcasting company, which had been negotiating to cancel its leasing agreements with Astra since August 1994, when it moved its TV3 Sweden, TV3 Denmark

and TV3 Norway services to a competing satellite.

Granada, BSkyB and Kinnevik were partners in an unsuccessful bid for the Channel 5 licence, and have had discussions on a range of issues, including programming and satellite capacity.

Kinnevik had a total of four transponders on 1A and 1B, of which one has now reverted to SES, the Luxembourg-based owner of Astra.

Of the remaining three, one will be used to transmit both Granada Gold Plus and Mtn and Moring, the magazine-style channel that will be broadcast later in the day on the same channel. The two services are part of eight pay-TV themed channels to be launched in October by Granada Sky Broadcasting, the joint venture owned 60 per cent by Granada and 40 per cent by BSkyB.

Granada, the media and leisure company, has been negotiating for several months to win a better position on the Astra system, anxious to attract viewers as soon as the service is launched. GSkyB and BSkyB are believed to have paid a market price for the transponder leases, although commercial terms will not be disclosed.

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market report/shares

DATA BANK

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3752.1 +5.1

FT-SE 250
4490.0 -11.4

FT-SE 350
1900.0 +0.9

SEAQ VOLUME
615m shares,
31,523 bargains

Gifts Index
92.36 +0.01

Developments are expected at Prudential Corporation, the nation's largest insurer with more than £80bn under management.

The shares rose 10p to 424p in busy trading as word went round that Peter Davis was on the verge of launching the dramatic reshaping which has been suspected since he moved in a year ago as chief executive, replacing Mick Newmarch.

The Pru has made no secret of its desire to buy a building society with Birmingham Midshires and Woolwich high on its shopping list: it is also looking for a life insurer.

The insurance giant is planning to float its Mercantile & General reinsurance business.

Goldman Sachs, the US securities group, has been called in to handle the share sale which could be worth £1.5bn.

Talk of the disposal of M&G has often drifted around the insurance market with Conti-

ental parties rumoured to be interested.

BAT Industries was the best-performing blue chip, with a 3.8 per cent gain to 521p, highest since early March.

The shares were puffed higher following the tobacco industry's unexpected victory in what has become known as the Castano case.

A US judge threw out an action filed on behalf of smokers which, if successful, could have forced the industry into huge cash settlements.

The rest of the stock market suffered another uneventful session with, following the elimination of early losses, the FT-SE 100 index ending 5.1 points higher at 3,752.1, but the supporting FT-SE 250 index was again depressed.

General Electric Co improved 8p to 367.5p on talk of US buying and growing hopes of a £600m cruise missile con-

tract; supermarkets continued



MARKET REPORT

DEREK PAIN

Stock market reporter of the year

to reflect the sudden array of analytical support although Asda showed fresh signs of the NatWest Securities caution with a 1p fall to 117.5p.

National Power steadied to 517p. NatWest say the shares are "seriously under-priced" and despite the £1-a-share special dividend, gearing in March next year will be no more than 50 per cent, possibly under 40 per cent.

Bio stocks were mixed with British Biotech down 185p to 2,790p as Merrill Lynch said the shares were 30 per cent overvalued. The decline could spell the end of BB's ambitions to move into Footsie next month.

Lucas Industries slipped 2p to 235p in another round of busy trading as the car components group confirmed its £2.85bn merger talks with Var-

ity of the US were going well. But any deal, which will not result in a bid for Lucas, will not, it said, be clinched before early next month.

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Cortec International was 22p higher at 373p as it duly announced it was on a cash-raising exercise, placing 5.7 million shares to raise £20m.

BTG, the old British Technology Group, rose 150p to 1,925p on expectations of bullish weekend comment.

Dawson, a founder member of AIM last year at 480p a share, gained 350p to 1,650p as it bought out the other shareholders in the Surrey distribution business. It is paying £15.4m to PWJ Surrey and £5.3m to the 3i investment group.

Graham, the builders merchant, produced the traditional Friday profit warning, falling 15p to 164p. Wolver-

hampton & Dudley, the regional brewer, weakened 31.5p to 652.5p following results.

Michael Page, the recruitment agency, continued to edge ahead, up 2p to 328p, and engineer Thomas Locker put

on 3.5p to 35p, a 12-month high, on talk of corporate developments. Earlier this year rebel shareholder John Carr sold his 11.6 per cent interest.

Caspian remained at 18p as the market awaited details of the Leeds Old deal. Greenwell Resources gained 1.75p to 14.75p on the settlement of its dispute with an Australian mining company. It is collecting £3.15m which will be used to develop the group's mining interests in Greece and the Czech Republic.

Emtech, a recent AIM arrival jumped 23p to 81p. Reflect put on 7p to 83p on reports it plans to sell the rights to distribute its retinoid ink.

Epic Multimedia, expected to be an AIM high-flyer, continued to disappoint, falling 15p to 90p against a 105p flotation price. There had been hopes of a jump to 125p. Investors in a private issue last year were said to be selling.

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TAKING STOCK

Alaxon, the fashion group, gained 12p to 142p. An upbeat shareholders meeting this week has prompted profit upgradings.

The group, which turned a £3.7m loss into a £3m profit last year, had been expected to produce approaching £6m.

But there are now hopes that the outcome could be more than £7m.

Beale, the century-old department store chain which came to the market a year ago, is trading well and could be set for profits of more than £5.5m against £3.1m. The shares are 273p, a peak.

The long mooted revamp at Carlisle, the property shell, is now expected next week. One suggestion is a leisure business will be injected.

The shares edged forward 0.5p to 22.5p.

Share Price Data

Prices are in sterling except where stated. The yield is last year's dividend, grossed up by 20 per cent, as a percentage of the share price. The price/earnings (P/E) ratio is the share price divided by last year's earnings per share, excluding exceptional items. Other details: r Ex rights x 10; dividend a Ex at a United Securities Market a Suspended up Party Paid pm Nt Paid Share Source: FT Information

The Independent Index

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Market leaders: Top 20 volumes

Stock	Volume	Stock	Volume	Stock	Volume	Stock	Volume
BT	25,000,000	BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000
BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000
BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000
BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000	BT	10,000,000

FT-SE 100 Index hour by hour

Open	High	Low	Close
3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

High Low Stock Price Chg Yd Pctn

High	Low	Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Telecommunications

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Textiles & Apparel

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Retailers, Food

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Retailers, General

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Pharmaceuticals

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Printing & Paper

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Property

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Support Services

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Water

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
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Rights Issues

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Recent Issues

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BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Government Securities

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Index-linked

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Undated

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Shorts

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Mediums

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Longs

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Distributors

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Chemicals

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Building Materials

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Engineering

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1

Household Goods

Stock	Price	Chg	Yd	Pctn
BT	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1	3752.1
BT	37			

Exchange Rates

Foreign Exchange Rates									
STERLING					DOLLAR			D-MARK	
Country	Spot	1 month	3 months		Spot	1 month	3 months	Spot	3 months
US	12629	9.7	24-21		1000			04/88	
Canada	2595	11-3	30-37		13798	2-1	2-0	08/88	
Germany	23378	33-48	48-58		15441	25-24	84-81	00/88	
France	28262	50-51	51-52		32192	30-30	27-27	03/88	
Italy	23579	75-90	91-96		95288	57-64	70-82	01/90	
Japan	40292	75-70	275-28		67788	45-44	136-133	03/88	
Spain	12222				12768	7-8	8-8	03/88	
Belgium	90380	9-9	34-29		31684	6-5	16-16	10/60	
Denmark	90038	175-30	529-46		93955	65-65	270-220	13/81	
Netherlands	88884	55-55	435-45		17962	35-35	97-102	10/88	
Finland	90004	10-8	24-8		12768	4-7	10-10	04/87	
Norway	94279	18-64	323-238		93981	42-47	70-60	04/87	
Sweden	83891	9-56	75-85		23082	28-27	64-72	63/70	
Switzerland	19430	86-58	95-94		12649	37-34	113-107	02/86	
Portugal	28262	20-21	91-92		12636	30-31	54-56	08/86	
Hong Kong	17073	01-01	29-20		27787	2-12	16-16	03/86	
Thailand	37673	0-0			24902	0-1	30-30	19/85	
Philippines	15757	0-0			14886	30-32	88-90	13/82	
Saudi Arabia	21336	0-0			37676	0-0	17-17	2-4/82	
Singapore	21336	0-0			14033	0-0	103-88	08/89	
OTHER SPOT RATES									
Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot
Argentina	15000			Nigeria	123367			South Africa	41591
Australia	16401			Poland	93367			Switzerland	17962
Brazil	15000			Romania	23367			Thailand	37673
Canada	2595			Saudi Arabia	21336			United States	12629
China	15000			Spain	12222			West Germany	23378
Czech Republic	15000			Sweden	83891			Yugoslavia	15000
Denmark	90038			Switzerland	19430				
France	28262			Thailand	37673				
Germany	23378			United States	12629				
Greece	15000			United Kingdom	12629				
India	15000			Yugoslavia	15000				
Indonesia	15000								
Italy	23579								
Japan	40292								
Korea	15000								
Malaysia	15000								
Mexico	15000								
Netherlands	88884								
Norway	94279								
Portugal	28262								
Spain	12222								
Sweden	83891								
Switzerland	19430								
Thailand	37673								
United States	12629								
Yugoslavia	15000								
Note: Forward rates quoted high to low as on a discount indicated (not spot rates). Some quoted low as a premium indicated (not spot rates). For the rates shown above, the bank is the bank of origin. For the rates shown above, the bank is the bank of origin.									
Tourist Rates									
Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	

sport

Keegan sold Barry Venison, the only man capable of wearing three haircuts simultaneously while still playing football

It is with great regret that this column makes an announcement which will resonate throughout the sporting world: the second annual Independent award for services to hair in football has been cancelled for fear of terminally affecting the career of the prize-winner.

This is a shame, as the competition was hotting up nicely. Last year's winners Newcastle faded early, leaving the field open. In a metaphor for their fortunes in the League, it was Kevin Keegan's activities in the transfer market that snuffed his team's chances. Over the year he bought Ferdinand, Hisslop, Barry Barton, Asprilla and Ginola; not a decent hair cut among them. Worse, at the same time, he sold his tonsorial linchpin, Barry Venison,

the only man capable of wearing three haircuts simultaneously while still playing football. Peter "Just like me Mam used to do it, please Mr Barber" Beardsley and Pavel Srnicek with his Help-era Beatles mop could not carry the Georgie torch alone.

Several of the new imports hurt on to the scene with the potential to take the prize from the Magpies. Ruud Gullit brought his Cleopatra thatch to Stamford Bridge, but was so elegant, commanding and majestic, few noticed his hair. Regi Blinker brought his Ruud-alike dreads to Hillsborough and was so ineffective, pointless and forgettable, his hair was all anyone noticed.

But it transpired that these boys were never serious threats to the lo-

cal talent. And the competition was particularly sharp in the early weeks of the season. Robbie Fowler returned from holiday looking like someone had dropped a pot of Dulux on his head; as, bizarrely, did Steve Stone, who reappeared from the beaches with what little hair he had toned a virulent shade of daffodil. Meanwhile David James had gone purple and Roy Keane wore a number one crop that made him look more like Damien from *The Coven* than ever.

All eyes, however, turned to the City Ground. With Sean Collymore transferred, the opportunity opened up for Jason Lee, with his Carmen Miranda memorial fruit bowl on the head, to make his mark. Uncharacteristically, he took his chance. Within weeks he had become a na-

Jim White



ON SATURDAY

tional figure thanks to David Baddiel and Frank Skinner, who saw in Lee an unquenchable source of gags on *Fantasy Football League*. But it wasn't just the hair that they no-

ticed about the lad, it was his all-round play: the fact he couldn't trip, couldn't pass, couldn't score. All season they couldn't stop giggling.

And that's where things turned serious. This week Frank Clark, Lee's manager, put the player on the transfer list and blamed the two comedians: their gags, was his contention, had wrecked Lee's confidence. Everywhere he went the crowd laughed at his hair, and the poor mate couldn't hack it. "Not clever, not funny, not grown-up," was Clark's summary of their jibes.

It was a disingenuous performance by Clark. Last summer he sold Collymore, the local hero, and failed to replace him adequately. Easier to blame someone else. Moreover, Clark had previously

branded Baddiel and Skinner as "middle class" and as not being interested in football, merely using it to make a name for themselves. This is clearly untrue: the pair are as obsessed with football as he is. But while he loves tactics, systems and pondering whether to play with a sweeper in the hole just behind the Christmas tree, they love, well, the hair. Clark's failure to spot that they were all betting for the same side did Lee no favours: a more sophisticated adviser would have got the player on the show the week after the gag was made and shown he could laugh at it himself. The sneering would have stopped immediately. But he didn't and the joke was battered and bruised into the ground.

This is Jason Lee, a man promoted above his own level of competence. It probably was no fun to be pilloried for professional incompetence by Skinner and Baddiel, men who have the approach of the two comedy bullies at the back of the class. Jason Lee is the equivalent of the school fat boy, eyes stinging at their relentless sniggering.

And then worse than merely suffering in silence, his manager, the person who should be protecting him, goes and tells everyone that it hurts. You don't get the feeling too many new employers will be queuing up for Lee's services now: can't score the goals, can't take the pressure. In deference to him, then, his award from this column will be held over. And in the meantime, I'm off to the barber's.

Bath may have to bore to win

Rugby Union

STEVE BAILE

Having pilloried Leicester for the way they played the last time Bath were at Twickenham, English rugby union's double-winners will be loath with their own petard if they try to dismantle Wigan by similar means in this afternoon's challenge match at Twickenham.

Mind you, 82-6 – the score when the 13-a-side champions annihilated Bath under rugby league rules 17 days ago – requires an awful lot of revenge and there is no way Bath will simply abandon those facets of union which league folk tend to treat with disdain and distaste.

So we can anticipate an early attempt to take the strength out of the Wigan forwards, unused as they are to scrummaging, rucking and mauling, before Bath try to do what they are best at: a rugby of motion and not Leicester-fashion, slow motion.

At least, they better had. "I know winning is important but if it's only going to come down to scrum, ruck and maul we should give all the money back," Maurice Lindsay, chief executive of the Rugby Football League, said. "It would be a shame for the supporters because it's boring and crude."

Even accepting that crudity is in the eye of the beholder, Bath can but agree. As he has been reminded this week, after his side had eked out their cup-final victory John Hall, the Bath manager, said it would have been a "disaster" if Leicester had won because to win so much possession but do so little with it was "criminal".

Paradoxically, if Bath were to do the same today, it would be their best guarantee of a conclusive – though scarcely handsome – win. But in the inter-code comparison rugby union would then be massively the loser. "We are very open to criticism if we do that but we have to use what advantages we have," Hall said.

This applies particularly in the ball-winning phases, though hardly when it comes in

ball-using. Wigan have a three-quarter line any rugby union coach would die for and if they are permitted anything like the room they have in rugby league Bath are bound to be in difficulty, as the Middlesex Sevens so tellingly revealed a fortnight ago.

"It's a bit of a step into the unknown, especially when they get possession of the ball," Brian Ashton, the Wiganer who coaches Bath, said. "It will be interesting to see whether their rugby league style can adapt to the reduced time and space available in rugby union."

As for getting the ball in the first place, Wigan, who have been staying at the hotel in Bagshot patronised by the All Blacks the last time they were here, were given a session at Ruislip Rugby Club last night by the former Rosslyn Park captain Phil Keith-Roach, England's premier scrummaging coach.

Also present was the Ruislip coach, Bob Mordell, who was a rugby league professional with Oldham, and a London referee, Tim Miller, who sought to give the Wigan players an insight into the thinking of today's referee, Brian Campsall, a Yorkshireman who happens to be well-versed in both codes.

Today's crowd will approach Twickenham's restricted capacity of 50,000 and it is noteworthy in itself that the game is taking place at HQ after the obstacles the Rugby Football Union initially placed in its way.

When they had their bright idea Bath were told they could not have the ground because the turf needed reseeding but once it became clear that a historic occasion could pass to Cardiff Arms Park the RFU suddenly decided the reseeding could wait.

Bath will not, however, be granted the privilege of using the warm-up facilities normally used by England but as Savc & Prosper, which sponsors all the Twickenham internationals, has also lent its name to Bath v Wigan, we can suppose that after all it has the official seal of approval.

BATH v WIGAN			
at Twickenham			
J. Callard	16/15	K. Radford	16/15
A. Lumsden	15/14	J. Robinson	15/14
P. de Glanville (capt)	14/13	H. Paul	14/13
A. Adebayo	12	G. Connolly	12
J. Sleightholme	11	M. O'Hall	11
M. Carr	10	C. Lydon	10
I. Sanders	9	C. Hurdock	9
G. Dore	8	T. O'Connor	8
V. Ubbury	7	N. Cowie	7
M. Harg	6	G. West	6
N. Redman	5	A. Farrell (capt)	5
A. Robinson	4	S. Taitupu	4
S. Ojomoh	3	S. Quinnell	3
E. Pearce	2	V. Tuigamale	2
Replacements: 17 C. Hanson, 18 N. McCarthy, 19 A. Reed, 20 R. Rutland, 21 G. French, 22 J. Evans.			
Referee: Brian Campsall (Hull).			



Learning new tricks: Wigan's Andy Farrell practises his line-out technique

Photograph: Victoria Mathers

Lydon's painful final fling

Joe Lydon expects to be reminded tomorrow morning just why he is no longer playing the game at which he made his name. Wigan's football manager comes out of retirement to play at stand-off in the cross-code fixture under union rules at Twickenham this afternoon and there is likely to be a price to be paid.

"If I train or play now I feel it the day after," he said. "I might just have one last fling left in me, but that's all."

Also having a last fling is the 41-year-old Wigan coach, Graeme West, who last appeared in the first team in 1991, but has played in reserve matches and charity games since then. The former New Zealand international played some rugby union in his teens and his height – he is 6ft 5in – makes him a potential ball-winner in the second row.

At 32, Lydon is no fossil, but nagging knee problems effectively ended his playing career almost two years ago. There have been compensations, like a high-profile job as the public face of the Wigan club, but today's comeback is strictly a one-off.

It is not, however, a sentimental selection. Lydon trained with the first team and they asked him to play against Bath. He has two things to offer – a rugby union pedigree in his

Wigan's coach and manager return as players today. Dave Hadfield reports

young and a famous long-range kicking game that could be tactically valuable.

Lydon was an England Schoolboy international in union, touring Zimbabwe with the likes of Kevin Simms and facing Rory Underwood in North of England trials before deciding his future lay in league.

"I enjoyed my rugby union and I probably would have carried on with it if better and better offers hadn't come from league. I've no regrets about opting for league, but it's only natural that you wonder how far you would have gone."

For Lydon, now in the middle of a testimonial season after 10 years with his hometown club, that must always remain a matter of conjecture.

His experience in union, he also believes, is too distant to be of any direct benefit today. "It's too long ago," he says. "Even players like Scott Quinnell, who have not been away from union for long, have been finding it difficult to adapt to it again."

That leaves Lydon's celebrated field-gun kicking. "The boot's all right," he says. "It's the leg that's no good."

In fact, observers of Wigan's

union preparation say that Lydon's kicking can still earn valuable ground, even if he might have to pay for the privilege on Sunday morning.

He is making no promises, though, that there will be any repeat of his most memorable kicking feat, a drop-goal measured at a Hugo Porta-esque 61 yards in the Challenge Cup semi-final against Warrington in 1989.

"I would need a howitzer now to get it over from that range," he said, once more enjoying the role of the pensioned-off doddler.

For all that, Lydon's cool head can exert a steady influence in trying circumstances, especially if Shaun Edwards does not make one of his Lazarus-like recoveries and Craig Mordock plays at scrum-half.

But he has no dreams of leading them to victory. "I think it is a false premise to say that because we won the Middlesex Sevens we can beat Bath at the 15-a-side game."

"Even in the Sevens, we struggled at times to get the ball. We were 15 points down in the final before we got hold of the ball and that is a game with a lot more space and a lot less in the way of technicalities."

Wigan have worked hard in preparation – you would expect nothing less of them – but Lydon says that their knowledge is superficial. "It's like cramming for exams. We will be going in knowing that we have not really mastered our subject."

"In the heat of the moment, you tend to go back to what you know and our instincts won't be any good to us at all."

Nor does Lydon delude himself about Bath's likely approach, after the 82-6 hiding they took at Maine Road.

"They've got to win it," he said. "They will start off as though it's a cup final. They will go full tilt for 20 minutes, see how we cope with it and then think about playing open rugby."

"They also realise that we eased off at Maine Road. That was our game we were playing then and we were not in the business of humiliating or injuring people."

Lydon admits to worrying about the potential for injury when two cultures clash in the front rows of the scrum today. "A lot will depend on the referee there, but the priority should be that nobody should get hurt."

"This has all been a great piece of history to take part in, but we have our head and but to think of."

Doohan faces Italian test

Motorcycling

Michael Doohan, Australia's 500cc world champion, aims to win in Italy for the fourth year in a row at Mugello tomorrow but he will face strong competition from the Italian Luca Cadalora, who has a score to settle.

The 30-year-old Doohan, chasing his third world title and leading the championship after four races, took the Italian Grand Prix at the Tuscan circuit in 1995 and 1994 and the San Marino Grand Prix at the same track in 1993.

Cadalora, who like Doohan rides a Honda, has never won a 500cc race at the circuit north of Florence. To heat up their rivalry, the Italian was quoted yesterday as saying Doohan had behaved in an unsporting manner when he won in Spain earlier this month.

Cadalora, who finished second in the race at Jerez on 12 May, accused Doohan of removing the mini-camera that the top 10 riders have installed on their bikes to relay television pictures. Doohan allegedly carried out the removal on the starting grid minutes before the race.

"That gave him an unfair advantage of around three kilos," Cadalora said, "but I couldn't do anything about it because there is only a private agreement between teams to install the cameras and not an FIM

[the governing body of international motorcycling] ruling."

Cadalora said that the race at Mugello was very important strategically for the championship. "This is the place where you can win or lose the championship, that's always the way it's been historically," he said.

The Italian has 55 points to Doohan's 71 after winning the opening race of the season in Malaysia.

Spain was a return to form after a lull in Indonesia and Japan and Cadalora said he was on the right track again. "The most important thing is to put pressure on the leader," he said. "I would like to win here but I think winning depends on the amount of work you put in and your state of mind. I think this could be the right moment."

While the 500cc is the big race of the day, home fans will be following Aprilia's 250cc champion, Max Biaggi, who is the most popular motorcycling celebrity in Italy.

Biaggi won at Mugello last year. Another celebrity attraction in the paddock will be the world skiing champion, Alberto Tomba.

Mugello, voted the best grand prix of the season last year, has undergone several security improvements. The safety run-offs on the bends have been expanded and concrete walls replaced by metal guard rails.

Broncos call up trio of reinforcements

Rugby League

DAVE HADFIELD

The London Broncos have been able to call up a high calibre of reinforcement for the match at Warrington tonight that could consolidate their squatters' rights in the top four of Super League.

The Broncos' coach, Tony Currie, is able to bring back Terry Matterson from suspension, and Gavin Allen and Evan Cochrane after injury for the meeting with a side level with them on points.

"It was a tough decision whether to go with all three," Currie said. "But they have all come through training with flying colours."

The Queensland prop Allen is undoubtedly the biggest risk. He broke his arm before he had even begun to settle into a London shirt and has not been in regular match practice for nine months.

"I'm only expecting to get 40 minutes from him, but I expect them to be quality minutes," said Currie, who also expects this to be the most difficult of the Broncos' sequence of away games.

Duncan McRae, who played a prominent role in last week's victory at Castleford, is confined to a place on the bench. That is a sure sign of London's increasing depth of talent, im-

proved further this week by the arrival of Allen's younger brother, Ray, from Brisbane and the release of one of the club's still small colony of English players, Iqram Butt, from prison.

Warrington will be without Lee Penny, who has been suspended for four matches after being sent off for a high tackle against St Helens last week, with Chris Rudd moving to full-back in his place.

In tomorrow's Super League match, Oldham will be without Martin Crompton against the bottom club, Workington, after his appeal against a one-match ban failed yesterday.

Paris St-Germain hope to sign Danny Smith, one of the three players sacked by Currie last month for missing training, in time for their game against Halifax on Monday.

St Helens, still unbeaten under Shaun McRae, will give their winger, Anthony Sullivan, a fitness test on his calf injury before their match against Castleford on Monday night.

Tim Street, the Leigh Centurions prop, has been suspended for two matches and fined £50 after being sent off in their 15-14 defeat by bottom-of-the-table Chorley Magpies last Sunday.

The former under-21 international, who had just been made captain by Leigh, was dismissed for dissent after the final whistle.

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sport

America's second wave have the scent of success

While the cradle of football braces itself for *Euro 96*, the self-styled cradle of America that is New England stages its own mini-festival of "soccer" this weekend. The two matches, kicking off within 30 hours and 100 miles of each other, are likely to emphasise a peculiar dichotomy within a sport making its latest play for hearts and dollars in a land where gridiron is next to godliness.

Tonight, beneath the steep, imposing stands of Foxboro, Boston's out-of-town stadium, 35,000 spectators are expected to watch New England Revolution play Colorado Rapids in Major League Soccer. The home team are coached by Ireland's Frank Stapleton (rechristened "Fred" in the club's first programme). Bobby Houghton,

formerly of Bristol City, takes charge of the Rapids, who include the former England goalkeeper, Chris Woods.

In contrast, when a United States side featuring the Revolution's Alexi Lalas (he of the Catweazle goatee) face Scotland at Willowbrook Stadium, New Britain, tomorrow, the crowd for a game showcasing £50m of talent is likely to be of Scottish First Division proportions. The non-competitive nature of the fixture – revealingly billed as "USA men's national team v Scotland" – only partially explains the disparity.

Americans, for all their tag-waiving, have a problem with international sport. Except on rare occasions, like the last World Cup or the legendary Olympic basketball victory over

the Soviet Union, such confrontations do not engage the popular imagination. Yet label a contest as being between rival cities or states, and they will pay to watch two flies crawling up a wall.

Happily, and perhaps surprisingly, that argument is holding good for MLS. The first attempt to launch a successor to the North American Soccer League – which involved 24 teams at its peak and boasted Best, Pele, Beckenbauer and Cruyff before its debt-ridden demise in 1985 – the new set-up is exceeding most expectations as it approaches its second month.

Alan Rothenberg, the Midas man behind USA 94 and chairman of MLS, set the 10 teams a target average attendance of

Phil Shaw reports from Hartford on the revolution that is Major League Soccer

12,000. So far the figure is 28,000, with Los Angeles Galaxy pulling a staggering 69,000 for the debut of Mexico's psychotically garbed goalkeeper, Jorge Campos. Only the Denver-based Colorado franchise is bawling teething troubles.

The level of support, for a game often derided as an un-American activity best left to women, children and capis, has been all the more striking for the fact that MLS failed to launch on schedule last summer. Sceptics claimed it had wasted the chance to cash in on the interest created by the World Cup. Rothenberg countered

that it was more important to be properly organised.

The major difference between MLS and the NASL lies in an ownership structure designed to avoid the old divisions between haves and have-nots. While individuals operate many of the new clubs, Rothenberg instituted a centralised control structure whereby national sponsorships, television fees and half of each team's ticket revenues flow into the coffers at MLS's Los Angeles headquarters.

Investors pay into a collective pot which was already stuffed with a \$50m (£33m) windfall from the World Cup. All

backers are warned to be prepared to absorb losses in order to provide a financial cushion for a few years, a policy which flies in the face of free-market principles that are as American as pecan pie.

It is not that Rothenberg has undergone a conversion to communism; simply that he was determined to avoid the inequities that caused the NASL to implode. In those days, well-heeled clubs like the New York Cosmos monopolised the big names. So he introduced a system under which players sign contracts with the league, who then allocate them to the clubs. He also set a salary cap. Top players now take home \$175,000 (£115,000), novices \$24,000.

If a franchise wants to go

above the limit, as happened when Milan's Roberto Donadoni joined Eddie Firmiani's New York/New Jersey MetroStars, the finance must come from special sponsorship deals. Otherwise each club is allowed a mere \$1.35m from which to pay a playing staff of 18.

Ticket prices have been pegged below those of gridiron, baseball, basketball and ice hockey. Dallas Burn, for example, offer a package of four seats for \$29 (£20), aimed at families. The Texan club's efforts to woo the Hispanic population are also typical of MLS marketing strategy.

Club rosters have a less European look than in the 1970s. Most of America's first real indigenous stars, the likes of Lalas, John Harkes and Cobi

Jones, are involved, but the main attractions tend to be Latin such as Campos, Carlos Valderrama, Hugo Sanchez and Marco Etcheverry.

Visitors from the United Kingdom will, nevertheless, find a few familiar faces. Mo Johnston, who would have been with the Scotland squad a few years ago, is somewhere over the rainbow with Kansas City Wiz, while USA Today carried a story this week that will be familiar to followers of Blackburn, Coventry and others.

It seems the injury-ravaged Roy Wegerle is making another comeback from a career-threatening knee injury for Colorado tonight. Even in this exciting new era for US soccer, as they will insist on calling it, some things do not change.

Adams can afford to look on the bright side

Tony Adams wore the smile of a player who knows he will be playing in *Euro 96*. There are not many Englishmen who can say that at present and for Adams the knowledge is all the sweeter for knowing that, less than a month ago, he was staring at the prospect of following the tournament on television.

At that stage he was sitting at home, contemplating his knee injury, his mind alive to the slightest twinge. Yesterday he was in the spartan departure lounge of Peking airport, en route to Hong Kong and cheerfully recalling his first senior match in four months, against China on Thursday.

"It was super. I am absolutely delighted with the knee. The timing was back, everything was there. Obviously a few doubts were in the back of my mind."

"When you are out for three and half months there is a lot of time sitting on your bum wondering if it is going to be all right. I stayed positive with myself and I am delighted to have come through the game with no problems."

"It was my D-Day. I thought it was important to put a game under my belt. I did not want

England's odyssey to the Orient has helped some players to prove their worth. Glenn Moore reports from Hong Kong

to go into the championship and let anyone down. It is an unbelievable thing to be involved in a European Championship, especially in your own country, and it is something I want to be in – I think we have every chance of winning it. But if I had not come through last night I would not have been involved."

The match was a decent work-out for Adams, though it would have needed a poor performance by England for China to have won. They have been very successful against touring Western and South American teams but this was probably the first time they had come up against a side which was committed to winning, rather than enjoying the tour.

"You need to concentrate very hard against them early on," added Adams, "which we did. After that we slowly stamped our authority on the game."

Terry Venables was, understandably, equally pleased. "He is an important player," he

said, "He is a leader, he understands what you want and transfers it on to the pitch."

With Mark Wright injured, Adams seems certain to start against Switzerland when England open *Euro 96* on 8 June – though Southgate's latest assured performance suggests he cannot be complacent.

The other star of England's 3-0 win, Nick Barmby, is less likely to play, as Teddy Sheringham appears to have the link-man role sewed up. Barmby's two goals should, however, ensure he is in the squad, a situation which did not seem likely a week ago.

The Middlesbrough striker was very relieved to have scored his first goals for England, after missing good chances in earlier internationals, and he noted: "You've got to take your chances in international football, they are few and far between. I certainly learned that against Colombia and Portugal."

The rest of the party's composition is still a mystery,

though Les Ferdinand must be feeling concerned. Venables may give some indication today when he names the team for tomorrow's friendly with Golden, a Hong Kong club side augmented by a couple of familiar names (kick-off 8.45am British time).

Dave Watson, the Everton central defender and former England international, has flown out to team up with regulars Mick Dunbury, one of England and Manchester United, and Carlton Fairweather, an FA Cup winner with Wimbledon.

Those with longer memories may recall Iain Hesford, once a promising enough goalkeeper with Blackpool to win England Under-21 recognition. Venables certainly remembers him, he was managing the Under-21s at the time. Hesford is now 35 – an indication of how long it has taken Venables to make the step up.

There is also Lee Bullen, whom only the anoraks and Stenhousemuir supporters will remember – he made four appearances for the Scottish club a few years ago.

Venables said he will not be picking his first-choice team but one designed to clarify a few questions in his mind. Only Steve Howey needs to play in terms of fitness, though Venables insisted if he was not picked it would not mean he was definitely out of *Euro 96*.

England will win comfortably, with it to be hoped, a few goals from Alan Shearer. Even though Venables makes the point that he has chosen midfielders with a goalscoring habit so as not to rely on one man, it is about time his leading centre-forward broke his drought.

Even if it is a semi-serious fixture – no caps are being awarded – hitting the net in a white shirt will undoubtedly lift Shearer's confidence.



Adams: 'It was super. The timing was back, everything was there' Photograph: Empics

Goram must sit and wait

PHIL SHAW reports from Hartford, Conn

Craig Brown, wrestling with a quandary over who should be Scotland's first-choice goalkeeper at *Euro 96*, had the more pressing problem of which candidate to play against the United States at New Britain tomorrow simplified by an injury to Andy Goram.

The Rangers keeper, who has played just half a match for Scotland in the past 18 months, suffered a recurrence of a hip strain in the Scottish Cup final. He has been restricted to light training in America, leaving Brown no choice other than to retain Jim Leighton.

That is not to say that the Hibernian veteran, 38 in July and winning his 74th cap, would not have held his place for the finals, but the Scotland manager had been keen to ease Goram, the domestic game's outstanding custodian, back into his side.

"Andy could play at a pinch if it was a crunch match, but he might aggravate it," Brown said. "We even had to leave him behind when we went to see Rod Stewart in New York because sitting on the bus made his leg twinge. But he'll definitely start against Colombia in Miami on Wednesday."

The match is being staged at the 15,000-capacity Veterans Stadium, part of a complex that is also home to the Hardward City Rock Cats baseball team. For all the apparent media apathy, Brown anticipates that the US will treat the fixture as anything but friendly.

The nucleus of the American side who reached the second phase at the last World Cup remains intact. John Harkes, the failed Celtic trialist who went on to serve Sheffield Wednesday and Derby with distinction, will captain them against the country of his father's birth.

Alexi Lalas also plays, along with the Queen's Park Rangers keeper Jurgen Sommer, with Steve Pittman, once of East Fife, Dundee and Partick Thistle, in line for a defensive role. Jovan Kirovski, a 20-year-old Manchester United striker, is likely to be among the substitutes.

"We beat them 1-0 at Denver before *Euro 92*, but they're a better team now," Brown said. "I worked for Sky at the Copa America in Uruguay last year and saw them beat Argentina 3-0 and lose only 1-0 to Brazil in a very even game. They're tactically very flexible so it's certainly not the easy game it might have been 15 years ago."

The desire to experiment, particularly in pursuit of the elusive striking partnership, may persuade Brown to leave Gary McAllister out of his starting line-up. The Leeds captain has nothing to prove to the Scotland management. In that event, Colin Hendry would captain the national team for the first time.

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CHAMPIONSHIP COUNTDOWN: No 6 Bulgaria
In search of the spirit of America

Their ability is unquestioned, their capacity to stay the distance is. Many thought Bulgaria had peaked at the World Cup – when they knocked out Germany before losing in the semi-finals to Italy. However, they then won their first six qualifying matches, including another success over Germany from 2-0 down. Performances dipped towards the end of the campaign – but was that because the team had gone, or the need?

The bulk of the side survives from America, though several had poor domestic seasons. Hristo Stoichkov has not been a success at Parma but at least he has played regularly. Emil Kostadinov and Yordan Lechkov have been out of favour in Germany while Reading's Borislav Mikhailov and Hamburg's Petar Hubchev have suffered from injury.

Yet Kostadinov regained

SQUAD

Goalkeepers	Reading
Borislav Mikhailov	Dimitar Popov
Dimitar Popov	CSKA Sofia
Zdravko Zdravkov	Stava Sofia
Defenders	Olympicos
Emil Krestenkov	Tiffon Ivanov
Tiffon Ivanov	Wladimir Marinov
Tzanko Tzvetanov	Hamburg
Petar Hubchev	Algeria
Ilia Kostadinov	Denderghor
Gosho Goshev	Natchemsk Bourgas
Radoslav Kishishiev	
Midfielders	Bayer Uerdingen
Zlatko Yankov	Karlsruhe
Yordan Lechkov	1860 Munich
Dimitar Popov	Luton Town
Borislav Mikhailov	VfB Stuttgart
Kristian Stilianov	Spartak Moscow
Hristo Stoichkov	
Forwards	Bayern Munich
Emil Kostadinov	Parma
Hristo Stoichkov	Stava Sofia
Kristian Stilianov	Algeria
Luboslav Penev	CSKA Sofia
Georgi Donkov	Spartak Varna
No Georgiev	



favour in time to win a UEFA Cup medal with Bayern Munich and Luboslav Penev has helped Auleico Madrid to the brink of the Spanish league title. Both Krasimir Balakov and Ilian Kirakov have been in good form, the latter earning a transfer to Aberdeen.

Bulgaria have never previously qualified for a finals tournament. In 1968 they reached the last eight, which was then a knock-out stage, when they lost to Italy partly because of an own goal by Dimitar Penev.

Penev, who won 90 caps, has since redeemed himself by becoming the first Bulgarian coach to forge a team from their often volatile talents. His nephew, Luboslav Penev, who overcame testicular cancer earlier in his career, is likely to be the focal point of a fluid and dangerous attack. Stoichkov will be alongside, interchanging with Kostadinov, while Balakov and Lechkov are adept at raiding from deep positions.

They can be very impressive on the counter-attack but are not so clever defensively, as Emil Krestenkov's Keystone Kops display against Steve McManaman at Wembley illustrated. The way Les Ferdinand

brushed Trifon Ivanov aside to score does not augur well either. Other doubts surround their strength in depth and their age. That Boncho Genchev, just relegated to the Second Division with Luton Town, is in the squad speaks volumes for the former while the youngest player used in qualifying was 26. The problems are related. Bulgaria's economic difficulties mean that good young players are no longer being produced and the domestic league has slumped in standard.

The flip side is that the team are both experienced and used

to playing with each other. Most are also used to playing abroad. In the past Bulgaria were very poor travellers.

They are in a demanding group but will have a psychological edge over France – who they knocked out of the World Cup in Paris – and plenty of motivation against neighbouring Romania. Their fate may depend on a good performance in the opening game, against Spain, where Stoichkov will renew a few acquaintances.

Glenn Moore

Player to watch



Hristo Stoichkov (Parma)

If his left foot does not catch the eye, his temperament should. He has previously been banned for life for his part in a brawl (later rescinded) and for three months for stamping on a referee's foot. Had a disappointing time at club level since being named 1994 European Player of the Year but has continued to score for Bulgaria. Followed the World Cup, where he was joint top scorer with 10 goals in as many qualifying matches. Another good tournament will lead to more league action in Parma, but it might help them rescue some of the £5.5m they spent on the 30-year-old.

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SEE INSIDE BACK COVER OF SUPPLEMENT

THE

Fernando Couto, the Portuguese international defender, will decide after the European Championship whether to join Rangers. Italy's Parma have been offered around £2.75m for Rangers and the move now depends on the player.

Football, pages 26 and 27

Photograph: David Ashdown

12-page sports section

Glenn Moore reports from Hong Kong on England's final match before Euro '96 while Phil Sharpe from Scotland's match against the United States

Steve Hale on Bath's Premiership debut against Wigan

John Roberts looks ahead to the French Open tennis championships

Full guide to a busy weekend of Bank Holiday racing

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In tomorrow's Independent on Sunday

Glenn Moore reports from Paris on England's first ever test match by the seashore, then, to discuss, Ben O'Keefe and Peter Lee's reaction to that in 1995, touring Mike Ashman for 98 in Kent's win over Lancashire in their opening County Championship match, and having Graham Gooch stunned in last week's victory by an innings against Essex. But as the highest wicket-taker (among England-qualified bowlers) of the last two years, the evidence to support Peter's case goes deep, so that

Simon Willmet on the test potential of Mike Patel (right)

Glenn Moore reports from London on the rugby union meeting between Bath and Wigan at Widsenhams

John Grey looks at the lesser English clubs can learn from the European Cup final

Thomas Baker, the king of the English in Paris, on the French Open